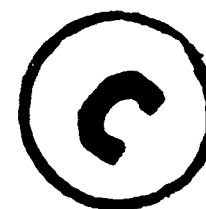


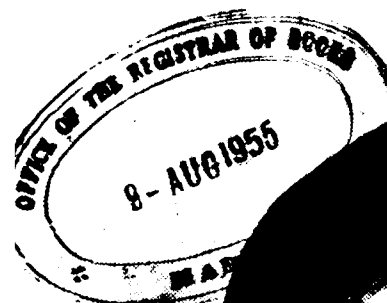
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SWATANTRA

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Vol. X, August 6, 1955. No. 27.

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ON THE COVER:
Prof. P. C. Mahalanobis

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MONETARY REALISM

AT long last Pakistan has decided to stare her Rupee in the face and to do what has been overdue for six years—devalue it. On the cross of political prestige, she had crucified her currency long enough. This has proved a high price to pay in terms of the internal welfare of Pakistan. Shrinkage of external markets, where competitive forces have come more and more into play, has latterly led to a great deal of brow-knitting among the financial wizards of Pakistan, till finally they decided to advise devaluation.

Devaluation is the process of bringing down the external value of a country's currency—meaning that in terms of external currencies the Pakistan rupee is worth somewhat less than it was worth before devaluation. Let us see what this means to Pakistan.

In 1949 when Sterling area countries devalued their currencies and India fell in line, Pakistan had a lot of raw jute grown in East Bengal which she was exporting mainly to West Bengal for manufacture into finished sacking and hessian. Pakistan had also a large surplus of cotton which she was exporting. She had, besides, several minerals which she was selling abroad. She had to import plant and machinery for her industrial projects. She thought devaluation involved paying higher prices for plant and machinery to be imported and getting lower prices for her jute, cotton, her food grains, her shellac and the rest. Obviously this was bad business, she said to herself.

Moreover, there was India to reckon with. The partition was then 3 years old. Her attitude towards India was generally bellicose. India—meaning West Bengal—was the largest consumer of raw jute from East Pakistan and India had devalued her currency. Why not make India pay 44% more for her jute? After all, the jute mills spread over the banks of the Hoogly required the raw jute of East Bengal and could not do without it. India was also buying raw cotton from Sind for her textile mills. Why not she pay more? India was then deficit in her food grains and here again was another counter through which to collect more from India. And then also there was the Rupee indebtedness to India, which would be automatically scaled down 44 per cent, by the simple process of Pakistan declining to devalue her Rupee after India had done it. On the import side, Pakistan would gain in the value of machinery she might import from abroad—particularly from the Sterling area.

The only trouble with this argument of Pakistan's financial statesmen was that external economic forces did not operate according to Pakistan's anticipations.

India tightened her belt and began to grow more raw jute than before. She also worked her jute mills below capacity and this suited her at a time when the jute-consuming markets had developed considerable sales resistance; offering less of jute manufactures in the circumstances seemed sound strategy. Moreover, East

Pakistan agriculturists who live on the sale of raw jute found stocks mounting on their side without buyers across the border, for several mills had put their shutters up or worked for only a part of the week. The Pakistan jute growers smuggled their raw jute across the border and sold it for what it would fetch. This for the first time created a black market for the Indian rupee in Pakistan. The unofficial exchange was thus between 80 and 90 Indian rupees for 100 Pakistan rupees against the official rate of 144 Indian for 100 Pakistan rupees. In no other currency has there been such staggering diversity between official and black market rates and verily Pakistan set up a record here. While mounting stocks of raw jute had to be disposed of as contraband and political discontent began to sizzle like a steaming kettle in East Bengal, in Sind the food position began to deteriorate. The food surplus which was the subject of many complacent pronouncements of the then Pakistan Prime Minister began to vanish with successive monsoon failures and through the stage of bare sufficiency, declined to a stage of deficit. On the raw-cotton front, America saw in Pakistan's monetary intransigence, an excellent opportunity of dumping her produce on India, what time Pakistan was dictating prices for her cotton. The story of American cotton stocks built up by Indian cotton mills and the subsequent collapse in world raw-cotton prices is a matter of poignant memory to Indian mill owners, but it served to open the eyes of Pakistan to the insidious character of competition in world markets. Pakistan did not expect that India would grow jute on the scale she did and thus challenge what she considered her world monopoly of raw jute. She got a temporary advantage here and there, but she soon began to realise that by pricing herself out of world markets, she was doing lasting injury to her external trade. Her favourable trade balance on which she

had plumed herself in 1949 began to vanish.

That the Pakistan rupee's de-facto exchange rate rendered the official rate a mockery has been known the world over and surely the Pakistan Government's financial advisers need not have waited for so decisive a blow to her economic prestige before taking the step they have now taken. The 1950-55 cycle in world trade has been a brilliant one for exporting countries and Pakistan's non-devaluation during this period relegated her to second place in the economy of world trade—while causing, no doubt, some inconvenience to the country with whom her trade was largest—India. It imposed great hardships on her internal economy, according to all authentic accounts, and this needless battle on the monetary front in which she was finally vanquished could have been avoided.

The Government's official statement on the Devaluation just announced is laboured, unconvincing and somewhat Pickwickian in content and character. A face-saving pronouncement is perhaps inescapably so. That the International Monetary Fund has accorded sanction to the move is intended to invest Pakistan's official statement with an aura of high finance, though such permission is necessary under the Bretton Wood's agreement. None could have been more embarrassed than the International Monetary Fund in 1949 at the refusal of Pakistan to devalue and by the subsequent debauching of the Pakistan rupee in the world's exchange markets. Therefore none could have been happier than the International Monetary Fund at Pakistan's present wise decision to stop tilting at windmills of her fancy. Indo-Pakistan trade is bound to improve vastly in magnitude with this statutory disparity in currency removed. The measure is bound to be received with rejoicing throughout the world, and in particular by India and the rest of the Sterling Area.

Sotto Voce

THE CIPHER FOR CIPHERS



"IF we think it is right, then it is right." In its classic brevity, simplicity and point, this great saying of Mr. Nehru's, so expressive of the very essence of Congress Raj, deserves to take its place with—Humpty Dumpty's immortal utterance on the meaning of words.

'When I use a word,' Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, 'it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less.'

'The question is,' said Alice, 'whether you can make words mean so many different things.'

'The question is,' said Humpty Dumpty, 'which is to be master—that's all.'

Unfortunately that is not all, as the wary demagogue knows very well. He is under a compulsion to rationalise his prejudices in order to maintain the fiction of democracy. And once he opens a postern door to reason he is lost. Thus, instead of allowing that priceless saying of his to stand by itself in all its immaculate purity, Mr. Nehru must needs resort to that fatal temptation of logicians, analogy. "One does not normally consult the country, let us say, about a mathematical formula or about the theory of relativity. We must take the responsibility for it (the decision to impose decimal coinage), naturally, and explain it to the country." It is really so simple as that!

But Relativity does not bake bread or chop wood. The country's coinage

does. Mr. Nehru and the scientists by whom he swears may, once in a while, have done a bit of cooking or chopping—much as Newton did, absent-mindedly boiling his watch for an egg, or Gladstone did, letting the chips fly of a morning as a dress rehearsal for making the fur fly in Parliament in the evening. But it is very doubtful whether they were ever under the compulsion to go to the bazaar to buy a half-anna's worth of tamarind or to reckon the small change the shop-keeper handed over, greasy, defaced or poisonous with verdigris.

If they had, they would not deal quite so cavalierly with the humble anna and its elder brother the ungainly two-anna bit. Parvenus as these are in their present shape and size, they stand for values which the housewife recognises without conscious cerebration. She knows that twelve pies—those mythical entities, which represented for us of an older generation a whole world of bright and sticky delights, each *mitai* costing exactly a pie—make an anna and sixteen annas make a rupee. But she is now to have a new-fangled 'cent' thrust upon her and peremptorily told that it is one-hundredth of a rupee.

The *rupya* and the *paisa* will still be there, because the words have for Mr. Nehru the nostalgic appeal of long-past youth. It would never occur to him that *paisa*, as meaning a quarter of an anna, had long passed out of usage in our Tamil South, the

meaning having been appropriated by the pie, itself an anachronism now. When the housewife is confronted with a strange-looking coin and told to call it a five-cent piece, she will have to learn a new table of equivalents; and to the unlettered the decimal is as much of a mystery as the duodecimal. To add to her confusion, the old *paisa* and even the elusive pie will remain current for some years to come. The commodity traffickers and the money-changers will flourish at her expense.

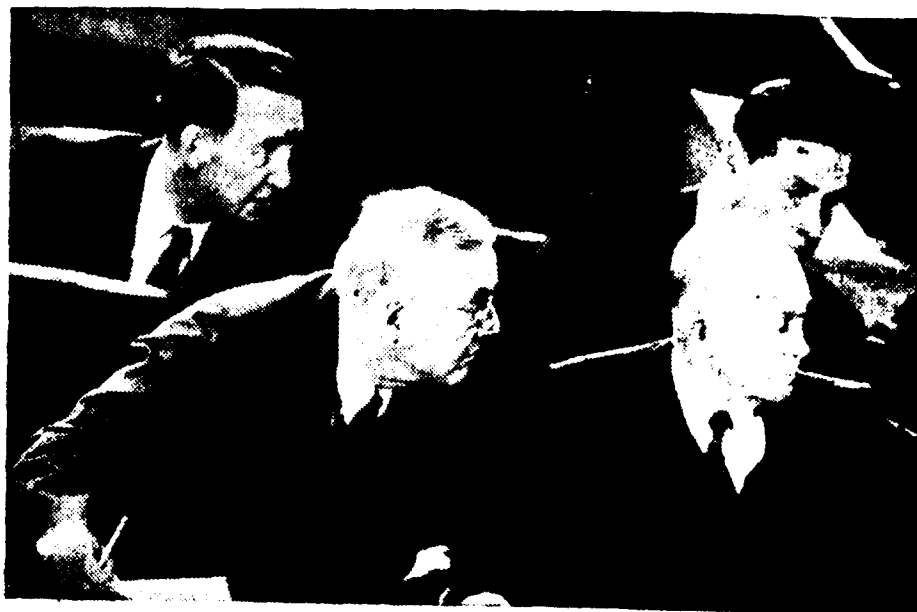
Mr. Nehru would like to imagine that the multiplication table has been superseded by cybernetics. And this whim of his suits the umpteen makers of calculating machines to a T. But the common man must still do his little sums with his unaided wits: why addle them with a brand-new system of small change? And if the bankers must have machines why can't the machine-makers give them machines working on the duodecimal

system? Necessity is the mother of invention, as the makers of type-writer and lino key boards found when they had to adapt themselves to Devanagari.

It is no use Mr. Nehru trying to browbeat us in the name of science. England and the other countries which still stick to non-metric systems may be old-fashioned. But they have got on comfortably. And it is with them India does most of its trading. So, the argument of convenience goes against him. And no scientist has yet been able to rebut the contention of Herbert Spencer—whose brain could beat the most bizarre creations of cybernetics—that a system of coinage which did not allow a division into aliquot parts could not be regarded as sensible, much less civilised. To bamboozle people by talking high-falutin about the cipher being India's greatest gift to humanity is to treat them as ciphers.

VIGNESWARA

FOUR FACES AT GENEVA



Mr. Dulles and President Eisenhower with Mr. Llewellyn E. Thompson, U. S. Ambassador to Austria and Mr. Charles E. Bohlen, U. S. Ambassador to Russia.

INDIAN AFFAIRS:

By SARANGA

—THE MAULANA'S MISSION —SAYING CENTS AND PAYING PAISAS —RECONCILIATION AMONG THE RUPEES —NEW RAILWAY ZONES —STATE LOANS

BY the time Maulana Azad convened the Press Conference at New Delhi last week to announce the failure of his mission to London for getting a return of the India Office Library, the full story of the London talks had reached the Indian Press from London. The Education Minister reiterated that India was not prepared to accept the British stand and though this was the green light for the Press here to take up the matter and arouse public opinion, other events—the floods, Planning, Goa and Parliament have overshadowed this question in which a vital issue of principle is at stake. The agreement with Pakistan, by which Pakistan will get duplicate copies of printed books in the India Office Library and 17.5 per cent of the Manuscripts and micro-film copies of other manuscripts, has fortified India's stand. But, in any case, the understanding reached with Britain when ownership was vested in the British Crown in 1935, and the assurances given later in 1947, makes the present British stand a clear breach of faith. Britain has parted with many other things regarding India, which formerly vested in the crown. Why then strain at a gnat after swallowing whole camels?

Indian opinion at the moment is more puzzled than indignant at this belated assertion of a prescriptive right to records which, historically and constitutionally, relate to the Indian sub-continent, where power was transferred to successor gov-

ernments in a normal, constitutional manner. If the Commonwealth link is not strong enough to ensure good sense even on such matters, it will be assailed more in future by critics of India's participation. It is difficult to believe that Britain would persist in being disobliging on this issue in which strong sentiments are involved. One wonders, however, whether the Education Minister's keen interest in the preparation of a new history of the Indian Sepoy Mutiny—before its centenary in 1957—induced the adoption of delaying tactics in order to withhold important material from the research workers engaged in rewriting these events.

The Lok Sabha has passed the Indian Coinage (Amendment) Bill with fears and misgivings on one side and, on the other, with a romantic attachment to India's past contribution to mathematical Science, which somehow seemed to make the case for decimalization irresistible. In this case, tradition has been quite skilfully exploited to disarm criticism to this quite revolutionary measure, demanding a great alteration in conceptions about monetary units to which the masses of the people have grown used. The rupee and its fractions up to a fourth will remain unchanged in value even under a decimal system but, during the changeover, existing smaller denominations and the new coins may give room for confusion and to many

sharp practices. But there is no reason to feel that the adjustment will be very slow. The small trader may make a handsome profit out of this confusion; but even sales-taxes present such opportunities now for illegal gain. The people have already reconciled themselves to the disappearance of the pie, which was not unimportant, especially in the rural sector. They will understand the simpler decimals too in time, even if the *paisa* is not retained. There is no reason why a cent should not be called a cent to describe it appropriately. This sentiment about the *paisa* is understandable; it shows how red herrings can be raised across serious proposals by trivial arguments.

Incidentally, the Prime Minister emphasised that we have to adopt the easier systems of weights, measures and standards and those which are internationally recognised. This is a laudable objective but successive opportunities for constitutional amendments have been allowed to pass without proposals for withdrawing the scope now provided in the constitution for the introduction of the Devanagari form of numerals—which in 1949 was a concession to the obscurantist sentiments of small sections. This subject, however, is now before the Language Commission which must take the initiative for a change, consistently with the spirit of the decimal coinage and metric system of measures.

The devaluation of the Pakistan rupee has been announced, not with a bang but in a whimper. The official communique tries to make out that the step was taken only just when it had to be and for purely economic reasons. But this step was an essential minimum before there could be a free flow of trade between India and Pakistan, about which the leaders of Pakistan have been more anxious of late. The decision taken in 1949 not to devalue the Pakistan rupee was partly due to a

miscalculation of the strength of Pakistan's products in international markets but the Korean boom in commodity prices rationalised that decision and Pakistan derived considerable benefit until the end of 1951. In the last three years, it has involved a great strain. Though the undervalued rupee was expected to keep the cost of living low by reducing import prices in a country which had to buy most of her consumer goods abroad, the lack of sufficient foreign exchange and high duties (to raise revenue from Customs) had raised prices and caused a scarcity of many consumer goods during this period. But the peculiar brand of Pakistan's politics had till last week prevented the government from retracing its steps. It is true, as the Pakistan government claims, that the present step is necessary in strictly economic terms; it is also true that it was necessary even long ago and the step was not taken because of political reasons. Even if imports cost more hereafter due to devaluation, Pakistan will be able to buy more goods with larger foreign exchange earnings. There is, however, a red signal here for the Indian jute industry; Pakistan is catching up in jute manufacture, and she has now strengthened her competitive position vis a vis India in making a bid for the dollar market.

Till now, the Pakistan rupee was very much at a discount in relation to the Indian rupee in spite of the highly artificial official rate. With freer and larger trade in future, the Indian rupee may not become so scarce as to command such a premium in the free and grey market. A more normal relationship is likely to prevail.

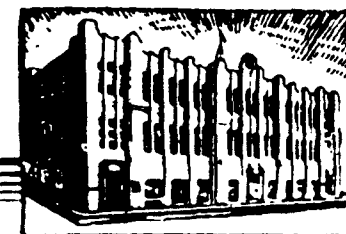
Two new railway zones came into being this week by the division of the Eastern Railway. The Railway Minister has at last had the strength to take a decision in this matter, which was hitherto mixed with a

certain amount of provincial feelings, obscuring some of the important considerations which should have governed the original regrouping of railways. The old scheme was a neat administrator's formula—to demarcate zones approximately equal in size according to the number of miles of track, numbers of personnel and areas served. But the actual volume of traffic was not taken into account; even if it was considered, due importance was not given to the potentialities for growth in traffic during a phase of development. In a coal-bearing region in which heavy industries have sprung up and many more are planned for, a more compact administrative structure than what constituted the Eastern Railway, became necessary. This, however, is only a prelude to a more comprehensive examination of the railway organization for meeting the growing needs of the economy.

Ten State Loans are afloat to draw in Rs. 35.75 crores in all for development. Last year, the Centre acted on behalf of the States in raising money through the National Plan Bonds but now the State governments are thrown on their own credit and standing in the markets and on their ability to persuade the public in their States for contributing to development. The State governments are likely to have a harder time ahead of them if they are thus thrown on their own for matching resources with their high ambitions. Even those States which, like West Bengal, refuse to face the question of more taxation on the ground that the taxable capacity of the people has been reached, cannot now refuse to raise money through loans, especially when, as now, the Centre has injected money into the system through some deficit financing.

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DEATH OF A STATESMAN

AS the Big Four talks at Geneva came to a successful end on July 23, a dismayed world heard of the death of Cordell Hull, former U. S. Secretary of State and often hailed as "Father of the United Nations." In a sense it seemed fitting that a man who had devoted so much of his life to the cause of world peace should die at a time of relaxed international tensions, a time when world peace prospects are promisingly bright.

Hull died at the U. S. naval hospital in Bethesda, Maryland. He was 83 years old.

One of America's most honoured elder statesmen, Cordell Hull was for almost twelve momentous years U. S. Secretary of State. No man before or since has ever served in that office for so long.

From the age of 19, back in 1890, Cordell Hull held public office more or less continuously until ill health induced by age and the burdens of office forced his retirement in November 1944. He had been a federal judge, who defied convention by smoking cigars on the bench, then a Congressman, and then a Senator. As senior adviser to the U. S. delegation to the U. N. Conference at San Francisco, Hull took a keen and active interest in its deliberations, although his health did not permit him to attend the sessions. A direct wire from San Francisco to his hospital room facilitated his immediate and constant consultation on critical questions.

At the beginning of the conference, its leading statesmen—Anthony Eden, Molotov and Stettinius—greeted Hull with these words telegraphed from San Francisco: "At this historic conference of the United Nations, which your high idealism and untiring efforts have done so much to make possible, we join in sending to



Cordell Hull

you this message as a token of our profound affection and respect . . ."

Hull, deeply touched by this message, expressed his thanks in words, the beauty and simplicity of which picture the spirit of this great statesman: "My faith has never wavered. I know you will succeed . . . I know that united in the spirit of our great purposes you cannot fail to meet the challenge of this historic hour . . ."

Besides the Nobel Peace Prize, Hull was awarded the Theodore Roosevelt Distinguished Service Medal, and he also received the highest award honour of the Republic of Peru—the Grand Cross of the Orden del Sol, for his outstanding contribution to the successful development of the inter-American system. The Chinese Government, in March, 1943, honoured him with the Order of Auspicious

Star, one of the highest decorations the Chinese Government grants to civilians.

White-haired with bright, dark eyes and a brooding look, he had a shy charm which never failed to register even on complete strangers. After studying at a mountain school which taught Latin, Greek, astronomy, geometry, and surveying, Cordell Hull took a bachelor's degree from Cumberland University Law School. At the age of 20, he was admitted to the bar.

In 1891, Hull was elected to the state legislature. After serving in the Spanish war, he became judge of the Fifth Judiciary Circuit in Tennessee in 1903. It is said that his shrewd father, who had ordained a law career for Hull, considered his choice justified, even after his son had once fined him five dollars for sitting in court with his hat on.

Hull's election to the U. S. House of Representatives in 1907 ushered in one of the most distinguished congressional careers in American history. Believing in direct taxation of wealth for public revenue, he was instrumental in getting Congress to pass the first graduated income-tax law in 1913, and three years later he was responsible for its revision. Hull had always been a low-tariff man, and at world economic conferences he strongly advocated the removal of international trade barriers.

Hull's six-year term as Senator was interrupted when President Roosevelt appointed him Secretary of State in 1933.

There was scepticism. Some observers, admitting Hull's record as lawyer, judge, Congressman, Senator and fighter for tariff and tax reformers, nevertheless doubted whether the 61-year-old southerner, born in a log cabin in the Tennessee hills, could

keep pace with the rush of modern events. But before long the objectors had been silenced, and when Hull retired, after nearly 12 strenuous years as Roosevelt's ranking Cabinet officer, he had the confidence of leaders of both major political parties. Polls showed him to be the most popular among all Americans. Few ever left the office with such praise, affection and gratitude from their countrymen.

His easy informality and genuine friendliness did much to win Latin America's trust in the United States in the early years of the Good Neighbour Policy, and Hull has been credited with playing a key role in the formulation and execution of that policy.

Under Hull's leadership, the State Department established diplomatic relations with Soviet Russia.

At 72, Hull flew to Moscow—his first flight, a round trip journey of 26,000 miles—to complete agreements for fighting the war and securing peace. He met the British Foreign Secretary and the Soviet Foreign Commissar with the same homely courtesy and honesty he had shown to his own mountain folk, and from Russians and from British alike he received cooperation in return. Hull's work at the Moscow conference led to the Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam meetings and to the San Francisco Conference. When Hull came home, President Roosevelt set aside all business to go to the airport and greet him with the words: "Well done."

Thin, slow-spoken, drily humorous, patient and determined, Cordell Hull has often been likened to Abraham Lincoln. It has been said of him that "he pursued his goal of world unity with the same devotion Lincoln gave to the preservation of the (American) Union."

SCIENCE

COSMIC RAYS

By Dr. M. A. THANGARAJ

OUR Earth is being constantly bombarded on all sides by thousands of millions of particles having extremely high energies. Luckily for us, these particles are also extremely small, and the air above us filters off most of them. Since they have an electrical charge, they "ionize" the air through which they pass, that is, they pull out electrons from the air molecules, and in doing so lose a large proportion of their energy. Sometimes they collide head-on with the air molecules, and smash them to pieces. As these electrons and the debris of the smash-up travel downwards, they make further collisions and produce more particles. Thus, the very high energies of the original particles (the "primaries") get divided up among a large number of "secondaries." Most of these secondaries get absorbed or otherwise get lost during their flight downwards. So what we finally get at ground level is a comparatively small number of low energy particles. Their weak electrical effect was noticed about fifty years ago by American and European scientists, though their importance was not recognised till much later. They are called Cosmic Rays, for they are known to come from outer space.

When a charged particle passes through a photographic emulsion, it affects the latter just as ordinary light does. When the plate is developed in the usual way, a fine row of black grains is visible along the path of the particles, when examined under a microscope. Specially prepared emulsions of great sensitivity and thickness are now available for

studying fast cosmic ray particles. Measurements on the grain density at different parts of the track enable us to estimate the mass of the particle and the electrical charge it carries.

Another important method used for the study of cosmic rays is the "Cloud Chamber," invented by the American scientist, C. T. R. Wilson. When a charged particle flies through a chamber filled with supersaturated water vapour, the vapour condenses on the electrons produced by the fast particle. If the chamber is powerfully illuminated, the bright droplets would show the track of the particle and may be photographed for later study. An automatic device attached to the cloud chamber switches on the light just when a charged particle passes through the chamber, takes a photograph of the track, winds the film and sets the whole thing ready for the arrival of the next particle!

When a charged particle enters a magnetic field, it is bent into an arc of a circle. The faster and heavier the particle, the less it bends. Thus by measuring the amount of bending in a magnetic field, the energy of a particle may be found out. If a magnetic field is applied to a cloud chamber when a track is photographed, the radius of curvature of the track can be measured accurately under a microscope, and its energy estimated. Particles which carry a positive charge bend in one direction, and those with a negative charge bend in the opposite direction.

If we want to study the primary cosmic rays before they lose their energy, the recording apparatus

should be sent up to very great heights (20 miles or over), with the help of balloons. Since nuclear emulsions are small and light, they are ideally suited for this purpose, though cloud chambers also have been sent up sometimes to considerable heights. Such studies have revealed some amazing phenomena and have led to a better understanding of the atomic nuclei.

IF we take a piece of matter, any matter—a piece of chalk, an iron bar, or a drop of water—and go on dividing and subdividing it, we will ultimately reach a point when we cannot subdivide it any more, even theoretically. This ultimate "indivisible" particle is called an "atom". Experiments conducted during the first decade of this century showed that the atom itself has a complex structure. It consists of a central nucleus, which carries all the mass of the atom concentrated in a very small space, and is positively charged, while around this nucleus an equal number of negatively charged electrons circle in various orbits somewhat like the planets around the sun. Thus, in the hydrogen atom, the nucleus has a mass of one unit and carries one positive charge, with a negatively charged electron going round it. If this single electron of the hydrogen atom is knocked out, the resulting particle, with one positive charge and one mass unit is called a proton. There is a counterpart to the proton, known as the neutron, whose mass is one unit but which has no electrical charge. More recently, another kind of particle called the "meson" has been discovered, which has a positive or a negative charge and a mass intermediate between those of the electron and of the proton. (In Greek, "mesos" means middle). Several kinds of mesons have been discovered in cosmic rays.

The nuclei of all atoms are known to be made up of protons and neutrons, which are held together

by very strong forces. When a high energy cosmic ray particle penetrates into an atom and collides with the nucleus, some of these protons and neutrons are torn apart and hurled forward with very great speed. These in turn hit other protons and neutrons in the nucleus and throw them out. In this process of disintegration, several mesons are created and hurled with great speed in the forward direction. All these goings-on leave the nucleus in a highly excited condition, and so it shakes itself violently, throws out some more particles and large fragments in all directions and comes to normal state. All these particles radiate from the nucleus and are said to form a "star."

We know that the negatively charged electrons and the positively charged nucleus of an atom are held together by electric and magnetic forces. But what holds the protons and neutrons together inside the nucleus?

THE Japanese scientist Yukawa predicted in 1935, from purely theoretical considerations, the existence of the meson. A particle of this type was discovered in 1937 by Anderson and Neddermeyer in America and, Street and Stevenson in England, in cloud chamber studies of cosmic rays, and was named the 'mesotron'.

But, in 1946, three Italian scientists showed that this mu meson, as it is now called, did not interact with nuclei as strongly as was predicted by Yukawa, and therefore this particle must be different from the one postulated by him. This was soon confirmed by Powell and his co-workers at Bristol, who discovered a heavier meson which they called the "pi" meson. Its mass has been accurately determined by measurements on the grain density of its tracks. The negative pi meson has a strong tendency to get absorbed by the nuclei of nearby atoms, which explode

at once. The positive pi meson, when brought to rest in the emulsion, decays into a mu meson of constant energy, for the latter always travels the same distance in the emulsion before it decays into a positively charged electron.

Research on cosmic rays in several laboratories of the world showed that there were other types of mesons of mass greater than that of the pi meson. Unstable particles of mass greater than that of the proton have also been found in cosmic ray studies. These "hyperons," as they are named, carry a single positive or negative charge or no charge at all. Two kinds of these particles are known—the omega and the lambda particles. These decay into a proton or a neutron, and a pi meson.

Thus, the study of the cosmic rays has brought to light a number of new elementary particles of nature; and more are bound to be discovered by further research. These newly discovered particles have completely upset the comfortingly simple picture of the atomic nucleus, which was till now supposed to be made up of protons and neutrons only. The place of all these various kinds of mesons and hyperons inside the nucleus is not at all clear. The picture is bound to get more complicated and confused, before some order is found among them and a simpler picture is evolved. There is no doubt that the study of cosmic rays has led to a better understanding of the very complex nature of the atomic nuclei. It must be added that atom-smashing machines made by man are now able to produce the light mesons (pi and mu) in very large quantities, and with known, uniform energies. Bigger machines now being built in several laboratories are expected to produce shortly the heavier mesons in large quantities. This will greatly assist in understanding the true picture of the nucleus. Nevertheless, it will be

a very long time before the highest energies found in cosmic rays can be produced artificially, for they are millions of times greater than the highest energies produced by man so far, or projected for the near future.

WHAT are cosmic rays? Where are they produced and how do they acquire their tremendous energies? These are questions to which complete answers have not yet been found.

The chemical composition of the primary cosmic rays is known with reasonable certainty, and there is general agreement on this point among the various laboratories of the world—except in the case of the three light elements lithium, beryllium and boron. It is significant that the relative abundance of various chemical elements in the rays is found to be quite similar to that of the matter forming the Universe. Hydrogen is found in very large quantities in our Universe, with the helium gas in the second place, occurring about one tenth as frequently. All the heavier elements put together are about one tenth as abundant as helium.

The light elements lithium, beryllium and boron are not found in the Universe. But their abundance in cosmic rays has been a subject of controversy. One group of workers in Rochester, U. S. A., reported that these elements are not found in cosmic rays also, while the Bristol group in England find that these three elements are as abundant as all the heavier elements put together. Later results in general seem to favour the second view. Nuclei of heavy elements such as iron have been found in the primary rays. The relative abundance of elements in cosmic rays may have an important bearing on their origin.

We enter the realm of speculation when we try to answer the question of the origin of the rays and their fantastic energies. It is established beyond doubt that these rays origi-

nate outside our Earth's atmosphere and that they do not come from our sun or any particular star group, for the intensity of the rays is constant during day and night, and from year to year, except for very small irregular fluctuations in intensity, which can be explained. The American scientist Millikan once suggested that the cosmic rays might be created through the annihilation of atoms in interstellar space, the mass destroyed being converted into energy of the rays. But this accounts for energies only up to a maximum of about a thousand million electron volts, while in cosmic rays energies up to a hundred thousand million electron volts have been observed. Lemaitre, Regener and others have suggested that cosmic rays might have been produced when our Universe exploded some three thousand million years ago, when the whole mass was concentrated in an enormous single nucleus. If such an explosion had occurred, there is no doubt that protons and neutrons of the highest known energies would have been produced. But such a mighty explosion would have broken up all complex atoms into protons and neutrons, whereas we do find a number of heavy nuclei in the primary rays. Hence explosive origin seems to be ruled out.

Electric and magnetic fields of stars acting over great distances and over long periods can produce very high energies in charged particles, somewhat like a huge cyclotron, even though the field strength may be small. Several scientists have invoked different sources for these forces, such as our sun, or the stars of our galaxy, or inter-galactic magnetic fields, etc. Though this may contain the right explanation, there is the difficulty that we do not know of such magnetic fields in our sun or the stars. But then, it is quite possible that our instruments are not delicate enough to measure such far off fields.

Recently, the Italian scientist Fermi had pointed out that frequent collisions between protons and the large masses of clouds that are known to float between the stars, may well result in raising the protons to energies of the order of thousands of thousands of million electron volts. The difficulty again is that the presence of high energy heavy nuclei cannot be explained on this scheme.

FINALLY, we may ask the question, "Of what use are cosmic rays?" If anyone is under the impression that cosmic ray energies can be harnessed for industrial purposes, he may as well give up the idea at once! The average number of particles falling on a given area of our earth is well known, and so is the average energy per particle. Simple calculation shows that if we could collect together all the cosmic ray energy falling on one square mile around Madras and convert it all into usable power, the output will be about 50 watts—just enough to light an ordinary electric bulb!

By far the greatest "use" of cosmic ray study has been that it has revealed to us some of the rarest nuclear phenomena and has enabled us to get some idea of the complexity of the nuclear structure.

There are some fields of cosmic ray study which are still completely untouched, for example, their effect on human body cells, on animal and plant growth, and on organic evolution. One eminent research physicist has calculated that if a high energy heavy primary such as the iron nucleus were to hit a man's head, its track of ionization in the brain would be large enough to cause paralysis of an entire side of his body. Such information would be of immense interest to the Space Traveller on his voyage to the moon and to the planets, when he would have to rise above the protective layer of the earth's atmosphere and venture into the unknown perils of Space.

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE . . .

THE hall where I sit and work at my table has a lofty ceiling. On the abutments of masonry which support the two steel beams and the many wooden rafters on the summit of the four walls, little sparrows have built their nests of straw and cocoon fibre and cotton wisps and slender twigs. And what a racket the birdlings made—the prolific, pugnacious ones, through the live-long day, scissoring the air set in motion by the electric fans, flitting in and out through the doors and windows, shedding a strand of straw or a bit of twig on my head sometimes, as though to tell me that I should not ignore their existence! I didn't mind the straw, but I was afraid of their droppings which I thought they might use in case the straws didn't work! The nasty things! To one listening from outside, the hall would appear to be an aviary and not a place where a writer sat quietly doing his work. "Stop that shindy," I cried in exasperation one afternoon, when I was casting about desperately for the right word to fit into a line of a quatrain. "Chirp-Chirp-Chirrup-Chir—" came the answer, in a shrill chorus. The feathered denizens were not that easily to be intimidated.

So I had to stay with them—letting my imagination rove about a woodland bower. Then all of a sudden it happened. Today, I heard a sound like a tiny explosion and was startled to see a flurry of feathers descending all over and about me. A sparrow in the process of flying out had hit the wings of the revolving electric fan, and there it lay palpitating, a couple of yards in front of me, its tiny legs twisted and writhing and its head sagging sideways. One half of its feathers was completely gone, torn out, uprooted; and there was a tinge of red—of blood—on its white downy little belly. Obviously, the poor tit had had no time to

realise that it had taken a wrong turn in its flight and to regain its correct poise and career; it had been a blind dart, straight against a lurking blow. I took it tenderly in my hands, blew over it softly in the hope of allaying its pain. Then I put it atop a chest of drawers so that it may rest and revive itself shortly, and regained my seat. I couldn't continue my work of writing, it was like forcing a jet of water from a torrid desert. Every other minute I looked over my shoulder to see how the wounded mite was endeavouring to bestir itself to take the winds again—with rapture. I saw it hopping a little which gladdened my heart. Was I getting maudlin? The hands that shaped the lion and the lamb, the byson and the butterfly had shaped this little sparrow, this frail, delicate being. Ah, how it suffered! Abruptly, a series of three feeble squeaks cut across my thoughts. Quickly my gaze turned towards the chest of drawers, and took in the bird which had collapsed, its downy white belly fluffed, its bright eyes glazed, and the twisted legs fallen limply apart. A small thread of life had snapt. I felt a strange silence all around me—a silence akin to a vivid presence. I looked up. From the nest—the "procreant cradle" overhead three little heads were peeping out and even as I looked they drew themselves down as if in fear of the universe. A small thread of life had snapt.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

Death comes and carries off that man, boastful of his children and flocks, his mind distracted, as a flood carries off a sleeping village.

Sons are no help, nor a father, nor relatives; there is no help from kinsfolk for one whom death has seized.

—Buddha, the Compassionate

"TROUBLE-MAKER" TURNED "TROUBLE-SHOOTER"

By ANDREW ROTH

ALTHOUGH no one would accuse bouncy, self-assured Alan Lennox-Boyd, Britain's Colonial Secretary, of being shy and retiring, the fact is that his new role of pouring oil on troubled colonial waters has passed unnoticed. So accustomed are observers to consider him a vigorous and resourceful proponent of traditional Conservative colonial views that his success in easing the conflicts occasioned by these views has received scant attention.

Yet recently his extensive flights and consultations have shown a new streak of broadmindedness which is producing results. He was the first Colonial Secretary to visit Cyprus and he also broke precedent by bringing together the British Governor of the island, Sir Robert Armitage, and Archbishop Makarios, the leader of Cypriot pro-Greek nationalists.

A few days later it was disclosed that the last constitutional obstacles were being cleared for a return to Buganda of the Kabaka, at the head of a constitutional government. Buganda leaders were particularly warm in their praise of the role played by Mr. Lennox-Boyd in his unrelenting efforts to facilitate the return of the Kabaka.

It is worthy of notice that both the Cyprus and Buganda problems were inherited from his predecessor, Oliver Lyttelton, now Lord Chandos. It is a tribute to Lennox-Boyd's energy, flexibility and determination that, starting from an even more orthodox Conservative position than Lord Chandos, he has been able to bend further to conform with the shape of new developments in Africa and Asia.

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Although he has an open and friendly Parliamentary manner, he has been too Conservative too long and too effective and well-informed a scourge of his Labour opponents to be given much credit by them even when his actions do move in the direction desired by them. Thus, on July 20 he announced, in response to a question by Fenner Brockway, the Left-wing Labour "MP for Africa," that the number of offenses for which Kenya Africans could be executed had been reduced. Mr. Brockway was unenthusiastic in congratulating him, pointing out that the Labour M.P.s had been pressing for this for many months and that, with the withdrawal of the Kenya surrender terms, the only alternative for the 1,000 Mau Mau left was death in action or execution after surrender. The Colonial Secretary rounded on him and said that as Mr. Brockway "feels he has considerable influence with people in Africa and elsewhere, I wish he would be more accurate . . . He should study the 'green branch' (surrender) terms (of August 1953) before he makes that sort of observation . . ."

It is this uncanny ability to catch his Labour opponents out by being not only the master of his own brief, but also of Labour's Colonial record that makes him the delight of the Conservative Central Office and a menace to Labour M.P.s who try to bait him without being fully informed. Equally ebullient Richard Stokes, the industrialist on the Labour Front Bench, attacked him on July 13 for the punishment bombing of tribal houses in the Aden protectorate, compared it to the Nazi levelling of

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Lidice. Lennox-Boyd countered by saying that Mr. Stokes was too irresponsible ever to hold Cabinet office again and went on to point out that the Labour Party had done the same thing. The next week he gave the dates: 1947, 1948 and 1950.

The Tory Strain

There is little doubt that basically the Colonial Secretary feels that you have to treat people according to their degree of advancement. In the 1952 Kenya debate, for example, he insisted: "We have to make sure that the Africans are ready for it and are intellectually equipped to take advantage of the opportunities that we are anxious to put in their way." But, at least, the flexible Mr. Lennox-Boyd has advanced from the position he took in 1935 on India. Then, in supporting Churchill's opposition to the slightly reformist Government of India bill, he said that he and his Conservative friends "were not democrats or Parliamentarians when they confronted the problem of India, until the Indian people, by a sense of responsibility, had proved to them that Western institutions of that kind were suited also to the East."

It is possibly this early kinship to colonial Toryism, apart from his undoubted personal and administrative abilities, that led Sir Winston Churchill to appoint him Colonial Secretary. In doing so he overlooked the gulf that separated them in the late 30s. While Sir Winston led the small band of back-bench Conservatives opposing appeasement, the youthful Lennox-Boyd was one of the most energetic supporters of appeasement in general and General Franco in particular. A leading member of the Friends of National Spain, he signed a circular describing the Spanish dictator as a champion of "liberty of conscience, freedom of worship, sanctity of human life, the maintenance of public order, and the freedom of lawful trade." He went further: "We are told it is to our inter-

est to stop General Franco from winning," he told Parliament on March 2, 1937. "For the life of me I cannot see why." And again: "I believe in a strong Empire and a strong Navy," he expanded on November 17, 1937, "and I hope General Franco wins in Spain."

He was similarly enthusiastic about Mussolini's "mission" in Abyssinia. When he married Lady Patricia Guinness in 1938 they spent their honeymoon in Addis Ababa, which Mussolini's troops occupied. He urged that Britain recognize Italy's king as ruler of the territory British troops were later to liberate.

As an enthusiastic supporter of appeasement, Lennox-Boyd was rewarded by Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain with his first minor post in the Government reshuffle after Eden resigned as Foreign Secretary over the extent of appeasing Mussolini. Although only Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Labour, Lennox-Boyd's appointment caused an uproar that "Franco's deputy" should be appointed. After a month Chamberlain bowed to the storm and asked Lennox-Boyd for an undertaking that he had resigned from the pro-Franco organization.

A month after his appointment, during the March 1938 Czechoslovakian crisis, Lennox-Boyd told his constituents at Biggleswade that there was nothing more ridiculous than guaranteeing Czechoslovakia's borders. Germany, he said, could absorb Czechoslovakia and Britain would remain secure. An invasion of France would, however, endanger Britain and France should be protected although he thought little of the Government of the Socialist Leon Blum. The storm provoked by this speech made it necessary for him to apologize to Parliament and promise to behave.

Beginnings of Wisdom

The outbreak of war in 1939, of course, shattered Lennox-Boyd's illusions about those whom he had

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considered Britain's friends but who turned out to be its mortal enemies. Neville Chamberlain, however, continued to trust his judgment and in 1939 Lennox-Boyd became Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Home Security. In October 1939 he became Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food, where he helped to introduce the first food rationing.

When Mr. Chamberlain was ousted by a revolt of patriotic Conservatives and Mr. Churchill formed his first war-time Government in May 1940, he readily agreed to Mr. Lennox-Boyd's request to be left out since he wished to go on active service. He joined the RNVR and commanded, off the East Coast and on the Dover Patrol, a motor boat. His height of 6 feet 7 inches, peculiarly unsuited to such small craft, earned him the nickname of "Lanky." With that incredible physical recuperative power that even today enables him to do the work of two men without strain, he combined nightly duties on shipboard with attendance at Westminster in the day.

He returned, full time, to Westminster in 1943 as Parliamentary Secretary to the crucial Ministry of Aircraft Production, then under the dynamic Canadian newspaper tycoon, Lord Beaverbrook. There he earned somewhat of a reputation as an expert on aviation.

Lennox-Boyd retained his zest for the party fight even after the Labour landslide of 1945 swept him and his colleagues from the Government bench. Unlike many of his colleagues Lennox-Boyd held on to Mid-Bedfordshire. But this area of brussel sprouts and brickworks, two hour's drive North of London, is gradually being urbanized with the result that it is now classified as marginal; Hugh Dalton once described "Mid-Beds," as it is commonly abbreviated, as "a very uncomfortable position."

But Lennox-Boyd found it anything but uncomfortable during his 1945-51 lay-off. When he married Lady Patricia Guinness, second daughter of the Earl of Iveagh, he married into the £28 million family beverage concern. Lennox-Boyd was a Director of Guinness's, with a reported salary of £4,000 a year as well as the happy privilege shared by all Guinness employees of three bottles a day, free.

Lennox-Boyd was able to devote more time to his three boys and to his hobby of motoring. His lush Rolls-Bentley, once the pride of the King of Denmark, fills the lanes of Bedfordshire, where he also lives.

It was in the 1945-51 interregnum that he apparently set his sights on the Colonial Office, specialising in Colonial Affairs under the guidance of the late Oliver Stanley, former Colonial Secretary. His specialization led him to become Chairman of the Conservative MP's Imperial Affairs Committee. And it was from this quarter in the Conservative opposition of 1945-51 that the cries of "Scuttle" went up when the Labour Government granted independence to India, Pakistan, Ceylon and Burma. These cries were muted by the time the Conservatives returned to office, as British businessmen found that they were doing better, say, in independent India in 1950 than they had in 1946.

Lennox-Boyd was much more of a success on social occasions in meeting people from the colonies. Unlike many of the people of his background (Sherborne School and Christ Church, Oxford where he was a Scholar and Beit Prizeman) he can unbend. He clearly likes people of all kinds and enjoys having a social evening even with those Asians and Africans whom he does not yet consider able to govern themselves.

When the Conservatives returned

to office he was rewarded with the position of Minister of State for Colonies, the No. 2 post in the Colonial Office. In his first efforts in that field he showed himself inflexibly Conservative. Thus in February 1952, moderate Labour M.P., Mrs. Eirene White, asked for a more liberal land policy for Africans in Kenya, including opening up the "White Highlands" to them. Affable and charming as ever, Lennox-Boyd refused absolutely to impair the position of Kenya's White settlers. "British administrators, missionaries and settlers have not lost their national virtues of kindness, generosity and understanding merely because they have left Britain and gone to Kenya," he said warmly. "They have given years of devoted service, trying to build up a spirit of partnership there. I am proud to be a member of a race that has produced so many people of this kind." Seven months later the world heard a new word from Kenya: Mau Mau.

Before that, however, he had been transmuted into Minister of Transport. And he now poured his abundant energies into a dubious and difficult task. The Conservatives had promised to denationalize road transport, which Labour had nationalized. The Government had rather inadequate proposals when Lennox-Boyd took over in May 1952. He had to reshape the plan and steer the revised Transport Bill through the House of Commons, fighting with bubbling self-confidence against bitter Labour opposition. In his last important speech on July 6, 1954 on this subject he had to admit that he had exaggerated the speed at which motor lorries could be sold back to private enterprise. Since then his successor, John Boyd-Carpenter, has announced that road haulage will remain partly nationalized.

Into the Colonial Soup

The Transport fight might have seemed small potatoes when he stepped back into the Colonial Office as its Secretary at the beginning of August 1954. In his final public speech, his predecessor Oliver Lyttelton had ponderously, tactlessly and unnecessarily denounced as "irresponsible and dangerous" the demand that Cyprus should, after a plebiscite, be allowed to return to Greece. "Eastern Mediterranean security demands that we maintain sovereign power in Cyprus," he said. "I can imagine no more disastrous policy for Cyprus than to hand it over to a friendly but unstable power."

Lennox-Boyd got a good dose of his troubled inheritance when, on October 20, 1954 the first day that he had to answer for the Colonial Office at question time, he was bombarded with 90 questions, including some on his statements in Kenya, where he had assured the White settlers that they were there to stay. He whipped through his answers at an unprecedented rate, achieving a record of 74 answers an hour.

In the past year of indefatigable travels, conferences and answering for the Colonial Office in Commons he has shown, beneath the ever-present self-confidence, a growing mastery of his subject. But it is only recently that he has shown incipient signs of liberalism on Buganda, Cyprus and Kenya. It may be that with greater knowledge he can better exercise his resilient flexibility. It may also be that this brainy politician realizes that he has gone as far as he can as a baiter of his Labour opponents. In present-day Britain there is room at the top of the Conservative Party only for those who can show a considerable common ground with the Labour Party on important issues.

AFRICAN ART AND ITS INFLUENCE

By BARNETT D. CONLAN

AFRICAN art is certainly one of the foremost of the many influences that have been focussed on modern European art in the last half century. It came at a time when the artists were looking out for something new that might free them from the rather set art of the academies. A group of painters of the *Ecole de Paris* were the first to be attracted by this art and Vlaminck himself is said to have discovered it in a chance way while lunching with Derain in a cafe-restaurant at Argenteuil near Paris. There he caught sight of three negro sculptures which he eventually bought. The effect of these figures was to arouse the enthusiasm of Derain, Matisse, Braque, Picasso and others and at once the vogue for negro art began to take shape.

About the same time Andre Lhote had discovered for himself the significance of African sculpture by picking up a number of negro ritual masks on the street market in Bordeaux. At this period he was himself a sculptor and woodcarver educated to see nothing beyond the Greco-Roman tradition and the French 18th century. In one of his recent reminiscences written only a week or so ago, he describes the impact which this new art made upon him at the time: "From the first moment of my contact with an African mask I had entered the inferno of pure sculpture. My confidence in classical art began to dwindle, every time I picked up a fetish, a mask or a sacred animal. This art cast a spell over me, with the result that I began to abandon the classic tradition and the copying of nature itself."

Here, then, we come upon one of

the origins of modern art, if not the most fundamental of any. It is significant that the year 1905, in which the discovery of African art took place, was the period when both Gauguin and Cezanne had finished their work.

This almost suggests that such influences and momentous changes are timed and that they can take place only when the cultural outlook has reached a point where it can be receptive to such influences. One can well imagine the reception that negro art would have had at the court of Versailles in the 18th century! No artist at that time would have been stirred to enthusiasm as is the case today. The art outlook at any one moment is therefore an exceedingly complicated affair. It is the result of centuries of preparation and at the same time includes an awareness of the future. It is highly probable that without the art of Gauguin and Cezanne the cult for negro sculpture could hardly have taken place. Indeed, Andre Lhote almost admits this when he tells us that it was the sight of Gauguin's paintings, for the first time in 1905, that gave him his appreciation of negro sculpture. Cezanne, at the same period, had also prepared the way, for he had discovered, after his own manner, those geometric and impersonal forms that underlie all creative art and are especially discernible in negro sculpture.

Nor were these influences confined to the West, for we find Indian artists like Amrita Sher Gil, one of the first to give shape to modern Indian art, looking to Gauguin for her inspiration.

Picasso, as might well be expected, was among the first to appreciate and exploit all the plastic qualities of African art. The first signs of its influence with him can be seen in his 'Demoiselles d'Avignon'. Definitely crude in treatment the effect was something of a nightmare but it showed Picasso what could be achieved with shock tactics, and from this period on there was always something of the magic idol or totem at the origin of his work. Cubism for which Picasso was in great part responsible resulted from the discovery of negro art along with certain elements in Cezanne which came to be distorted from their meaning. Fifty years have now elapsed since this early vogue of negro sculpture, and the interest in it has by no means diminished. During this half century much has been discovered which was then ignored. The early pioneers such as Guillaume Apollinaire were not particularly clear as to the origin of these statues and were ready to confuse bronzes or masks from different regions.

Today the geography and history of this art is much better understood in relation to the innumerable tribes and their distribution throughout the Dark Continent.

The exhibition of African art inaugurated last week at the *Cercle Volney* by the group *Les Amis de l'Art* is the most important display of its kind, so far staged in Paris including, as it does, over 300 exhibits. Such a manifestation would have been impossible in the early years of the century when negro art was considered, by the vast majority, to be little more than the work of savages. It is the result of fifty years of exploration and research and a much more enlightened attitude to that of thirty years ago. Frank Elgar who has for many years now, studied this art from the early days of its discovery remarks that for the negro artist 'Sculpture is the sacred emblem of a

higher reality absolute and pre-existing.'

African art, then, is non-imitative and non-realistic which explains its vogue at a time when the intellectual art of Greece had gone dry. In many of the African figures one feels the organic quality of a natural growth, for it often reminds us of plant life, of the form and texture of tropical leaves. And since the inspiration of all such art is drawn from myth we are inevitably reminded of the saying of Schelling the German philosopher who stated that 'Mythology is a phenomenon which, in profundity, permanence and universality is comparable only with nature itself.'

That negro art is spiritually less important than the art of India, China or Europe there can be little doubt. Aesthetically, however, it contains just those qualities which are lacking in the art of the West, and this explains its remarkable influence.

DO YOU KNOW?

(1) That Travancore-Cochin is by far the largest producer of raw rubber in the country, accounting for about 85 per cent of the area under rubber plantations?

(2) That the Standing Committee for the Metric System of weights and measures has decided that all new plants and equipment to be used in Government undertakings should be based on the metric system?

(3) That the All-India Khadi and Village Industries Board has taken a decision to revive the production of the famous Dacca Muslin?

(4) That the Government of India will award during 1955-56 a limited number of post-school scholarships of the value of Rs. 100 p.m. to blind students for post-matriculation education and for professional training?

THE RELIGIOUS MENDICANT

By M. P. BHASKARAN

IF, for a moment, you would think of mendicants as stationary and non-stationary, I have met no more charming a stationary religious mendicant than that unforgettable person Mr. R. K. Narayan introduces us to in his *Bachelor of Arts*. He appears just for a few minutes, and speaks a sentence or two, but he nearly steals the whole show. Some subtle thief comes in the night and steals flowers from their garden, and one night father and son sit with guns and in darkness to catch the criminal. Towards dawn, their nerve-wracking vigilance is rewarded; a thin slight form jumps over the wall and sets casually about the jasmine flowers they had so tenderly nurtured into being. The hated intruder is jumped upon, pinioned and marched into the house, where lo! he is discovered to be only a harmless local sadhu, who having no land on which to grow flowers himself, must needs take them from others' gardens if he is to do his morning puja. Asked what he meant by breaking into the house, he says:

If you lock the gate, how else can I get in than by jumping over the wall? As for stealing flowers, flowers are there, God-given. What matters it whether you throw the flowers on the gods, or I do it.

But you should ask our permission.

You are all asleep at that hour, and I don't wish to disturb you. I can't wait until you get up because my worship is over before sunrise.

We cannot help being enchanted with a person who neither has nor wishes to possess anything in this world, but reserves the right to walk into anybody's garden, if it is well-kept and full of blossom, and gather

what flowers he wants for worship. The religious mendicant has the right of conferring such benefits only in our country. In Europe, even in the heyday of mendicantism, the friars did not relax in their respect for other people's property. They lived on alms, but were too self-conscious and society-conscious to think of trespassing. How much more poise and effortless dignity does Narayan's sadhu display? And when the forgetful and absorbed lives of such men impinge on our coarse daily round, what a breeze of morning blows about our stuffy corridors!

IT is precisely this lordly sangfroid that distinguishes the religious mendicant in India from his European counterpart, and sets him on a finer level of living. The chief vow of the friars was the vow of poverty, not to hold property either by oneself or in common, but they did not lack organization. There were four broad orders of mendicants in Europe, and some of them are still about and alive. Though these friars put aside the good things of the world, they did it by the exercise of the will. It was not so much an outgrowing of the sensible world around them as a denial of that world to themselves. Our ideal mendicant has outgrown this world of form, so that the question of abandoning it is to him merely irrelevant; the mendicant in Europe was continuously striving to abandon the world more and more completely.

Not only this, but the mendicants of the Catholic Church, as I said, were organized, so that even in their poverty, they could lean on one another, and be protected by their Order. The mendicant in our country is an utter individualist. When

circumstances are ripe, or time is, he leaves our world and enters into an existence which is hermetically sealed against the world's interference. Since he knows only too well that other souls will mature in God's own good time, and that it will do more harm than good to try and hurry that process, he does not bother himself with the salvation of the general. He leaves that in safer hands. That is why we have had for so long no mendicant orders in our country interested in corporate evangelical work.

WHEN thus religious mendicants are not bound or directed by any organization, we have heavenly variety. Every mendicant is a law unto himself with the freedom of going where he likes or staying put, of speaking or not speaking at all, of having disciples or not having them, of begging for food or having food brought to him by respectful persons, of clothing himself in bark or white or saffron, or doing away altogether with clothes, or sleeping on a bed of nails or sitting by the Ganges with one arm raised permanently till it withers from disuse, of walking now and then over hot coals or eating glass pieces, drinking poison, being buried alive or merely vanishing up a rope rising into the air. With the latter feats, we have come a long way indeed from those ideal mendicants I was talking about a minute ago. With the wonder-working exponents of such, we descend from the world of deeper experience to magic and maybe witchcraft, and mantrams, and mesmerism and miracles. I suppose it is this bed-of-nails type that the foreigner is most aware of, along with maharajahs and tigers, when he thinks of India. They provide, anyway, perennial material for the cartoonist. These men cannot afford to be stationary, as a genuine religious mendicant can, the latter has no fear of being observed; but the wonder-workers, whether they cure diseases or ward off evil or

initiate the credulous man or woman into the religious life, or only promise rain, have ever to seek fresh fields and pastures new. Thus, the wandering religious mendicant. In his composition, there is a lot of purposeful wandering and dexterous mendicancy, and little of religion. And what religion there is in him is confined to the yellow or saffron coloured robes that he wears and the confident claims he makes of grace from some higher power. But please don't think that he is entirely without accomplishment. One of them crossed my path when I was a boy. One day there was a sensation in my little town, for a sadhu had descended on us suddenly from nowhere. That by itself was not a rare event, but this particular sadhu descended not so much on us as on our burial ground, which was the flat top of the hill round the sides of which we built our houses. He received during the day our openmouthed adulation and propitiatory offerings (we thought that he had evil powers at command) and he stayed alone in the midst of the yawning graves belching forth ghosts during the night. Now this was no mean trick as I found, when I tried after dark to go up the hill myself, and discovered my legs trembling under me and refusing to carry me forward as I neared the grounds. And the man never asked for anything, neither for food nor for money; but though he gave away to his poorer visitors the plantains and sweets that were heaped at his feet, I noticed that he did not distribute the money he got, but kept it. This is what I meant by the phrase dexterous mendicancy; he did not ask for money, but he managed to keep himself well supplied with it. So, if you are going to succeed as a mendicant, you see how necessary it is to develop some skill or ability which will astonish the multitude. You may sleep in graveyards or change silver coins into gold ones (when you get a sufficiently large order on the latter trick, please vanish), or you may cure,

by the help of the rarest of Himalayan herbs, hereditary insanity and varicose veins and snakebite, or better still, visit for a fat free dire punishment on some enemy of the man who has hired you to wreak his vengeance for him. But the word 'hire' is a crude word to use when the stress is always on services rendered and the consideration is made to appear almost like an afterthought.

It is generally through a herb—some affliction healed—or by the power of insidious persuasion, or, astonishingly, just by a convincing exhibition of detachment and soul strength—that the more dangerous type of religious mendicant effects his entrance into a blissful domestic setting. It is fortunate only rarely that we hear of a home being broken up because a credulous young wife and her superstitious mother listened too long to the religious discourses of some sadhu or the other, discovering too late that these discourses were but a seducer's blandishments.

IN a situation like this, the sadhu exploits the reverence—or shall we say, the weakness—our women have always had for his type. Keats put the western ideal clearly: Next to fine doing, fine writing is the best thing in the world, but the very stuff of our thought is woven out of our belief that a life of contemplation is greater than a life of action—and our women, God bless them, have always kept their faith in this view of our destiny. Little wonder then that they should take the ochreclad fakir to heart. I remember how when we had a small windfall in the family, my grandmother insisted on feeding half a dozen sannyasis before we spent a pie of that money. Our servant was despatched to round up every sadhu he could lay hands on or catch by the beard in the town, for my grandmother insisted on bearded sadhus. Finally we had five hefty, well-bearded and uniformly

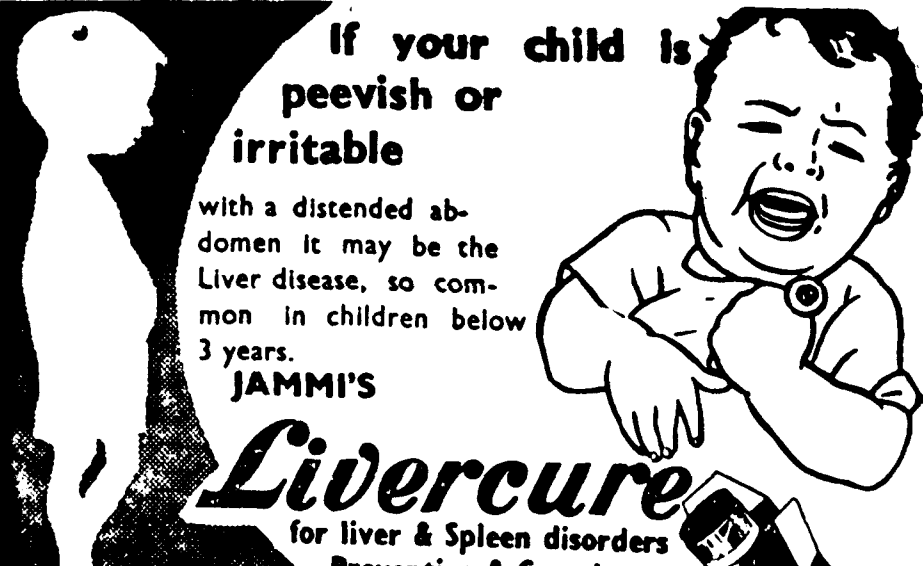
gluttonous men to a sumptuous lunch, with payasam and what not; and my grandmother wore a contented look for nearly a week after the event. I agree with you that she was a simple soul, and credulous perhaps. But what did it matter to her who ate the meal, whether false fakirs or genuine ones; to her the feeding was enough, it was symbolic of a rite women did all over India when religious mendicants were religious first and mendicants later, and not as with our five guests, mendicants first and religious not at all.

BUT sometimes our women not merely respect religious mendicants, they create them. Thus far it has always been possible in this land for men to don the ochre robe when they found the domestic situation getting out of hand. There was, and still is, an answer to a termagant, an impossible wife: to get away and become a religious mendicant. If you cast her out as she deserves you have to face an angry neighbourhood, for popular opinion is always in favour of the outcast. But the call of religion is something sacred, and if only you mutter Kasi often enough, your neighbours as one man will hasten your departure to the holy city, thinking perhaps that part of the sanctity of (your) Kasi going will accrue to themselves. They will see to it that your wife resigns herself to her fate and that her relations make no trouble. Even when this extreme step is not necessary and you think that with some enforced discipline, life with the wife could be made tolerable, the concept of mendicancy can always be hung over her head like that old sword of Damocles. It would be prudent therefore in the first months of marriage to impress upon your wife that you are religious minded, and ever on the point of abandoning the illusory world of *maya* around you. Give her a fright like that, and you will live happily ever after.

YOU noticed, didn't you, that I said that thus far it has been possible for men in this country to take to the life of the fakir when they felt like it or when that was the best way out of a hopeless situation. I said *thus far* because I am afraid that if we are over-zealous in our activities of reconstructing our country, over-vigorous with our five year schemes and hydroelectric stations and steel plants and nuclear reactors, we might soon create a social climate in which the religious mendicant would become unthinkable or at least cruelly contemptible. Just recall to your mind the fix in which Larry of *The Razor's Edge* found himself in the country of his birth, the United States, when he decided to loaf around for a mere year or two. Isabel, passionately in love with him, suffers two years of Larry's loafing, but says no when he

announces his intention of loafing all his life. She, like any right-thinking American girl, believes that Larry's place is in the U.S., selling bonds as fast as he can and helping America to greater and ever greater economic glory. It will be a sad thing if our country ever arrives at that pitch of intolerant and furious economic activity when it will drive its Larries abroad. I, for one, will be sad if we succeed in doing away even with impostors. Let us have them with us always, impostors or saints, genuine or false, bearded or not bearded, silent or dangerously persuasive, healers or humbugs, wandering or stationary, escapists or cowards, positivists or merely weaklings—let us always have the religious mendicants with us in their rather withered but infinite variety.

—Courtesy AIR, Madras



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BOOKS OR BETELNUTS?

By T. V. KUNHI KRISHNAN

ARE books more important than betelnuts or beedies? Outrageous question, you say? An insult to our intellectual level? Apparently not. If you plan to enter business you may be better off as a purveyor of betelnuts than as a publisher of Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam or Kannada books. At least that's what an examination of the perils of publishing seems to establish.

The earliest books in our languages, as indeed in most other languages, were produced with no thought about profits by religious men, lovers of literature or social and political reformers. The first printed book in Tamil was the *Kristava Vedopadesam* (Christian Catechism) published by Jesuit missionaries in 1577 A.D. Till about 1712 only religious books were published in Tamil. The first book in Telugu was the translation of the New Testament printed in Prussia in 1746. The early printed books in Malayalam and Kanada were also religious books.

Close on the heels of the religionists came lovers of literature who had their favourite works, mostly puranas and epics, printed and distributed. Then came the social reformer with his new ideas which he began to spread through printed books. None of these groups, however, gave much serious thought to making profits by publishing books.

The production of text books for schools and colleges was the second stage in the development of books. Many publishers appeared on the publishing scene about the close of the last century. Among the earliest was the Christian Literature Society which printed the first Tamil text book in 1860. Some of these early publishers are still in business and many have joined them. Most of

these educational publishers regard text book committees, educational institutions and government officials as cynosures, and have very little time or inclination to think of the general reader.

Except Almanacs . . .

Books for the general reader are of recent origin. Only in the last twenty or thirty years has some progress been made in this field. As Indian writers became familiar with foreign literatures, they experimented with new literary forms. Besides translations and adaptations, mostly from English and Bengali, original works of fiction, essays, criticism and poems began to appear in South Indian languages. Scientific and technological books are of more recent origin and are unique by their scarcity.

Today most publishers have no obvious religious, social or political affiliations and publishers have acquired the status of businessmen. They have many hard problems to face and occasionally they themselves are a problem to others: to writers, printers and booksellers.

A backward economy, low literacy rates, lack of capital and above all the absence of a well-knit distribution system are the enemies of the trade. To the average Indian the book is a luxury article. Of course religious books and almanacs are exceptions, for they form the very fabric of his life. Beyond these and children's text books, Indian homes generally do not have many books. Even if there is money to spend, few people know what books to buy and where.

Percentage of literacy rates is almost a sure index of the progress achieved by the trade, though the reverse may also be true. Percentage

Story

By Ka. Naa. Subramanian

THE NEW HOUSE

It seemed as if he was watching himself from somewhere beyond and above himself and out of himself . . .

RAO BAHADUR NARASIMHAN had reached the goal of his life. He had built his own house. He was to enter it ceremoniously, with pomp and ceremony and all the orthodox rites, right foot first over the threshold, an hour after the auspicious dawn.

In the dim past, some thirty or more years ago, Narasimhan had started on the lowest rung in the Government department. He had risen step by painful step to officerdom and later to Rao-Bahadurdom. He had won his goal. He had lived to build his own house in the most aristocratic quarters of the city of Madras. The new dawn will see him enter that new house of his with due rites and ceremony.

Only the houseless can know what it means—this pleasure of owning a house. To own a house—to be your own master in your house! Every solid brick of the edifice will bear witness to your economic stability. A house will be something tangible and inescapable to leave to your son, not something airy like bank accounts or giltedged securities.

There had really been no necessity for it, but the Rao Bahadur had himself attended personally to almost all things connected with the housewarming. He had been blessed all his life with capable servants. And he had a son who was all that a son should be—a small Rao Bahadur, a Rao Bahadurling. But Narasimhan had felt that at this the crowning moment of his life nothing should be left to son or servant; he attended to everything himself. It was the highest

moment of his life, and not only men but gods might envy him and work him evil. It was but right that he himself should attend to the minutest detail himself.

The pandal was erected. It was spacious enough to hold all the guests that would assemble to grace the occasion. There would be great men among his guests that day, men whom Narasimhan worshipped. There would be a ruling prince or two and more than a few representatives of princes. Rao Bahadur Narasimhan had really made something of his life, he told himself impersonally, in the third person. And on the eve of this his greatest dawn, he felt quite big with a sense of achievement.

Auspicious mango leaves, the palm and the plantain, adorned every inch of the pandal. Laced, blue cloth formed a canopy that was a beauty to see. It was not garish but delightfully in taste. The *vaidiks*, the men who would chant the mantras were, so to say, handpicked by him; they were the most learned, the most worthy that the city could be proud of. The feast that would follow would linger long in the memory of those that partook of it.

Narasimhan himself had addressed the beautifully designed invitations to all his friends, to some who he wished were his friends, to many who he was sure were not his friends or wellwishers even, and to a few who would allow him only to the fringes of their acquaintanceship. He had commissioned the best *nadaswara vidwan* that the city boasted

of and had instructed him to excel himself on that occasion.

Twelve hours of daylight had naturally not been enough for all the work and he had to sit up till late in the night. He was tired out when he went to bed but he was not able to sleep at all. He tossed about restlessly in his bed. His head was full of strange thoughts. But ever and again recurred the thought that he had at last reached the goal; he was about to step into his own house; he had accomplished all that he had set out to accomplish. He wished that the new dawn were here and now and that it were all over and done with. He heard the hour strike, it was only four and morning was still two hours off. He got up from his bed and carrying an easychair to the open verandah in the top floor of the house in which he was still a tenant, reclined in it ready to welcome the auspicious dawn.

ALL persons inside the house and out of it were asleep. They had had a heavy day and a heavier day was ahead of them. They would need all the sleep they could get.

From his easychair, comfortably reclining, Narasimhan looked ahead. The new house into which he was to move was just opposite to the house which he was occupying now. In the dark, the new house was not visible. But it was there all right, he knew, inside the dark coconut grove. It was the best locality in Mylapore that money could buy, it was certainly the costliest. Narasimhan was conscious of a glowing pride that enveloped him. He looked ahead into time and space.

Man is time's fool, and trying to look ahead Rao Bahadur Narasimhan found that he was looking back. He found to his chagrin that he was thinking of his wife. It was many years now certainly that he had thought of her and he did not want to think of her at all. He had never been one to think of any one, except

himself that is. He tried to shake his mind of all thought of her now before the auspicious hour fixed for his entry into his new house. He tried to think instead of all that he had hoped for and all that he had achieved.

OF his very remote past he had nothing that he wanted particularly to remember. It was all arid and dry and unmemorable and drab. Through school and college, hunger was his constant companion. From the earliest time that he could remember he had always been alone. Alone he had fought against the world and made himself what he was, alone. He had snarled at anyone who had tried to come near him. He had always been alone and he had from the first been given to his ideal of success, utterly, completely. He sought and got a job on his own, arrived at George Town, historically called the Black Town and longed to escape. From George Town, through lightless lanes with unpronounceable names to Chintadripet was a nightmare of a journey and it had taken very, very long. Official improvement, accompanied by his moving from Chintadripet to Triplicane, had been easy. The rest had been gradual and comparatively easy—from Triplicane to the east end of Mylapore, and from the east end to the almost unreachable west of Mylapore had been achieved without much effort. The task he had set himself was done. He had reached the goal of his desires.

And now in the new dawn that was coming he would be stepping into his own house. It had cost him a pretty pie, but it was the house of a Rao Bahadur. Every pie spent had been wellspent, he told himself. Money was easier now than ever but that was no reason why money should be thrown away. Time was when he had to look to his pies and annas, but now he was a gazetted officer, his official biography was often recorded in the government Gazettes, he had

a whole department working under him. He was demigod, a little dictator in his department. His turban, his metaphoric flights, his grandiloquence and his gesticulations were studied with infinite hope and patience by his juniors. It is true that sometimes they were uncharitable and merciless but it was always among themselves and when he was not within hearing or seeing distance.

ONE day, suddenly, he had become a Rao Bahadur. It was certainly not unexpected and his own idea was that it was richly deserved by himself. It was in connection with the celebration of that event that he had fully realized what it would mean to have a house of his own. And he had worked consciously towards this new house of his in Mylapore from that day on. And the new dawn would see him enter that new house of his. What more could a man want?

He thought he heard someone laughing. Startled, he looked round. There was no one. There could be no one who could laugh at him. He was alone on the terrace, all alone as he had been all his life. There was certainly no one and no one laughing.

Let those who build themselves new houses and celebrate their entry into the new houses with pomp and ceremony, beware. Let them beware of whomsoever they invite for the ceremony! Let them not invite the homeless: for they will cast envious eyes and spoil the auspiciousness of the moment. Let them not invite the badly housed: let them not invite the permanent tenants of the world, those who flit painfully from house to house paying, always paying for their lodging. They and persons like them will cast the evil eye certainly on the new house and the proud owner. They, only they would laugh to themselves or aloud on such occasions; they would mock and scoff and look dag-

gers and nurse hard thoughts. Beware!

But Rao Bahadur Narasimhan's entry into his new house would be attended by hundreds of distinguished guests, all of them capable of holding their own space in the columns of the daily papers. Most of them would be long-established owners of houses and in Mylapore at that. It was now many years since Narasimhan himself was associated with the homeless or the needy. Most of the guests would arrive in cars—cars sleek and posh as Narasimhan's own car was. Sir Vaz, Mrs. and Mr. Stone, Lady Parvati, Dewan Bahadur Achariar, Mr. Rutnam—he named to himself the names of the guests that would be there. Narasimhan felt a glow of pride rise and permeate his whole being. He rolled their names roundly on his tongue, and found the mere names, oh, so sweet!

There would of course be a few who would cut him and would have nothing to do with him. That was sad but unavoidable. They would wilfully absent themselves from the ceremony and afterwards they would talk ill of him, just out of spite. Some of the 'aristocrats' were really so mean, Narasimhan told himself.

AT this stage, his wife intruded again into his thoughts. He was not given to thinking of her normally. It had been so even when she was alive. Now she was not even a memory. Inexplicably, however, he found himself, thinking of her. He did not regret her absence at this the most glorious hour of his life. He was in fact glad that she was dead. She had brought him no luck. It was after she had died that he had risen rapidly in service, amassed his fortune, come to his Rao Bahadurdom and in short had managed to become what he had become now. As for affection or any other silly thing like that, Narasimhan had never had any affection or love for any one on earth, and not towards

his wife certainly. Alive or dead she had exercised neither his mind nor his heart. She had just been a headservant among the servants in the house. She had been a good cook, Narasimhan told himself, as if in justification of her whole existence. She had borne him his son. That was all. And he had not found her as a servant irreplaceable. He thought of the death of his wife as one of the many good things that had happened to him. He accepted it as his due, his good fortune.

Rao Bahadur Narasimhan was not like other ordinary men. He had never in all his life felt the need for love. He had never loved any one, except it were himself. In his office as well as at home he was the officer, the head of a government department. He had dismissed love from his life as unnecessary. Even his son did not know him as his father, he knew him only as the Rao Bahadur or the gazetted officer, head of such and such a department.

It had been sufficient for him, he told himself.

In the new dawn that was dawning he would be entering his own, his new house.

In one moment of sentimental thoughtlessness he asked himself for whom he had built the house and to what purpose he had built it.

Then he recovered himself. He had built it for his own satisfaction, as part of his life. What else, he asked himself, why else was anything more necessary?

RECLINING in his easychair, Narasimhan felt that a strange unrest of body and mind possessed him. He was not given to thinking much at any time, he had always thought that thinking was an irksome way of spending time, but now somehow he felt that the hour had come for him to think of certain things. His life as it rose before him at this hour preceding the hour of his entry into the new house was all drab and

colourless and pointless, he thought. He thought it was a drab, purposeless stretch of inanities.

And with a shock Rao Bahadur Narasimhan felt the subtle presence of somebody standing behind him. It was that somebody who made him think such un-Narasimhanlike thoughts, he felt. He felt the sudden presence of somebody behind his easychair, very close to him.

He turned round to look.

But it was really absurd. Who could be there? There was no one.

Rao Bahadur Narasimhan had never been a silly romantic. And he told himself that it was really too late in the day to begin imagining things and giving rein to silly fancies.

FOR a moment again, it was as if he were in a panic. He thought that it was his wife, his never dear long-dead wife, now come in the shape of Kali, the Divine Destroyer. It was just a silly thought, the passing fancy of a moment. Rao Bahadur Narasimhan recovered the next instant and brushed aside the thought, as he would brush aside an insistent fly.

He shifted his position in the easychair and assured himself that he was Narasimhan, Rao Bahadur Narasimhan, proud owner of a new house in Mylapore. He had always prided himself on being a healthy-minded normal man. He had never given way to silly thoughts. He had never allowed himself any flights of fancy. He had never believed in Kali, Destroyer Divine or earthly. He had never harboured illusions in all his conscious days.

He watched the east paling from darkness into a pale dimness. The early morning breeze was stirring. Crows began cawing. Narasimhan thought of the many poor who had laboured from dawn to dusk to raise him his house. They had laboured and sweated to build him his new house for the house-warming today. He told himself that he need not

have thought of them at all: the workmen had all been paid, without stint and he had no kind of load on his conscience in this regard.

He looked ahead. Beyond the coconut grove, his new house was taking shape in the increasing light of the morning. "This new house of mine is all that a house should be. It is beautiful. It is all mine—mine—mine," he told himself in a frenzy of joy.

He attempted to lash himself into a joy that he could not feel somehow. There was something missing. There was something holding him forcibly back from enjoying the hour to the fullest.

ALREADY men had begun to stir in the house and outside. The preliminaries to the auspicious entry into the new abode will start within half an hour.

Again Narasimhan felt that some one was standing beside his easychair, standing and quietly laughing.

Puzzled, he turned and looked and found no one. There could have been no one laughing.

He had reached his goal. This dawn, the dawn that was approaching on 'silver-sandalled feet', would be for ever memorable. This was the dawn he would become the owner of his own house. And it was not a house. It was a mansion: it was a palace: he had had carefully designed it to suit his own needs.

Again he heard some one laugh.

It sounded so strange and yet so familiar, so far and yet so near. It sounded alarming. Narasimhan shifted once again his position in the easychair. He found that a strange lassitude had suddenly taken hold of him. He felt sleepy, sleepy

now that he will have to wake up and attend to a hundred and one things that still might need his attention.

The sun in the east was touching the sky in gilded patterns.

The *nadaswara vidwan* he had engaged for the occasion was coming up the path. He would go to the new house and begin his auspicious piping, the auspicious music that was to herald, conduct and conclude the ceremony of the entry into the new house.

Watching the piper go into the coconut grove in which his new house was situated, Narasimhan told himself that he would get up immediately the piper began playing his pipe. There was quite a lot of things to attend to, he told himself.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

This time there was no mistaking it. There was some one laughing and laughing and laughing. It pierced the hollow of his ears. Its sound sapped all his strength. It seemed to suck up his blood.

Rao Bahadur Narasimhan tried to get up from the easychair, but found that he could not move. He could not move any of his limbs. It was as if suddenly a stake had been driven through his heart, pinning him through the easychair down to the earth. It seemed as if he was watching himself from somewhere beyond and above himself and out of himself.

The house-warming did not look so important just now.

FROM the new house came the sweet early morning strains of the *nadaswaram* music. The master-piper had ascended straight, in one spurt, to the top of his form.

(Rendered from the original TAMIL)

New Books

THE ART OF INDIAN ASIA: HEINRICH ZIMMER. Completed and Edited by Joseph Campbell. Volume One, Text; Volume Two, Plates. Bollingen Series XXXIX, 140 East 62nd St., N. Y. 21. Pantheon Books, 333, Sixth Avenue, N. Y. 14, 1955. McClelland & Stewart Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

Reviewed by Dr. V. RAGHAVAN

WHILE we here are busy thinking how best or worst to divert our temple endowments, American endowments are pouring their funds for highlighting the magnificent achievements of ancient India in the realm of the visual arts, and here we have the latest tribute to our Temple culture—two sumptuous volumes of folio size running in all to more than a thousand pages. And this is not the first, for we have had only quite recently *The Art of India through the Ages* by Stella Kramrisch, formerly of Calcutta University and now working in an American University.

Heinrich Zimmer (1890-1943) was Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Heidelberg, Germany, and after a year of halt in England, he went over to the United States as a visiting lecturer in Indian Philosophy in 1940. Soon after his arrival there, he delivered the Hideyo Noguchi Lectures on Hindu Medicine at the Johns Hopkins Institute for the History of Medicine, Baltimore. Zimmer had programmed a series of expositions of Indian culture in all its phases, but unfortunately, while he was still through his series of lectures, and had no time for revising his manuscripts, he took ill and passed away suddenly. The world of scholars and students of Indian thought should be particularly grateful to the friends and admirers of Prof. Zimmer for undertaking the onerous duty of assembling his notes and papers, which were two full boxes, and bringing to light such of the lec-

tures as could be, with some amount of revision and supplementation, given shape. Thus Dr. Ludvig Edelman edited his *Hindu Medicine* in 1948 (Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore); it is to the sustained work of Mr. Joseph Campbell that we owe the further publications of Zimmer's American lecture materials; the labour involved in scrutinizing such mass of lectures covering a wide field of art, archaeology, literature, religion and philosophy, containing quotations from Sanskrit texts, citations from different orientalists and research periodicals and referring to far-away sites and place-names,—mass which were orally amplified during the actual lecture,—can be easily imagined. Mr. Campbell deserves not only our thanks but our congratulations for his heroic achievement. The *Myths and Symbols in Indian Art and Civilization*, reinforced with nuggets of notes by Ananda Coomaraswami appeared in the Bollingen Series (No. VI) in 1946. The *Philosophies of India* conceived in a refreshingly original scheme, following an indigenous Indian approach to the aims and values of life here and in the hereafter appeared in 1951, as Bollingen Series No. XXVI. And now the same Foundation has brought out Zimmer's lectures on the *Art of Indian Asia, Its Mythology and Transformations*, completed and edited by Mr. Campbell.

Zimmer was an out of the way orientalist; just as he threw away his early preoccupation and studied

Sanskrit, he threw away the preoccupation of the average orientalist of the Western Universities with editing texts or philologically discussing words, or even producing mere objective historical surveys, insulating his intellect against oriental influence with the so-called occidental critical outlook. Coming soon under the influence of Jung of whom he became a friend in 1932, Zimmer began to dive deeper into the psychological meaning of the forms and symbols in the art and life of the Indian peoples as a clue to their concepts and philosophy. He wanted first to evaluate Hindu Culture in its own terms and then see what things of value in it could be assimilated by men of today in the West. Two quotations from the conclusion of his *Myths and Symbols* will serve best to reveal to us Zimmer's approach:

"The real treasure, to end our misery and trials, is never far away; it is not to be sought in any distant region; it lies buried in the innermost recesses of our own home, that is to say, in our own being . . . But there is the odd and persistent fact that it is only after a faithful journey to a distant region, a foreign country, a strange land, that the meaning of the inner voice that is to guide our quest can be revealed to us . . ." (p. 221). "Hindu myths and symbols and other signs of wisdom from afar . . . will speak to us of the treasure which is our own. And we then must dig it up from the forgotten recesses of our own being. And at last it will end for us our troubles and permit us to erect for the benefit of all around us a temple of the living spirit." (p. 221).

The *Myths and Symbols* is completely presupposed in the present publication and to some extent the *Philosophies of India* too. In fact, all the interpretative part of *The Art of Indian Asia* is already in the *Myths and Symbols*. *The Art of Indian Asia* is a chronological descriptive account in an easy flowing style of the development and regional and periodical phases of the Indian

arts of sculpture, architecture and painting. In the preliminary sketch of the epochs of Indian Art, Zimmer says:

"Hindu sculpture is one of the most magnificent chapters in the whole history both of the world's art and of the world's religion—for in Indian civilization there was never a division or fundamental contradiction between art and religion, or between art, religion, and philosophic thought."

The account is then traced from the artefacts discovered in the Sind excavations; next, a brief survey of the Vedic period which is followed by a significant comparison of early Indian motifs with those occurring in Mesopotamian patterns, chiefly three important ones, Gods and their animal vehicles or *vahanas*, the divine bird and serpent and the serpent and the saviour. Attention is drawn to the predominance of animal sculpture in Indian art and to the fact of how this shows the Indian feeling of profound fellowship and comradeship with the beasts, and with all living things (p. 31). A long and substantial section then follows describing the Indian ideals of beauty, especially feminine, as embodied in the art of the different epochs and religious schools in outstanding representations, such as the divine *Lakshmi* and *Mahishamardani* and the semidivine *Yakshis*. The survey here goes over the whole field including Greater India and in connection with Indian dance-sculptures as exemplified by some of the best specimens from Greater India. Zimmer makes the following contrast between the dances of the East and the West:

"These Cambodian Dances are simply charm incarnate . . . the depressing sense of emptiness and boredom that one feels before their counterpart on our own secular stage, with its phalanxes and groupings of vapid show girls, is here entirely transcended. The forms, countenances, and gestures are magnificent—as a result of an inherent spirituality and a

discipline of character . . . They are not frail mortals, but the functionaries of a divine beauty," (p. 151).

The section on sculpture is brought to a close with a long chapter on the *Lotus* which dominates our art and thought so much, a subject which legitimately looms large already in his *Myths and Symbols*.

Indian architecture, chiefly sacred, is then dealt with in all its schools; certain details of the craft of sculpture are then set forth and in the end there are some jottings on Indian painting; of the great Indian paintings, Ajanta in particular, Zimmer has spoken as part of his treatment of sculpture in the earlier chapters.

Volume II is a complete album of Indian and Greater Indian art; the collection carries 614 plates, excluding those already presented in Vol. I. Many of the reproductions here are from fresh photographs lent by *Life* and taken by Elliot Elisofon and Dmitri Kessel; even of familiar monuments, they present new and striking views, e.g., Ellora and Tanjore. Extensive views of the most important monuments—Sanchi, Khandagiri, Amaravati, Mamallapuram—are given, which is but proper. It is gratifying to note that both in the text and the plates, South Indian

sculpture and bronze are both prominently dealt with, though in the plates, one would have liked more space being devoted to Tanjore and Chidambaram.

In the very title of the book, the idea of a common Indian inspiration and a unifying Indian influence over the whole area of South-East Asia are rightly emphasised. Of the interpretative ideas of Zimmer, we may note the following in which he points out the symbolism of the very act of sculpturing forms out of a whole mass of rock; in an excursus on the content and form of Indian sculpture, Zimmer says (p. 214):

"This attitude of the Indian artist toward his task of converting rock into the representation of an event is most obvious in the master works of the Pallava period . . . out of it (stone) the animals, men, and gods have arisen, like bubbles on the surface of boiling water,—as temporary ephemeral transformations of an abiding matter devoid of attributes, which constitutes their background and fundamental substance. And this impression is consistent with the chief philosophic concept of Hindu Cosmology: that all existing beings are temporary evolutions of a primary cosmic matter (*prakriti*) under the creative impulse of the supreme divine being (*purusha*).

It is indeed such 'excursus' that we

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look for in Zimmer and the frequent mixture in these pages of archaeology and anthropology, of Aryan and Dravidian—and of the phallus—disturbs the formation of an abiding impression of meaning and message.

There are of course a number of minor slips and a few serious mistakes too in the publication but one has to remember the circumstances under which, in a posthumous manner, these notes and mss had to be completed, edited and shaped into a book. Instead of making much of these, I desire to give expression to my more dominant feeling of praise and gratitude to my friend Joseph Campbell, the editor; in him, whom I first met in Swami Nikhilananda's company and later with his wife, the gifted creative dancer Jean Erdman, I see a fervent exponent of Indian culture taking shape. May the seed sown in him by Zimmer grow more and flower forth!

TAMIL

TIRUMBA VAZHIVILLAI. By Uma Chandiran. *Poornima Pirachuram, Cathedral, Madras 6.* Re. 1-14 as.

IT is not known whether the long short-story in Tamil is in favour with its reading public as this form is in the continental countries. In England, definitely, it is not. The *conte*, as it is called in French, seems of late to have a growing attraction for the Tamil writer, and the stories in *Tirumba Vazhiyillai* are examples of how this form has been handled by author Uma Chandiran. All the three stories in the volume have tragic plots; illicit love, desertion by husband, suicide consequent on non-immaculate conception (as society has not blessed the union of man and woman), being the central themes about which the stories are built. Uma Chandiran wields a simple prose style, so pleasing to the heart of the common reader, but one is not sure if it is sufficient compensation for the rather undistinguished material he has chosen.

CYNICS AND SAINTS

LIKE springtime honeycomb, cerebral areas resourceful, forceps-fingers lingering, against the keyboard of a Standard sat a cynic poet to ease the pangs of Muse. (A poem's genesis is a painful process; a wee carelessness causes stillbirth or Caesarian). Then from the ribbon emerged two gentle beards, as the inevitable devas on the Indian screen. One sang the tragic rhyme of Prometheus Bound, and the other a refrain from Oedipus Rex. "We, the nocturnal intruders," themselves they introduced, "are wholesale agents of human progress; we represent Sex and Economics, Structure and Superstructure of Production and Reproduction—the elan vital of Existence." Squinted the poet cast at the guests a wistful glance. "Well," he muttered, "before we talk business, will you do a favour for God's sake and mine?" "With pleasure!" they agreed; "to oblige an artist, we regard as a rare privilege indeed of politicians and prophets." "I prefer clean people to bearded saints." The Beards went aside for a two-minute conference, and decided to do the worst. Shorn of their beards Kari Marx and Freud looked like innocent delegates at Buddhist Council gates, waiting for an entrance pass with Uncle U Nu's signature. "O, Venerable Bhikkus!" the cynic poet exclaimed: "To which sect belong you—Hinayan, Mahayan, or simple Zen?"

M. GOVINDAN

SPORTS

ERIC LEADBEATER

By N. S. RAMASWAMI

WHEN the South Africans played the Minor Counties at Stoke recently, one of their opponents was Eric Leadbeater. I was struck with astonishment to notice this most interesting player in such lowly company, for, though it will be scarcely credited, he once played in Test matches. It was a lesson in fortitude and forbearance that this self-denying cricketer gave in agreeing to play for the Minor Counties.

Eric Leadbeater first gleamed upon my delighted vision at Bombay when he joined the M.C.C. team a few years ago. Possibly because of his name's serious associations, including a Bishop of the Theosophical Society, I was totally unprepared for the strange sight that he presented. I had in my innocence expected a solemn and dignified figure. What actually materialised was a little gnome of a man, who walked with a swaying motion as if some overpowerful excitement had possessed him. His shirt flapped about him in the wind and he was constantly twirling his cap. It was difficult to believe that this highly youthful figure could be a Test player.

Of Eric Leadbeater's performances in Test matches there is, alas, little to tell, for the hideous truth is that he was highly unsuccessful. Whether his failures are to be attributed to lack of skill or misfortune, as charity and kindness would ascribe it, matters little, for Eric Leadbeater was possessed of greater riches than mere runs or wickets.

Nevertheless, it is interesting to recall that the stout-hearted player took part in two Tests. He made two runs in the Bombay Test and was doubtless looking forward to memo-

rable deeds when an unseasonable umpire adjudged him leg before wicket to Mankad, a decision as cruel as it was unnecessary, for he appeared extremely vulnerable and liable to be dismissed by every ball. I find in *Wisden*—and I can scarcely credit the assertion—that, when he bowled, he dismissed Umrigar leg before wicket. This, I cannot help thinking, was an aberration of nature, for if any bowler in Tests or out of them seemed most unlikely to capture a wicket it was Eric Leadbeater. There is little point in chronicling his deeds in the Calcutta Test, after which one bright moment, it is melancholy to remember, he has remained in the outer darkness.

The value of Eric Leadbeater is not to be measured in terms of cricket. In his case the customary figures are asses. He endowed the game with one great gift, his eminent personality. Why he chose to make his living on the cricket ground rather than on the music hall there is no knowing, but it is undeniable that what comedy has lost cricket has gained. It is foolish to insist upon ability or even mere competence (for, of this, it is to be feared, Leadbeater had little or nothing) in a player of his originality. While it may be a question how he contrived to obtain selection as a member of a M.C.C. team, a problem which will ever remain one of the profoundest mysteries of cricket, there can be nothing but great rejoicing in that he did grace the Indian fields.

To be brutally frank, Leadbeater's batsmanship was a farce and his bowling a parody. He crouched as vehemently as any Ikin or Grieves in the leg-slip, but I suspect that his

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fielding was in a similarly parlous case. Yet, the paradox is that, while the Stathams, the Graveneyes and the Tattersalls were also in the field, it was the little incompetent man who held the gaze. For, he possessed that undefinable quality of personality; not, indeed, in any overpowering sense, but as one whose mannerisms and gestures always attracted attention.

The cardinal fact about Leadbeater was that he always appeared to be talking. Between the balls he gave vent to doubtless valuable remarks. As the bowler was walking back, Leadbeater, placed in the strategic position of mid-off, offered him what, there can be no doubt, was consolatory or congratulatory advice. While the ball was being recovered from the boundary, he addressed such fellow-fieldsmen as were within ear-shot in tones of commiseration. When a wicket had fallen, he walked up to the bowler to praise him and his skill. What he was doing in the pavilion I have, of course, no means of knowing, but there can be little doubt that he spent the hours in what could not have failed to be diverting and instructive conversation. For four mortal days I watched him on the field and I was fascinated by the relentless manner in which his jaws were working. Let there be no unseasonable intrusion by any reader that he was probably "chewing gum." This is a base and unworthy thought. It does injustice to one who, if only we know, is probably the Dr. Johnson of the cricket field.

When the second Test ended, he was swallowed up in the darkness of the pavilion never more to gladden my sight. He made thousands his debtors at Calcutta, but he was not destined to cast largesse either at Kanpur or at Madras. What this deprivation has meant to students of the game in those unfortunate cities I hope I have been able to indicate briefly in this sketch. But I can never expect to present the full glory of the man.

ART & ENTERTAINMENT

"... Over A. I. R."

HOWEVER cultured one's tastes, however decided one may be in stylistic preferences or gifted with perception, one's appreciation of any art is influenced by circumstances. I do not mean that idiom and vogue change and that a poet or musician may find his period uncongenial, or that one outgrows aesthetic adolescence (but how hectic and sure was apprehension then!) and discovers that refinement and vigour are not after all the sum and substance of art, or even that one does not outgrow the stage but finds oneself alone and unhappy with no contemporaries in fixation—I mean none of these things or anything similar, and reading what I have written so far I am sure that you are glad that I do not, for I have been wilfully elliptic. I only mean that rather personal circumstances, like one's moods, the tolerance born of good food, the cursed determination to like someone's art because the wife does not, all these and many more such, do affect one's appreciation at times. When you add these circumstantial factors to the infinite variation in tastes that exists in any civilised community, you will see how risky it is to say that any artistic exposition could have had few admirers—risky and unintelligent. All the same I feel that the National Programme concerts of July could have moved few to any pitch of enthusiasm.

But, of course, there was an exception—Jog's violin recital on the night of July 2. I have heard this irrepressible artist play with greater verve and élan, but Jog at all times is him-

self, a musician who enjoys his own music and who communicates that enjoyment to others. Everytime I hear Jog I am reminded, irresistibly, of Yeats's 'Fiddler of Dooney'.

That National Programme broadcast was good, but the others left me listening politely, more out of an old-fashioned regard for manners than anything else. Listening to Mudikondan Venkatarama Iyer on July 16, I could not help recalling a concert by this talented and scholarly vidwan I listened to long, long ago, in 1933—naturally I couldn't, for I have not heard him in between. I liked that concert, very much. I cannot say the same of this.

I remember just why I liked his music, that long-ago evening. A friend, who knew 'Mudikondan' in person and admired his art greatly, had insisted on my accompanying him to the concert. My friend had warned me not to form any opinion during the first hour, for the singer had a rather intractable voice and would take time to get his art across to the audience. I remember my friend telling me, "He chews betel leaves smeared with castor oil"—I took it he meant that metaphorically rather than as a piece of information, but I did not seek elucidation. After the first hour I was sincerely glad I had stayed on and, in spite of my limited knowledge of the nuances of Carnatic music, could understand why my friend claimed originality and technical brilliance for 'Mudikondan.'

On July 16, I had the uneasy feeling that the mere 90-minute duration of a National Programme might

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not give Mr. Venkatarama Iyer full scope for a triumph over his voice, and as I listened to the music this feeling gradually deepened into a conviction, about 10-45 p.m. Early on, while singing *svara* elaborations to a piece in Kokiladhwani, he went right off, and he had trouble with his notes again while singing the main piece in Kalyani. Only towards the end of the concert was he in full command of his voice.

It is usual, while presenting a "technical" feature, to use plenty of padding between the solid chunks of information, for otherwise the reader or listener might find it too heavy. I have always felt that this is no golden rule and that quite a few "technical" talks broadcast by A.I.R. suffered as badly from inept padding as from factual weightage. When the information is chosen with care and judiciously blended, like good tobacco, no padding at all is necessary. Dr. B. G. L. Swamy's talk on *The Familiar but Expensive Pepper* on July 14, proved this conclusively.

Every sentence conveyed some piperaceous information, but still it was a fascinating talk. Dr. Swamy spoke of the romantic history of pepper, of sea-routes to India inspired by its pungency and ransoms and tributes paid in the West in precious pepper, of the early days of the trade and the shifting of monopolies, of the climate, soil, care and processing the berry needs, its reputed medicinal qualities and gustatory piquancy—and at the end of it all I could only wish that he had added one further piece of information to his comprehensive account of pepper, that it is a close cousin of the betel vine.

However, I wished for this adventurous addition only because of a private conviction that I hold, that it will only be a question of time before the west discovers the tonic delights of *pan-chewing*. Perhaps the Americans, who are less tradi-

tion-bound in their pleasures and more willing to try than other Western people, will be the first to realise the great goodness of *pan*, and no doubt the discovery will be speeded by wide broadcast of the fact the Indian *pan* is such a close relation of another Indian vine much prized in the West, the pepper.

M. KRISHNAN

Music

SRI N. RAGHUNATHA AIYAR said the other day at Tyagarayanagar: "Expositions of the *Ramayana* always draws large audiences, which is not the case with the other epic the *Mahabharata*. Even great exponents of the latter are able to command only a very small gathering, composed mostly of elderly men. It is therefore a great surprise to see here a huge gathering listening raptly to the story of the *Mahabharata*."

It is testimony to the abilities of Sri T. S. Balakrishna Sastriar as a *harikatha* artist that from 3,000 to 4,000 people have been packing every inch of space available at the Siva-Vishnu temple, where for the past seven or eight months he has been keeping his listeners—men, women and children too—spellbound by his exposition of the *Mahabharata*. As Sri Raghunatha Iyer said, even the great Vyasa would have felt gladdened at the sight.

To one who has followed the career of Sastriar as a *harikatha* artist his present eminence and popularity comes as no surprise. Nearly two years ago he began expounding the *Ramayana* to a small gathering at the Sri Balasubramaniaswami temple in Teynampet. From then on he has been steadily gathering fame and audience which have increased with every performance. But his appeal is not of the kind which takes one by storm. One comes to listen to him, perhaps goaded by a friend, even

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quite prepared to be bored or amused by it all; at the end of the evening one leaves, an ardent and excited admirer of Sastriar. Indeed, his own listeners have proved Sastriar's best publicity agents; there has been no need for other types of publicity.

Accomplishment in the art of *harikatha* is a difficult task; here one needs to blend various skills. Musicianship, deep scholarship, power of story telling, histrionic talent—these are some of the fields in which an aspirant needs marked ability. Naturally, in these days of "rapid courses" very few have taken to the *harikatha*, so that it is practically falling into desuetude. But Sastriar and Sri Embar Vijayaraghavachariar have lifted the art from the doldrums and given it new lease of life.

It is needless to say that in Sastriar all the above-mentioned skills have found a happy home. He is endowed with a rich, ringing voice that literally mocks at the microphone; his *sangitam* happily blends with the *sahityam* and is satisfying even to the connoisseur. He has commendable mastery over Sanskrit and Tamil, his copious quotations revealing an awe-inspiring depth of scholarship. Further, Sastriar possesses a lively sense of humour and uses it, with telling effect, to drive home his points.

These are virtues which certainly many another *harikatha* exponent possesses. It is Sastriar's superb skill as a story-teller that lifts him high above his compeers: this is the *mohanastra* in his repertoire with which he captivates his audience. He has such a rare capacity to bring back to life the characters of his story that the listeners feel they are actually in the celestial sphere of gods and goddesses. Who could ever forget Sastriar's matchless narration of the great war at Kurukshetra, with Sri Krishna the master charioteer guiding the destinies of nations?



It is the singular privilege of Sastriar to have rendered the whole of the *Mahabharata* as a *harikatha*. But his fame rests not merely on this score. He handles the *Ramayana* with as great skill. His *Thyagaraja Charitram* is a masterpiece; his story of Sri Sankaracharya revealing and excellent. These, of course, to mention only a few.

Happily, Sastriar has no need to use his talents to eke out a living. Whatever he is given he accepts with a full heart. As he himself has so often put it, he is on the job because he considers it a *paramarya dharma*. His father, the renowned Sri Sambamurthy Sastriar had enjoined on Sastriar the duty to keep the family tradition alive, whatever position the latter came to occupy in life. And Sastriar, along with his younger brother Sri Vallisan, is keeping the family tradition glowing with a new life and brilliance.

KOUSIKA

Films

HOLLYWOOD

THE LEGEND OF RIN TIN TIN

ON September 13, 1918, in Fluiry, France, in a trench abandoned by German infantry, six pups were born to a near-starving German Shepherd. On January 18, 1955, in Riverside, California, in a plush kennel complete with air conditioning, recorded music and silver feeding dishes, another litter of German Shepherds first saw the light of day.

In the first litter was a dog destined for greatness. His name was Rin Tin Tin. Chosen from the latest litter is Rin Tin Tin 7th, a furry, frolicsome pup who is already undergoing the training necessary to carry on in the great tradition of his great-great-great-grandfather. The first Rin Tin Tin was found by Lee Duncan, a non-commissioned Air Corps pilot who in civilian life was a sporting goods salesman and a dog enthusiast. While on a patrol to inspect a captured airport, Mr. Duncan heard a pitiful whining from the neighbourhood of a completely wrecked and shattered building. Investigating, he found that the building had apparently become a makeshift kennel which housed more than a dozen German war dogs. As far as Mr. Duncan could see, they were all dead, but the whining continued. He then noticed a trench about 10 feet from the building and there, in a hole clawed in the side of the dugout, was a Shepherd and her six puppies.

Several of Mr. Duncan's buddies laid claim to a pup each. Mr. Duncan, on the strength of his having discovered them, retained two for himself, a male and a female. Only the male, which he named Rin Tin Tin, was destined to live beyond puppyhood. His sister, Nanette, died when only a few months old, just three days after reaching the United States.

The Rin Tin Tin story is the story

of a man and his dog. Starting in 1924 with the movies, then going into vaudeville, radio and, just recently, into television, the story has had many ups and downs and numerous ramifications, but one thing has remained constant—Mr. Duncan's love for Rin Tin Tin, whether it be Rinty I, Rinty VII, or any in between.

Rinty's seven-year motion picture career had been a fabulous one. At times fan mail for the famous canine ran as high as a million letters a year, and never less than 10,000 a week. The dog made 22 pictures, each a success, and made hundreds of vaudeville appearances all over the country. Yet, his career began quite by accident. Mr. Duncan knew nothing about the sprouting Hollywood movie industry when, at the end of the war, he returned to his home in Riverside, with his war booty, Rin Tin Tin. During the following years, Rinty proved to be an apt pupil and Mr. Duncan, always a dog enthusiast, entered the dog in many shows. In one, Rinty capped an amazing all-round performance by a leap of 11 feet 9 inches over a wall. Mr. Duncan did not know until he received a check for \$350 that motion pictures had been taken of Rinty in action and were being distributed all over the country. That check, the largest he had ever got till then, started him thinking. It was 1925. Mr. Duncan knew what Rin Tin Tin's capabilities were. He didn't know, though, whether the infant motion picture industry was capable of doing a picture which would do the dog justice. He did have an idea for a story, and he began knocking on doors. It wasn't until he reached what Hollywood then called "Poverty Row," and the studios of Harry Warner that Mr. Duncan was greeted with anything but skepticism. Harry Warner decided to do the picture and engaged a struggling young writer by the name of Darryl F. Zanuck to do the screenplay. The film, a silent movie, was

titled *Where the North Begins*. It was a nation-wide success. That was the beginning. Much more success was to follow. At 14, Rin Tin Tin, by now an internationally known name, died. Within a few hours, Hollywood's publicity drums began beating for Rin Tin Tin, Jr.

Rinty, Jr. made only two pictures in his lifetime. One of them, *Tough Guy*, starred Jackie Cooper and the dog, and was considered by Mr. Duncan to be the best Rin Tin Tin picture ever made.

In 1914, one of Junior's pups stood head and shoulders above the others in his litter and the many litters that had preceded him. Mr. Duncan began training the dog immediately, as Rin Tin Tin 3rd. After the war in 1947, Mr. Duncan was anxious to make a movie with Rinty 3rd. But as there hadn't been a Rin Tin Tin picture in 11 years, Mr. Duncan was afraid that the American public might no longer be interested in dog pictures and that they might have completely forgotten the name of Rin Tin Tin. He arranged for a survey to be made. The results were amazing. Of all the people interviewed, more than 70 per cent knew the name of the dog. And, of this large group, more than 95 per cent

knew what the dog was famous for and indicated that they would like to see the dog in a film. In 1947, *The Return of Rin Tin Tin* was a tremendous box-office smash. But this picture was the first and the last for the dog. Mr. Duncan was aware that audience's tastes had changed since 1936 and he felt that, besides Rinty, he needed a good story. None was forthcoming.

Then Rin Tin Tin 4th was born. By the time he was 6 months old he was doing tricks that neither his father, grandfather or great-grandfather could do until they were about 2 years old.

Rin Tin Tin 4th now stars on ABC-TV in Screen Gems' *The Adventures of Rin Tin Tin*, produced by 32-year old Herbert Leonard. The show is a great success. Bob Walker, the director of *Adventures of Rin Tin Tin*, thinks that if every actor is as easy to work with as Rinty he would be on velvet. Rin Tin Tin 5th, now past 2, occasionally stands in for his illustrious father. He is used on long shots and does some of the running scenes when his father is resting for the next take. Rinty 6th and 7th have done no movie work yet but are being groomed for their careers by Mr. Duncan's

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daughter who has had a hand in the training of all the Rintys since 1949.

—P. G. Krishnayya

BOMBAY

VICTOR HUGO'S *Les Miserables* has been brought to the screen a number of times. I myself remember to have seen a twenty-thousand feet French version starring Harry Baur as also two American versions. In India, Jagirdar made an unsuccessful effort to adapt it in a picture called *Jailyatra* and now Sohrab Modi has made *Kundan* adapted from the same novel. I am told that in the South also a Tamil adaptation of Hugo's classic was made two or three years ago and that it proved quite popular.

Sohrab Modi's *Kundan* is a rather free adaptation of Hugo's novel by Pandit Sudarshan who is responsible for the screenplay and dialogue. Yet, it retains the basic situations of the original as well as the characters of both Jean Valjean and Inspector Javert in their prototypes, *Kundan* and Shersingh. The French revolution of the original has been transformed into the 1942 movement in India. Unlike the Western versions, this screenplay is melodramatic with emphasis on theatrical dialogue—a style aptly suited to Sohrab Modi's treatment.

The events in the first half move swiftly and there are many heart-wringing moments. The screenplay unfolds two different tales—one, that of *Kundan* who after undergoing a sentence of fourteen years comes out of jail only to find that he is not wanted in the free world and, the other, that of his niece *Radha* who, deserted by her husband, leaves her daughter *Uma* in the care of a greedy and inhuman hotel-keeper and goes in search of a job. The tragedy of all these three characters is touching and would move even the most cynical picturegoer. Till *Kundan*, living under the name of *Din*

Dayal, becomes a Mayor and crosses paths again with Shersingh, the picture moves swiftly. The reconciliation of *Kundan* and *Radha*, the dramatic appearance of *Din Dayal* in a court to save another man from being jailed as *Kundan* are the incidents that go to make the climax in the first half of the film.

It is in the second half that the picture falters and loses its grip. With the death of *Radha* and the emergence of *Uma* as a young woman the picture loses its emotional poignancy. The hackneyed romance of *Uma* cluttered up with songs and the amateurish and unconvincing presentation of the 1942 movement almost ruins the film. Even the sequence in which *Kundan* saves the hero through the sewer is not half as powerful as in the original; though one must compliment the art director for the realistic presentation of the inside of a sewer. As a result, the final denouement of Shersingh, in spite of exquisite acting by *Ulhas*, does not come up to expectations.

Ulhas's performance as Shersingh is the highlight of the film. This veteran artist is at his best in this picture. *Nimmi* acts two roles; as *Radha* she is aptly sober and tragic, as *Uma* she is vivacious, gay and sparkling. Sohrab Modi turns in his customary excellent performance in the style in which he specializes. Among others, *Baby Naaz* captivates while *Om Prakash*, *Manorama* and *Roopmala* overact. *Om* and *Manorama* appear more like clowns than the consummate villains that they are supposed to be.

Technically, the picture is of a high standard and the production values are first-rate. But the music somehow fails to capture the mood and tempo of the story; it is the weakest link in the film and some of the songs could have been deleted with much benefit.

Personality of the week

Dr. Edward Heis, the head of the Czech Trade Delegation is the man

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most in the news in the film circles of Bombay. Ever since his arrival in Bombay he has been meeting film people and seeing Indian pictures on one hand and showing Czech pictures on the other. Dr. Heis speaks well in English and so has little trouble getting about or gathering information or discussing technique.

I had an opportunity to attend a performance of one of the Czech films last week. In the show two puppet shorts made of *Jiri Trnka* and *Karel Zeman*, the acknowledged masters of the art, and a feature film called *The Show Is On* were shown.

While the puppet films are as beautiful as the best of Disney cartoons, *The Show Is On* is a remarkable circus film in which, apart from the circus acts, there is an amusing story of circus people who, on a day off, put up a show and a pungent satire on the bureaucrat in the Administration Office who tries his best to

stop the show in the name of rules, regulations and discipline. This satire coming from a Communist dictatorship is specially remarkable.

It is learnt that *The Show Is On* will be released soon in India as this picture has been given to Bimal Roy Productions or rather their distributor in Europe in exchange for *Do Bigha Zamin*. Similarly *Abbas* has got the Czech film *Proud Princes* for exploitation in India in exchange for *Rahi* rights for Czechoslovakia. This 'barter' of films would enable us to see some really good Czech films.

Dr. Heis is leaving for Madras next week and he is expected to visit Calcutta as well. He will also visit Pakistan and Burma. Amiable and smart, Dr. Heis has a very likable disposition and has made many friends in Bombay. He said that Czechoslovakia produces 20 feature films a year and 150 shorts and documentary films.

V. P. SATHE



U Nu, Prime Minister of Burma, photographed participating in "Press Conference," a weekly feature broadcast in the BBC regional programmes for South and South-east Asia and the Far East.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

The Communal Mind

Sir,—Thanks to the incessant and vigorous disapproval displayed by both the press and the public, the scandalising poster about untouchability has been revoked. It was particularly gratifying to see the Harijan community itself decrying the poster.

The objectionable and obscene literature written on the walls of a bridge between Luz and Brodies Road of the Madras City is another matter over which every true citizen will bow down his head in shame. From a letter to "The Hindu" of July 8, 1955 by Mr. C. R. Krishnaswamy on this subject it is interesting to note that the Chief Minister himself could not help in the matter. The authors of the mischief must have been, no doubt, some low-bred cowards.

I wish that the Government would take deterrent steps for the prevention of such activities and eradicate communal hatreds from the minds of the public.

P. SEETHARAMIAH

Hand-pounded Rice

Sir,—Just as in the case with khaddar or hand-looms, the rice hand-pounding industry deserves all encouragement. About 35 or 40 years ago, it was supporting lakhs of women residing in villages and towns in the country. The income benefited them and confined them to the rural parts. As a consequence of the progress of the rice mill industry, the rice hand-pounding industry suffered greatly and families had to migrate from villages to cities. We are grateful to the Government of India for taking steps to encourage the use of hand-pounded rice so that the industry can occupy its exalted place once again.

The Government should issue orders for use of the hand-pounded rice alone in Government institutions in consonance with the recommendations of the Rice Milling Committee headed by Sri C. P.

Karunakara Menon and render all aid to the thousands being supported by the handpound rice industry.

In the circumstances, Government has to exercise great caution in considering the recommendations of the Committee relating to the Rice mills. When the Government arranges for the use solely of hand-pounded rice in the above institutions, and only when there is surplus after the public get their requirements can the Government consider the position of the rice mills in the country. Otherwise, the Government will indirectly contribute to rise in rice prices as also to deficit therein. It is therefore essential that the Government should not now consider either imposition of a cess of as. 6 per maund of rice milled in the country or restriction on milling rice, but first popularise hand-pounded rice by using it in the institutions run by them.

P. R. MUTHUSWAMY

The Managing Agency System

Sir,—In criticising the Managing Agency system in the correspondence columns of the *Swatantra* dated 2-7-1955 Mr. Srinivasan has only given the oft-repeated arguments about it which are entirely prejudiced and baseless.

In the first place, what does Mr. Srinivasan mean when he says that the Managing Agency system has "outlived its utility?" Does he mean that the system has been exploited fully and that there is any amount of managerial skill available in the country?

A moment's scrutiny is enough to disprove this point. In relation to the vast industrial development awaiting our country, the managerial talent is pitifully meagre. Our problem is the sheer lack of experience in the methods of industrial organisation. And, fortunately, the Managing Agency system, as it was evolved in this country, fits admirably into our present day conditions. It will thus be seen that the system has not "outlived" its utility, but its utility has not yet been fully recognised.

At a time when private enterprise is subjected to all kinds of pressures the Managing Agency system is the only hope and assurance for us and it would be suicidal to end the system which is full of potentialities.

RAMACHAR

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ON THE COVER:

Dr. Luther H. Evans, Director General of UNESCO who visited Madras recently, at the Airport with Dr. A. L. Mudaliar.

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industries producing similar products. It is true that cottage industries, being labour-intensive, will provide larger employment for the same investment than mechanised industries. But experience has shown unmistakably that except in the case of highly specialised handicrafts, the market for cottage industries products is severely limited by their expensiveness, the heavy cost of transport, the low quality of the goods and the practical difficulty of ensuring uniformity and quality among the products of millions of craftsmen scattered all over the country. The biggest fact about cottage industries is that even at present there is a large amount of underemployment in them all over the country. In the circumstances, to expect a large volume of new employment to be created through cottage industries seems fanciful. The basic problem of cottage industries is to find markets for their products. This problem Prof. Mahalanobis seeks to solve by putting ceilings on the competing manufacturing industries and directing the new purchasing power of consumers created by the investment in heavy industries to the products of cottage industries. Whether such a control of consumer preferences is possible remains to be seen. The result might well be to create a flourishing black market in manufactured consumer goods—as happened during the war years—and to force the Government to reintroduce a whole armoury of controls to buttress an impossible economic policy.

This, in fact, is the greatest danger arising from the Mahalanobis approach. The pattern of production it envisages will inevitably lead to more and more controls over every aspect of investment, production and consumption till the economy will be unrecognisable from a wholly totalitarian economy. Prof. Mahalanobis has vigorously denied this charge by saying that we have a democratically elected Parliament and whatever

planning is done under the authority of such a Parliament is *ipso facto* democratic. But this claim is as absurd as the claim that at the last general elections the one hundred and seventy million voters approved of our march towards "a socialistic pattern of society."

The crucial question raised by the Mahalanobis plan-frame is how far planning should go in the name of raising the national income and bringing about "fuller employment." The administrative deficiencies of the Governments in India have been repeatedly brought out by the reports of the Public Accounts Committees which have investigated the operations of various public spending authorities and exposed the squandering and waste of public funds that have taken place in the last few years. The facile assumption of arm-chair socialists that the State can always do a better job of running any enterprise is not certainly borne out by the record of State management in Russia or elsewhere. The centralisation and bureaucratic control which State management generally involves has led to a rethinking about the wisdom of nationalisation and State operation of industries even in a communist country like Yugoslavia, where the new emphasis is all on decentralisation of control and management. In face of all this experience, if we hug the illusion that collectivist, State planning is the passport to the millennium, we shall be making a grievous and disastrous mistake.

There are many internal contradictions and inconsistencies in the Mahalanobis plan-frame which it would be impossible to go into now. It has been pointed out by one well-qualified authority, for instance, that the amount of expansion it envisages in the production of steel cannot be achieved without expansion in coal production on a scale which it will be impossible to achieve within the five-year period.

Another critic has said that the provision for transport made in the plan is disproportionately small compared to the increase in freight traffic that would be brought about by the expansion envisaged in other fields. These are contradictions which may be rectified by adjustments. But what vitiates the plan basically is its blithe assumption that Rs. 300 crores worth of investment in "home industries" can be expected to provide consumer goods to satisfy the colossal demand that will be generated by large-scale investment in heavy industries, power, transport, etc. While this expansion in home industries remains dubious, the Mahalanobis plan will

have effectively prevented the growth of manufacturing industries. To achieve the objectives of the planners, there will have to be so much more restraints on investment, prices, consumption, etc., that we will unconsciously but inevitably slide into a fully regimented economy. Prof. Mahalanobis is not frightened by such a development. That, in fact, will be the ideal situation in which he can manipulate the economy as he desires. But it is for the Indian people to decide whether they should pay such a heavy price for the illusory benefit of vindicating Prof. Mahalanobis's statistical will-o'-the-wisps.

Sotto Voce

★

MARX-MORRIS NIGHTMARE



"FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen!" Sitting back in my chair and shutting my eyes for a moment I fancied I was back in the epic days of B. C. Pal and the Bengal Partition. Actually a greater contrast to B. C. Pal than the speaker before me could not be easily imagined. Prof. Mahalanobis is a frail person, whose voice in moments of excitement rises to a shrill quaver and whose dialectics remind one of nothing so much as of the monotonous chirping of cicadas in the boughs. But he was nonetheless the accomplished demagogue after that early Bengal pattern.

I am not thinking so much of the way he dragged in "my countrymen" at least a score of times in as many minutes. For a "scientific worker" who would not let

you forget that he was "an ex-Professor of Physics," he showed a dexterity in drawing the long bow at a venture which took the breath away of mere journalists like myself. He did not profess to understand such outlandish things as State Capitalism. But he knew all right what "the socialistic pattern of society" meant; and he was sure that planning for socialism was indispensable "both for production and the distribution of purchasing power."

Mr. Nehru could not possibly ask for more ideal agreement from his chief of strategy. But the Prime Minister, if he had been there, might have been startled by the bland insouciance of the assertion that the socialistic pattern had been adopted after the largest election in history and *ergo* had been

constructively approved in that election. That, according to our 'scientific worker', is as good democracy as anybody could ask for. The Professor overlooked the small fact that it was long after the election was over, that Mr. Nehru went for a jaunt in China and came back with this bee in his bonnet.

Prof. Mahalanobis repudiates the charge that the Plan, with its minute regulation of all sectors at every stage, aims at regimentation. "Is not the huddling of thousands in the factories far worse regimentation?" he retorts with a flourish. In the same breath he promises that we shall have in time super-factories for producing unlimited consumer goods. We are to put up with inefficient home industries only until such time as our own heavy industries can give us the machines we shall need for these giant factories. Will not the huddling come back with the machines?

The Professor has no use for Sarvodaya philosophy and Sarvodaya economics, as they can only result in stagnation. "How can you expect free India to free herself in poverty thus, when the atom is ready to be your maid of all work?" Prof. Mahalanobis looks forward not merely with equanimity but with rapture to the robot civilisation that shall abolish all "dirty work." In his Utopia everybody may spend his time making music, writing poetry, playing football and—as he added with prim detachment,—even going in for religion.

Meanwhile the unemployed must work. And he will find the weavers work by locking up the mills if necessary and giving them a handloom apiece; as they work in the spacious freedom of their village home they will no doubt sing at the loom as they did in the Vision of John Ball. Whether the handlooms can meet all the demand is a question of fact; and facts of that order are not

his concern, as he told a questioner. Later, at some unspecified date, every cottage would exchange its handloom for a powerloom. An omniscient, omnipotent and omniscient State will mop up the surplus production and use it to employ more teachers, more doctors etc. Apply the principle to the production of all consumer goods from pins to pianos, and, *hey presto!* the thing is done.

We must suppose that the powerloom in the home will transmigrate as the powerloom in the factory by some Mahalanobisian Karma as *anirvachaniya* as *Maya*. Our God-aping mathematician has constructed a perfect theorem resting on a few postulates. These are that we have unlimited wealth waiting to be scooped out of the earth and millions of village Botticellis and Benvenuto Cellinis as well as an equal profusion of technocrats and administrators; that the outside world will avidly take all our surplus though we take nothing in return; above all, that our people are as tractable as sheep.

But if it is so simple as that, why does the Professor hesitate to nationalise overnight all the existing industries which, according to him, are sweat-shops? He would in the process be eliminating the "social waste" of suburban trains by 'scattering' the industries; and when he is about it he might, I suggest, abolish roads too, as they cost a lot to maintain. The good old footpath should quite suffice our autarchic villages. And Mr. Mahalanobis knows with sublime certitude that he has only to lay his hands on the managing agents' unholy profits—we must suppose that under Government auspices the profits will be intact though the sweating disappears—to usher in the Earthly Paradise. But he modestly disowns totalitarian intentions. I am sure he will shake off this lingering bourgeois prejudice in time.

VICHNESWARA.

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INDIAN AFFAIRS:

By SARANGA

—WHAT NEXT IN GOA!
 —SUCCESSION IN PAKISTAN
 —RULES FOR CITIZENSHIP
 —THE LAW COMMISSION

WHAT next in Goa? This question has been uppermost in the mind of every Indian during the last few days. There is no doubt that India has been placed in a cruel dilemma for which no rational solution can be foreseen at the present moment. The dilemma has been of India's own making, due to Mr. Nehru's determination to find a peaceful solution to the Goan question. Portugal's intentions have not been concealed. Portuguese withdrawal from Goa will not, it seems, occur except under overwhelming physical compulsion. When such compulsion is exerted, it will, according to Portuguese calculations, be sufficient to discredit India's policy of peace. Such discredit would apparently compensate Lisbon for the loss of the Indian possession. The question is whether India will be forced to take this risk and take stronger measures if volunteers are shot at mercilessly. The answer would depend on events, on the extent of the provocation offered by the authorities in Goa. It cannot be overlooked that this is a situation in which the Western Powers alone can effectively intervene. Mr. Dulles has expressed the hope that Portugal also would take the Indian view of seeking a peaceful settlement. But there has been a significant silence on the part of the British government, while the British press has been increasingly hostile to India in recent months. It

is difficult for Britain to intervene on behalf of India on Goa without damaging her own title to similar colonial possessions. But India's neighbours Ceylon and Pakistan, who are said to be provisioning Goa have little reason to do so, except their old prejudices. Economic sanctions by India will be defeated so long as this goes on. The only hope in this situation will be in the limits to Portugal's economic endurance in maintaining a large army in Goa to deal with a tension which cannot abate.

The longstanding speculation over the question of succession in Pakistan has been set at rest this week. Mr. Ghulam Mohammed has been a very sick man and considering the extent of authority which he had all along exercised to preserve political stability in Pakistan, there has been anxiety about who would succeed him if he should retire. Gen. Iskander Mirza is an even stronger person than Mr. Ghulam Mohammed and he has not concealed his distaste for the ways of the politicians, especially when he ruled East Bengal with an iron hand. Mr. Chaudhury Mohammed Ali who has now been elected Muslim League leader is not also a professional politician. The effect of these developments would be that policies would, on the whole, be realistic, (like the devaluation of the rupee and the desire to widen the

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area of Indo-Pak relations). The one-unit plan for West Pakistan would also be pursued uncompromisingly despite the growing opposition in the North West Frontier Province under Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan.

These events have exposed the instability of Prime Minister Mohammed Ali's position. The Prime Ministership is unlikely to become stable in the peculiar atmosphere of Pakistan's politics. Khwaja Nazimuddin stepped down from the Governor-Generalship in order to enjoy wider powers while Mr. Ghulam Mohammed showed how strong the chief Executive could become even under the constitutional powers of the Government of India Act. It might be a dubious contribution to Pakistan's democracy but was a useful one to her stability.

Considering the heated controversies which citizenship laws generate in every country, the Indian Citizenship Bill which was referred to a Joint Select Committee this week, may be ranked as an outstanding case of liberal legislation in the whole world. Opposition criticism has been directed only against the powers vested in the executive to grant citizenship by registration or naturalisation and to order the deprivation of such forms of citizenship; but it is difficult to see how they could be otherwise when political considerations are also involved. It is remarkable how few restrictions have been placed in the way of acquisition of Indian citizenship. Every person born in India after 26 January 1950 automatically becomes a citizen of India by birth and the only exceptions will be children born to diplomatic or consular representatives stationed in India. They are not precluded from retaining their Indian citizenship even though they enjoy, by virtue of the laws of their countries of descent, rights of citizenship of those countries. Thus, in these cases, there will be a form of dual

citizenship though it is open to such persons to renounce their Indian citizenship.

This unqualified form of citizenship by birth is a matter for pride. A person born outside India to an Indian citizen can acquire citizenship by descent, even without satisfying conditions about legitimacy, (which are required under British nationality laws). The third form of citizenship, namely, registration, is open to persons living abroad who are of Indian origin, (whose parent, grand-parent or great-grand-parent was a citizen of India), to the wives and minor children of Indian nationals and to citizens of Commonwealth countries on the basis of reciprocity, according to whether Indians are admitted as citizens in those countries or not. In all other cases, naturalization under a certificate granted by the Government of India provides an easy way of becoming a citizen of India. There are a few conditions laid down, such as residence in India for seven years but these can be waived in favour of persons who have rendered distinguished service to art, science or literature. Finally, citizenship by the incorporation of territory has been provided for; its application is obviously restricted to foreign possessions in India.

It is difficult to improve on the liberal outlook which characterises the Bill. There may be suggestions that the provisions should be tightened and circumscribed but these should be resisted strongly. There will be wide scope for the existence of dual citizenship rights. While an Indian voluntarily acquiring citizenship abroad is required by the Indian constitution to renounce Indian citizenship, it has been left to the citizenship laws of other countries to make similar provisions: the Statement of Objects and Reasons attached to the Bill declares clearly that "it is not proposed that the person

should renounce his foreign citizenship, as a condition for his retaining his Indian citizenship." The Joint Select Committee should be able to examine the question more thoroughly with a view to discovering possible anomalies. The first citizenship law for India is fully in keeping with ideals which have raised the country's stature.

It has taken nearly a year for the Government of India to decide the personnel and the terms of reference of the Law Commission after the acceptance in principle of the need for such a Commission. The debate in the Lok Sabha last year did not indeed give a clear picture of the scope of its activity. Many members had urged the inclusion of scientists, social workers and so on, little realising that existing legislative bodies are intended to reflect the viewpoints of the 'common man' quite adequately and the system of nomination of members to the upper houses has further supplemented the opportunities for the association of such persons with the law-making process. Even the Prime Minister at first seemed to sympathise with this view, partly because of an innate aversion to the legalistic approach of lawyers and particularly, of judges. It is gratifying to know that the Government has at last decided against the multiplication of bodies of amateurs and laymen whose vague and conflicting counsels will require more, not less, experts for translating into precise law all their proposals.

The terms of reference of the Law Commission are quite well-conceived. On the one hand, the Commission has to undertake a review of the system of judicial administration in all its aspects in order to make it speedy and less expensive. This would involve an examination not only of the adjectival laws but also of the system of judicial organisation and recruitment. Such an examination has not been made since the

Civil Justice Committee reported nearly 33 years ago and is therefore overdue. The second aspect of the Commission's work—the scrutiny of all existing laws in force in the Central and Concurrent fields in the light of the Constitution—is no less urgent. The division of the Commission into two task-forces for paying exclusive attention to these two aspects respectively is quite appropriate for the expeditious discharge of its functions.

The constitution of the Commission however, leaves much to be desired. There has been a significant omission of judges of the Supreme Court; while serving judges may be difficult to spare, retired judges are available, who can serve at least as long as it would take the Commission to complete the first part of its work. By their longer and more varied experience these senior judges would be better qualified for the purpose. But their choice would involve, inevitably, the appointment of one of them as chairman and it has been suspected that at least since the controversy regarding the amendment of the Constitution last year, Supreme Court judges have not been *personae gratae*. The Attorney General as part of the Government can be more amenable to the wishes of the executive in the matter of future policy. Another curious feature is that Madras judicial experience—in one of the three earliest Chartered High Courts which has gone very far in the matter of expediting procedure in the courts and successfully experimented, on its own initiative, with the scheme of separation of the judiciary from the executive—goes unrepresented in that part of the Commission which is to review judicial administration and procedural law. It is possible that a Commission of four members would be found too small for this function. There is a case for enlarging this part of the Commission and making it more representative of judicial experience in the country.

FRENCH TROUBLES IN NORTH AFRICA

FROM Paris continue to come reports of riots in Casablanca. France has been having a troubled time—almost ever since the last war ended—in all the three of her protectorates fronting the Mediterranean and the North Atlantic. The satisfaction of Tunisian demands for Home Rule has, not unexpectedly, fanned the nationalist aspirations as also the opportunist ambitions of sectional interests in Morocco and Algeria. Intermittent uprisings in these two protectorates have become common and bloody occurrences which are put down by methods brutal and savage. It has been estimated that nearly 7,000 Algerians have been killed in these sporadic small-scale revolutions in the last half a dozen years. Fifteen thousand Algerians are in jail and clashes with French police in the Algerian quarter of Paris occur at regular intervals. The protectorate has been under a "state of emergency" for many months. And a fortnight ago the French National Assembly, discussing the explosive situation and solemnly agreeing that something was seriously amiss in Algeria, condemned it to live under the "emergency" for six months more. At present there are nearly 100,000 French troops in this the largest of France's North African possessions. The Organic Statute which France gave Algeria in 1947 is supposed to have given the Algerians a greater measure of self-government than they have had for a hundred years. But in practice it has only given them an Algerian Assembly of two Houses, one French-dominated, the other Moslem. Racial conflict is a constant undercurrent in Algerian politics. And of the two exponents of Algerian nation-

alist sentiments, the militant Movement for the Triumph of Democratic Liberty is now having a field day whipping up patriotic fervour in the hearts of the Algerians.

The situation in Morocco is complicated by other factors. Its population, for instance, has at least three racial strains. There is the European minority; the Moslems, the majority of whom are the indigenous Berbers and the rest are the descendants of the initial Arab invaders. In addition, there are a quarter of a million Communists from Egypt, Tangier and the United States. And France has so far not proved that it has the intuitive wisdom, the imaginative flexibility and the plain common sense which are needed to govern this heterogeneous little state. Mr. G. D. H. Cole is of the opinion that the character of a colonial appendage is determined by the nature and habits of the civil servant who is sent out by the ruling power. The British administrator, for instance, isolates himself from the natives and maintains a colour bar and administers justice with an impersonal, unbiassed mind. The Frenchman is usually worse paid, is less fussy about colour but much more exacting as regards the proper respect he should be paid and more savage in the suppression of native agitations. "It is undoubtedly true," concludes Mr. Cole, "that the French Colonial services have failed to attract on the average as good a type of administrator as the British." But the chaos in Algeria and the terrorism in Morocco cannot be laid wholesale at the doors of inefficient or ruthless Resident Governors. France has not cared to understand the trends of the times or faced her

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situation in North Africa even with as much realism and horse sense as the British are doing in their own colonial possessions. The wave of white colonialism which reached its high water mark in India is slowly receding into the Atlantic north of Africa. French withdrawal from Syria and the Lebanon, Italy's expulsion from Libya are all stages in the regression of this wave which now is washing over the British, French, Belgian, Portuguese, Italian and Spanish empires of Africa.

Since the architect of French power in Morocco, Marshal Hubert Lyantey, carved out a pattern of partnership between the Palace and the Resident General, France had been ruling the protectorate by following the well-tried policy of divide and rule. She has encouraged the wealthy, feudal landowners and the Moslem reactionaries, widened the cleavage between the Istiqlal Party and the Berber tribes. But as sensitivity to social conditions has grown all over the world, so have the Arabs become conscious of their poverty and the injustice of living under a dominant French minority which, thriving on the fat of the land, has done hardly anything to better their living conditions since the Treaty of Fez in 1912 under which the protectorate was established.

Political resentment has grown to such an extent that even the liberal reforms which France put into operation in Morocco recently have not been received with anything like appreciation. The Council of Government or Consultative Assembly, for example, which was previously under the Resident General, was transferred to the Moroccan Government in 1947. The independence of the judiciary was assured and a bill of civil rights passed. The Moroccans hold that these are purely political reforms which have not yielded any dividends on the economic and administrative fronts. They point out that the French still own 7 per cent of the best

land in the country and the rest is owned by the reactionary, feudal landowners, who also own most of the mining and industrial enterprises. Nor have they forgotten or forgiven France for deposing in 1953 the Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Yusef because he refused to stay a puppet and became a patriot and installing an aged and wealthy landowner in his place. The Moroccans now want neither the new Resident General whose visits to various towns in the country have been marked by violence, nor the feudal landowners who are their own countrymen. The Moroccan uprisings are thus now partly anti-French rebellions and partly civil wars. The Nationalists against the Berbers. The European settlers against the Moroccans. The landowners against the poorer classes. The Moroccans against M. Grandval, the new Resident General. The struggle has become diffused and the initial goal is being lost sight of because the violence of the people is being side-tracked. If the anti-French sentiment grows, and the various parties achieve a certain unity, France would be forced to give up as in Tunisia. But if the internecine feuds in the country become more violent and savage, France would have good reason not only to refuse any degree of independence to the Moroccans but to entrench herself more securely in the protectorate as the preserver of national security.

The Moroccan terrorism is also having an unhappy effect in Tunisia which has just received a measure of independence. There is in Tunisia the minority of French settlers which would be happy to see the Home Rule experiment in the country fail. Reports from Morocco are strengthening the hands of men like M. Barrachin, Dissident Gaullist Deputy in the French Assembly who, after a visit to Tunis on the invitation of the French settlers there, said France had no right to abandon Tunis. "We are going back to Paris to fight," he as-

August 13 1955

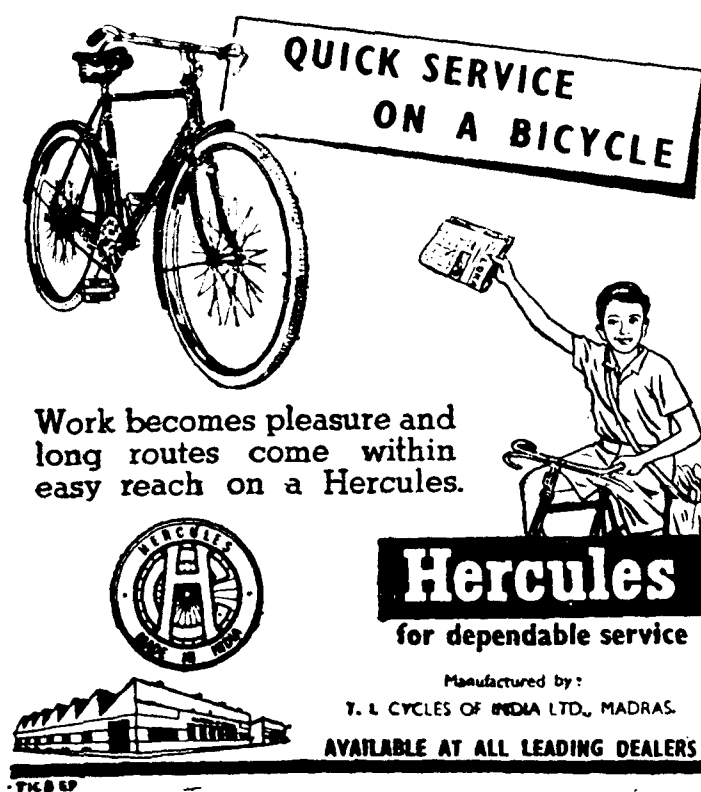
sured the settlers. "We shall endeavour to open the eyes of the Government."

The problem of French North Africa is not merely a question of persuading—by violence or moral compulsion—a Colonial regime to loosen its grip. This 1000 miles of African territory has a strategic importance and political significance which are understated in reports about the French Colonies. It is the confluence of three civilisations—the European, the Mediterranean and the African. "Without North Africa," it has been said, "Europe cannot breathe." Thirteen years ago, British and American forces landed on the African coast from Algiers to Casablanca, an operation which was to make possible the Allied leap into Europe and the opening of the Second Front in the last war. The Shereefian Empire gave its loyalty to the Allied Cause

unquestioningly in the troubled years of the war. And a friendly North Africa would be of incalculable value in the event of a third conflagration. France's military commitments as a member of the NATO also affect the question. North Africa is part of the West European defence system and the North Atlantic Treaty Council has laid down that deployment of combat forces in an emergency is to be decided entirely in relation to NATO strategy and that "the location of forces shall be determined by the Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, after consultation and agreement with the National authorities concerned."

The West, under the circumstances, cannot afford to have in North Africa either unhappy, restless countries

(Continued on page 15)



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A PLEA FOR THE REVIVAL OF SANSKRIT

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

SANSKRIT studies are very much in the news just at present, thanks to the initiative taken by the Andhra Ministry to make them a subject for compulsory study in contrast with the open hostility which the language encounters in Tamil Nad. There is no need to apportion praise or blame for special effort in regard to Samskrit which, historically speaking, is as ancient as our mountains and rivers, our civilization and culture. Such opposition as has been manifested by certain communities in Tamil Nad—one Congress Minister had all but banned it from the curriculum—has been due to a series of misconceptions which had originated in the mis-interpreted taboo against the study of the ritualistic portion of the Vedas by any but the priestly classes. Samskrit is not Hindulsm nor is it purely liturgical. The whole of Buddhist, Jain and Nihilistic theology and literature lies embedded in Samskrit which is also the vehicle for the most scientific, atheistic cult (Nirishwara Sankya). Furthermore, the various arts and sciences are couched in that language, and litigants in India governed by Hindu Law, well know that each syllable of the Smritis has cost them a subsidy.

Two extreme views or schools flourish in regard to Samskrit. One would like to eradicate it altogether and, as stated, this prevails among certain Tamil politicians and scholars. The latter are keen on establishing a Samskrit-free Tamil terminology which oftentimes leads to ludicrous results. Tamil had never been free from Samskrit influence, and its golden age was when its bards like Kambar, Tiruvalluvar and its saints had borrowed freely from the Pierian springs of Prakrit. The other school strives to make Sams-

krit the spoken language of India. This is not impossible of achievement since until comparatively recent times, it had been the means of communication right from Kandahar to Kandi. But, at the present moment, it may be a vain endeavour having regard to the almost ferocious conflict between the national and the regional dialects. There are of course many orators in Samskrit who can hold the audience spellbound like Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya and Pandit D. T. Tatachariar, but it may be an unattainable ideal to make it a universally accepted vehicle of communication. This is, however, not to say that such laudable attempts, as have been made for instance by the Nagpur University in the convocation ceremonies, should not be adopted in the other parts of the country as well.

Samskrit suffers under certain handicaps. Many of its works are still in the archives, unprinted and unpublished. Much had been done by the Theosophical Society under Annie Besant to bring some of them to light, a work which has been followed by the State in building up the Oriental Manuscripts Library. Secondly, the language cannot be learnt offhand by a few months' study or coaching; one has to toil for years for anything like mastery. Two methods have been adopted in this country. The traditional or pandit method which involves memorizing and drilling with Amara Kosa and Pannini at the start, may not commend itself to modern times where the emphasis is upon speed; but nevertheless it affords a solid background which a University student with even a high degree not unoften lacks these days. A system which will combine the excellence of each of these methods has to be attempted by scholars interested in the language so that Samskrit can be learnt without tears. Curiously enough, unlike English, the earliest and greatest works in Samskrit are

also the easiest. The Vedas, the Upanishads and the epics and the puranas are intelligible even to one with a nodding acquaintance with the language. Take, for instance, the famous hymn on Creation in the *Purusha Sukta* or the one in praise of Rudra, which could be understood very easily. It is only in later times when one comes across poets like Kalidasa and Bavabhuti and works like *Nalshadam* and *Kadambari* that a high degree of proficiency is required. Generally speaking, Samskrit poetry is easier of assimilation than prose, unlike Tamil in which the prose compositions are far easier to grasp by the common man than the poetical pieces.

Samskrit, it is said, has no utilitarian or cash value; but this is a wholly fallacious assumption. It is true that in the days of our British rulers and in Madras since Education became a transferred subject under the Montford reforms, Samskrit learning alone offered no scope for a living. But things are brightening up. Vastly ambitious schemes for the promotion of Samskrit are being drawn up in the Punjab, Bombay, Uttar Pradesh and Madhya Pradesh States. Foreign countries, including Russia, are setting great store by Samskrit and it will be a very profitable venture to train up a large body of scholars in Samskrit in modern methods of teaching and send them out abroad. This is as yet an untapped source of prestige and it is worth investigation by the state as well as private bodies and individuals interested in the language.

Thanks to the Arya Samaj, the Brahmo Samaj and the Chaitanya cults in the north, Samskrit has been evaluated very highly by all the communities in North India. In South India too, the language is learnt and mastered in Malabar, Andhra and Kannada. The opposition to Samskrit in Tamil Nad is a comparatively recent phenomenon.

The Madras State had dammed it with faint support, and higher learning and research in that language in Madras, the home of its origin, seems to be at a discount. But various non-official organizations are at work and they have to some extent neutralized the hostility which has been generated. One such is the Madras Samskrit Academy, whose silver jubilee has just been celebrated. With nothing like substantial financial backing it has done pioneering work in the resuscitation and popularization of the language. Institutions like the Egmore Samskrit School are performing wonderful work in making the younger generation Samskrit-minded. The praise with which its dramatization of scenes from Valmiki Ramayana has been received offers hope that one day soon it would be possible to bring back Samskrit to the position it had occupied in the past; and one feels that our film producers may here take a hint and contribute to the popularisation of this sublime language that has stood the test of time and still provides the gleam, "the light that never was on sea or land, the consecration and the poets' dream."

(Continued from page 13)

chafing under a tyrannical colonial regime, or autonomous, politically unsettled and unbalanced governments vulnerable to exploitation by ruthless third parties. The French protectorates in North Africa are thus not a purely French problem. They are a problem for the whole of the Western alliance. And they are a problem which would probably be settled not entirely on the basis of principles and ideals and moral rights but partly at least on the basis of political and military expediency.

SAIVA SIDDHANTA AND TAMIL LITERATURE

By Prof. T. P. MEENAKSHISUNDARAM PILLAI

Saivism bears an intrinsic and fundamental relationship to Tamil, and, therefore, in a sense, Tamil literature is a flowering and an exposition of Saivism. In this, the first of two articles on Saiva Siddhanta and Tamil Literature, Prof. Meenakshisundaram Pillai deals with the concept of universalism as portrayed in the folklore and literature of the Tamils.

IT is often claimed that Saivism and Tamil are identical in senses more than one. Any review of any modern Tamil conference, of medieval Tamil literature, or of its patrons and institutions will show that this conclusion is correct as a rough and ready generalisation. Even the significant exceptions like the Vaishnavite and Jain literature in Tamil may be brought under this rule if Saivism is taken as an outlook on life rather than as a sectarian religion or a scholastic philosophy. This claim of the identity of Saivism with Tamil is not like equating the English language with Christianity merely on the basis of the accident of a majority of the speakers of a language following a particular religion. Christianity is not native to the English soil. The claim of Saivism implies a more intrinsic and fundamental relationship with Tamil; it is the crown and cream of Tamil culture. This is not to minimise the importance of systematised philosophy; for the latter is in a way the development of the implications of the general spirit of the Tamil genius finding its natural voice and expression in literature and folklore. This essay is an attempt at studying Saivism from the point of view of Tamil literature. The poet gives expression to the beautiful thoughts and ennobling feelings felt by the common people who therefore at once understand and appreciate his poetry. In this view Saivite literature is the national literature of

the Tamilians; but by being this it does not lose its universal appeal.

It may come to many as a startling revelation that even amongst Muslims, Christians, Vaishnavites and atheists, there are some who pride themselves as Saivites at the dinner table. Food is not only a nourishment for the body but is also a tonic for the mind and a stimulant for the spirit and as such conscious vegetarianism based ultimately on the principle of *ahimsa* is a sensitiveness to others' sufferings, an active sympathy, a feeling of oneness, kinship with other lives, an outward expression of an inward refinement, a sign and symbol of universal love.

Tiruvalluvar, the poet of Mylapore in his *Kural* emphasises its spiritual value and as usual with him bases this on the universal foundation of all good conduct popularly expressed in the old adage: "Do as you will be done by." Accordingly *ahimsa* and vegetarianism are but the external manifestations of *arul* or universal love. *Ahimsa* is not a negative attitude, though expressed in negative terms; it is a positive overflowing of our love. It may be that this *ahimsa* is a contribution of Jainism but if there had not been a chord in the hearts of Tamilians tuned to the fundamental tone of *ahimsa*, it could not have resonated in unison with it.

Vegetables also have life, but one does not kill them in eating. Suffering cannot be avoided but has to be reduced to the inevitable minimum.

Tolkapptiyam the earliest of the Tamil works now available, speaks of a spiritual ladder, of an ever-expanding vista of knowledge, of a gradation of living beings starting with those that have only one sense organ or window of knowledge, and going up to those at the topmost level which possess five or six such windows. This again may be a Jain concept but it has received such further ramifications as to become part and parcel of Tamil poetry; for, otherwise there was no necessity for Tolkappiyar to refer to this idea in the portion of his book dealing with Tamil Literary conventions. The theory of evolution implied in such a gradation was indeed an ancient idea, explained, as usual in such cases, in the language of mythology, for instance in the story of *Dasavatara*, the ten births of Vishnu. Thus is explained the golden link connecting all the living beings as a continuous flow of life, making every living being past, present or future literally kith and kin of the others. The poet and seer Manikka Vachakar speaks of every soul undergoing the whole of this series of evolutionary processes, from the stage of the stone to that of a divine being. Every man repeats in himself the history of the universe; if ancient ideas can be translated into modern terms, one may speak here also of ontogeny repeating phylogeny. Thus every one is an embodiment of this evolution, the history being in his very blood working as unconscious memory. Therefore universal law is not an ideal, not a theory, not even a past history, but the living presence coursing through our blood and inspiring our unconscious mind. We have to wake up to this realisation.

The implication of the story of *Avatar* is the proclamation of the divinity of every living being in this Universal Democracy. According to Manikkavachakar and Tamil folklore even the inorganic world enters into the scheme of evolution and is

full of life. Has not Dr. Bose pointed out to us that there is the unmistakable response to stimulus, a sure and certain sign of life, even in the inorganic world? Machines overworked break down out of fatigue. This line of thought leads to the great truth so beautifully expressed by Tirugnanasambandar. "The world is Saivam in this sense that the world is soaked through and through in Siva." The word Siva is often used by Jains and other philosophers in the sense of the Auspicious, the Good, thus thinking of the loving aspect of the Universe rather than its aspect of cruelty, Nature red in tooth and nail, emphasising the Ananda Tandava rather than the Ghora Tandava. Here is a new principle of avatara, the descent of the Absolute being to dance in the temple of the heart. God is the transcendental principle, that which is beyond words and thought; beyond all that we know and see; but He is also the immanent principle, that which inspires everything from within. There are two beautiful words for God in Tamil emphasising these two aspects respectively, *Kadavul* and *Iyavul*; *Kadavul* the Beyond; *Iyavul* that which moves from within.

What is in the Universe or the macrocosm is also in the organism, or the microcosm; so speaks any man in the street in Tamil land. *Andathilliruppadu pindathil truckkiradu*. The wonder of the mechanism of the working of an ear of corn is no less than the wonder of the mechanism of the birth of a nebula. If we understand the mystery of the tiny plant, we understand, as Tennyson has said, the mystery of the Universe, the divine mystery everywhere.

HERE is no negation of life or of the world; it is a fulfilment and a perfection of life; a sublimation and a deification of the world. This is not superstition but science explained in the language of universal poetry. Folklore often tells us wonder-

ful tales of the supreme, almost divine wisdom of the beings of the lower order. There the bees talk philosophy; the calves whisper words of wisdom; the parrots foretell the future; the spiders worship, the serpents pray. Again, there are stories of Siddhas coming as the fish, as the deer and as the sheep, and one great exponent of Saiva Siddhanta is, according to tradition, the Sacred Bull Nandi, the Bull-faced Guru. The common rustic feels he is living in an ocean of such divinity. Philosophers may argue that it is only man that can attain salvation but the folklore enshrined in our *Sthala-puranas*, believes in the salvation of pigs, cranes, elephants, cows, serpents, spiders, crows and plants which seem to be the special concern of God. Umapathy Sivacharya is reputed to have helped a thorny plant to attain salvation. The conception of Pasupati, which is as old as the Mohenjodaro civilisation, beautifully illustrates this basis of the folklore.

THE conception of a political state and social organism is coloured by this universalism of folklore. Peace can reign supreme, according to folklore, only when the tiger and the deer drink together in mutual love and it is a sign of real royal greatness to establish such universal peace. Katiyalur Uruttiran Kannanar, an old Sangam poet speaks of the glory of the cultivators, the citizens of Kaverippumpattinam, the great seaport of Karikala and other Cholas, the glory consisting in ostracising slaughter, as a result of which, the fish without caring for their natural enemies, swim freely in the front yard of the fisherfolk, and the animals fearlessly crowd round the huts of the vendors of flesh.

The Saiva Heaven is spoken of as Kailas. Is this Mount Kailas in Tibet to which people go on pilgrimage? It is indeed a glorious symbol of the purity and calm of the Absolute experience. Tradition has it that Saint Appar went on a pilgrimage to

Kailas. There he heard a voice directing him to return to Tiruvaliyaru on the banks of the Cauveri where he would get a glimpse of the real Kailas without any further ado. Saint Appar did return and see the promised vision, which he has described in a famous hymn of his. How was this Kailas described in that hymn? He had been seeing, he says, all through his life this world—the she elephant and the he elephant, the cock and the hen, the bull and the cow, the loving couples of the various species of life. But now he saw what he had not seen before. No more were they beasts and birds; lol they were the very form of the Father, the Absolute, and the Mother, His Grace. The whole world thus appears as Siva. When once this realisation dawns on anyone, that one sees Kailas and is a redeemed soul, a Jivanmukta, one who has attained salvation here and now.

Manimekalai, one of the Tamil epics, explains Saivism as the realisation of Siva in the five elements—the earth, the water, the fire, the wind, the ether, and the sky or space—in the sun and the moon and in the soul of living beings. This is the quintessence of Saivism according to this epic. Saint Tayumanavar exclaims: "When am I to understand and realise the truth of the verse of Saint Appar beginning with 'Irulanayanay'?" This verse gives expression to this great truth of Ashta Murtta or Eight forms of Siva. This worship of Ashta Murtta is found in the poems of the Alvars. Who is not a worshipper of these eight forms? This has taken a more concrete form in the cult of pilgrimage or the cult of holy places. Kanchi is famous for the temple of the linga of the Earth. Tiruvanaikka for the temple of the linga of the Water. Tiruvannamalai is itself the temple of the Fire still marked by the glowing lamp lit on its top on every krittika day, in the month of Karttika. In Kalahasti is the temple of the linga of the Wind.

Chidambaram is the temple of Ether or Space. Space and its gradual solidification are thus thought of and worshipped as the embodiment of God, as His very temple. The Sun and the Moon, those chronometers of this universe, are the temples of Time; temples of beauty and power. But all these are but matter. The spirit also forms a temple of Siva; every soul is a sacred shrine of His. Tirumular asserts boldly that this moving temple is greater than the immovable temple. God is in everything and everything is in God. The Vaishnavites explain this truth as the inner truth of the very name of Narayana. Social service is divine service. Mahesvara puja is the worship of God in the human beings of the world. That is the foundation of the principle involved in the beautiful phrase coined by Mahatma Gandhi *Daridra Narayana*. *Periyapuranam*, the national epic of the Tamilians, narrates

the stories of the saints born in this Tamil land practising this worship of Siva in every human form. This worship represents the perfection of spiritual life and, therefore, *Siva-gnanabhodam* speaks of this worship of the temples and human beings as Siva Himself, as the one performed by the redeemed Soul who sees Siva everywhere. This is not, therefore, a worship of the fetish, a worship of the idol; it is not even a worship of the ideal in the symbol. It is the worship of the omniscient God, not in a ritualistic way but as a realisation and experience.

Every village of this world is my native place; everyone is my kith and kin—thus sang Kaniyan Poonkunrar, a Sangam Poet. This is Tamil; this is Saivism. But the word temple opens out another vista of love and beauty which may be considered at some length in relation to Saivism and Tamil.

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THE CENTRAL ROAD RESEARCH INSTITUTE

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

WE take roads for granted. Every day, everyone of us, uses one road or another. It may be a highway: it may be a footpath. Some take the high road: others, the low. There is a path or road leading from your doorstep to somewhere or other. There is even a road to hell, they say, which is paved with good intentions. Some roads are paved: others are dirt-tracks and ruts: still others are paths cut across jungle and forest and field by the feet of man: yet still others, like the tracks in the desert, are trackless but, nevertheless, they exist. From the beginning of Creation man has travelled, be it to the next rock or the next water-hole, or beyond the hill, or to the next encampment of a tribe. The lust for travel is inborn and today Man has traversed most of the earth and is turning to the sky. And even the sky, it seems, is not the limit.

But to us earth-dwellers roads that link one village to another, one town to another, the capital to the provincial capitals—these are, next to food and shelter, the most important. Roads make all the difference between plenty and poverty, between prosperity and famine, between disease and good health, between education and ignorance, between misunderstanding and knowledge. Roads are the arteries of social intercourse and the well-being of society is dependent upon roads.

Mohen-jo-daro

Yet, the best of us take roads too much for granted. We see the heavily laden bullock-cart

laboriously drawn by much-beaten bullocks rumbling along the middle of the road, while a loaded truck, driven at breakneck speed by a scalp-hunting road-hog overtakes it narrowly missing it by a hair's breadth, and is followed by a speeding roadster, with low chassis and taking the corners on two wheels. We dodge a party of cyclists riding five abreast, with extra passengers riding on the cross-bars and pillion while the cyclists themselves just miss colliding with a motor-cyclist emerging from a side-lane without warning. We see the policeman on point duty trying his best to cope with this miscellaneous traffic. But we pass on thinking little of how the road was conceived and made, thinking still less of how it should be used with sense and thanksgiving, and caring not a fig as to whether the road lasts or not or serves us to its fullest capacity or not. We do not stop to think that engineers have been giving thought and trouble to the building



The Central Road Research Institute, Delhi.

of a particular road and that a public highway is a civic property owned by all, and meant for everybody.

Against this unimaginative attitude of ours today must be contrasted the road sense exhibited by those who lived in India 5000 years ago. The excavations at Mohen-jo-daro not only laid bare remains of wheeled carts but evidence of road-making of high skill and engineering. The planners of Mohen-jo-daro had built roads parallel with one another. At least as far as the city was concerned the roads formed a rectangular pattern. Their road traffic was limited to carts, to palanquins or chairs for the wealthier classes, to camels and bullocks and donkeys for freight and, of course, pedestrian traffic, which must have shared the road with the other traffic. Our twentieth century traffic is, by contrast, almost nightmarish in its volume, and where India is concerned, by its amazing variety. For, in a sense, Mohen-jo-daro and the twentieth century rub shoulders on India's streets today.

While, on the one hand, we have a tradition of roads and road-building going back fifty centuries we have not realised the importance of roads in modern times, and we have not developed that road sense which is as much a civic duty as not making a nuisance in public or paying one's taxes to the State. Under the circumstances our engineers built roads as best as they could without much thought to the volume of traffic or the nature of vehicular traffic. Street junctions were set at right angles thus inviting accidents, and road signs were few and these not properly understood by the public, and until recently there were hardly any light signals. Even today there are no "Cat's eyes" markings to distinguish the badly lighted lanes at night and no safety devices at all.

Speed—And Death

India perhaps has one advantage in starting late. It is in a position to

learn from other countries which are far more progressive in the matter of roads and road transport. More roads, better roads, and more speed, have only contributed to more deaths. The United States of America, which has the largest road mileage in the world also leads the world in the number of lives lost through traffic accidents. The Association of Casualties and Surety Companies (U.S.A.) reckons that the number of lives thus lost in the first fifty-two years of this century (1900-1952) exceed the number of lives lost in the American wars since the Battle of Lexington against the British on April 19, 1775 (177 years before). From December 5, 1951 to April 1952 the number of war deaths, as announced by the U.S.A. Defence Department, were 1,000, while during the same period road accidents caused 12,000 deaths. In one year (1952-53) 37,300 lives were lost and 1,700,000 injured in automobile accidents in the U.S.A.

Proportionately, India's record is worse. As against the U.S.A.'s 49 million, and the United Kingdom's 4½ million motor cars in 1950 India had only 3 lakhs. Read against every 100,000 cars the number of fatal accidents caused by motor vehicular traffic in India are: Bombay, 769.66; Delhi (urban) 530.50; Calcutta, 251.84. London's 257 and New York's 45 fatal accidents for every one hundred thousand cars are by comparison less alarming. The number of cars in India is increasing while the available road mileage is absurdly inadequate. The existing roads have not been constructed to cope with such an increased volume of traffic and with such variety of vehicular traffic as we have in India.

The coming into being of the Central Road Research Institute must be viewed against this context.

More Roads: Better Roads

Admittedly, and as the Prime Minister pointed out, the primary function of the Central Road

Research Institute is not the provision of more roads and better roads for the motorist. Its function is to examine the material that goes into the making of Indian roads, to find out how best to use locally available material, to test existing roads as to their usefulness for coping with the increasing traffic, to advise State governments as to the most economical way of building roads, both pucca roads and unmetalled roads, and generally to make India road-conscious and inculcate in Indians a "road-sense."

That India needs more roads is obvious. Let us look at some figures. Comparisons are, of course, inevitable. In terms of area the United Kingdom has 1.95 miles of road per square mile, and the United States has 0.99 miles per square mile, while India has only 0.22 miles per square mile, and of this too only one-third is fit for motor traffic. Not only is the volume of vehicular traffic, both motor and otherwise, increasing, but with the gradual industrialization of the country as envisaged in the Five Year Plans more roads are becoming necessary. How to make the new roads better, from the point of view of material, durability, and economy, and how to improve the existing roads (not always by widening them but by treating them with tested material to enable them to bear the increased traffic)—this, in part, is the function of the Central Road Research Institute. Besides, it will place the results of its research at the disposal of the State Governments in the construction of airfield runways, and even with regard to buildings and building material. In fact, more than once the Institute has been approached for advice as to the load-bearing capacity of the soil on which multi-storeyed buildings were to be constructed. A number of buildings at Chandigarh, the new buildings of the Reserve Bank and the Supreme Court at Delhi followed only after a thorough analysis of the

soil of the region and advice thereon by the Institute.

Functions and Scope

When the foundation-stone of the Central Road Research Institute was laid on September 6, 1950 by the late Sri N. Gopalaswami Ayyangar, then Minister for Transport, the functions and scope of the Institute were generally defined as follows:

- (1) Fundamental and applied research on road materials and road construction,
- (2) Testing and standardisation of specifications,
- (3) Devising suitable instruments for various tests such as measurement of irregularities of road surfaces, impact factors, automatic recording of traffic etc.,
- (4) Tests on soils and study of soil mechanics with a view to evolve low-cost roads for development of all-weather village roads,
- (5) Studies on the behaviour of roads under different traffic conditions,
- (6) Incidence of accidents, road safety devices and road statistics,
- (7) Dissemination of information, and
- (8) Training of technologists.

The impressive building situated at the seventh mile-post of the Delhi-Mathura Road is today a hive of activity and has, within a matter of two short years, more than justified expectations. There are five technical divisions: (1) Soils (2) Rigid Pavements (3) Flexible Pavements (4) Roads, and (5) Statistics, Economics and Traffic Engineering.

In the field of fundamental research the Institute is engaged on investigation of surface dressings, road signs and signals, compaction of alluvial soils, a bullock cart wheel tester, laterite, lime, compaction of tensile briquettes in cement testing, design of a concrete mix, failure of

concrete road, classification of Indian black cotton soils, and moorum (red gravel) soils, and construction of the test track.

Test tracks of various paving surfaces will be laid in different parts of the country for finding out road reactions under traffic, and a beginning has been made with a test track on the Delhi-Mathura Road running parallel with the Institute grounds. A permanent diversion road for diverting the normal traffic during tests has also been constructed along the same length as the test track.

The aim of research at the Institute will be on the principle of economy and utility with emphasis on local material. The Institute is also compiling road statistics and will conduct traffic surveys with the object of teaching the average citizen road sense and traffic behaviour. We have yet to appreciate the fact that the average citizen can get the maximum use from roads consistent with safety only with the cooperation of engineers, police and Safety First organisations.

"We lack so many things in this country," said Pandit Nehru at the opening of the Central Road Research Institute on July 16, 1952. "there is a

tremendous lack of everything from food upwards, or downwards. But as I have wandered about this country, I have come to the conclusion that one thing to which we must give top-most priority is roads—roads of all kinds, not only very up-to-date bitumenized or cement roads, but roads of any kind, to open out vast areas of this country which are closed up today and which you cannot reach unless you walk or ride . . . Communications are essential things which make this world of ours different from the old world. If you go over a large part of India, the man who lived in Asoka's time will still find exactly the same things in so far as communications are concerned . . ."

This is especially true in the villages, villages tucked into the interior of the country where people live and die without ever once coming out into the world lying beyond the confines of their little hamlet. Often they seem to live in another kind of civilisation altogether. To enable them to see the next town, the adjacent village is the first step to progress. The villagers of our country need roads more urgently than the people who live in its cities.

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SIR ANTHONY PREPARES FOR THE 'COLD PEACE'

By ANDREW ROTH

BRITAIN'S leaders are facing the post-Geneva thaw in the 'cold war' with the chilly reserve of men who have become accustomed to living in the shadow of a giant glacier. It was a precarious position but fairly stable. Now that the warm sun of Geneva has shone, it is difficult to predict just where the cracks will appear and who will be hurt as the whole terrain is reshaped by tremendous weights being shifted about.

This has been made clear in the days since the end of the Geneva Conference in the traditional British manner: as much by leaving things unsaid as otherwise. In his report to the House of Commons on July 27, Sir Anthony Eden contributed precisely one item of information: the announcement that Marshal Bulganin and Nikita Krushchev had accepted his invitation to visit Britain in the Spring of 1956. This widely applauded statement was the only concession of Sir Anthony the politician to the new sense of relief which has flooded Britain.

For the most part Sir Anthony has tried hard to restrain the new feeling of optimism. While conceding the "remarkable change of climate in these last few months," he was at pains to emphasize that technically, at least, all that "we have done is to set in motion a long process of negotiations. It would be rash to expect rapid and far-reaching results."

Harold Macmillan, his Foreign Secretary, explained the need for such restraint. "We are now entering . . ." he said, "upon a new process of negotiation. This will subject the free democracies to new and severe pressures. It will be tempting to relax effort in all directions in an atmosphere of premature opti-

mism. But . . . if we do that, we are lost. But if we show courage and determination . . . understanding of both sides . . . if we have perseverance and are able to survive what may be a prolonged test of nerves and patience and strength of will, then . . . we may be at the beginning of a new and fruitful period in the history of man's life on earth."

This is not mere peroration. British leaders really hope that a period of stable peace may ensue from the thaw of the 'cold war.' But they believe that prolonged peace can only come from a stable equilibrium. And that it is particularly during the transition from the 'cold war' that the precarious equilibrium previously built up can be lost.

British diplomats do not frighten easily, but President Eisenhower's offer to the Russians on mutual air reconnaissance, even if meant largely to gain a psychological victory, evoked recollections of the 1943-5 period when President Roosevelt tended to negotiate directly with Marshal Stalin, often by-passing the British Premier. The invitation to the Soviet leaders to visit Britain and, more important, Eden's proposals of compromises on Germany before the Western Powers thought the time ripe, may well be warning lights to Washington that two can play at direct negotiations.

There is no indication that Britain wants anything but a collective approach by the West to Moscow. On the contrary, Sir Anthony and his team of highly professional foreign affairs advisers know that Moscow would like nothing more than to be able to break up the non-Communist world and play a divide-and-get your way game.

In fact, the Foreign Office comes close to panic on the possibility of direct negotiation between Germany and the Soviets. United Germany would be the strongest country on in Europe. By throwing its weight on one side or the other, it could alter decisively the world balance of power. Divided, its instability threatens the 'cold war' equilibrium. Unless a solution is found, Sir Anthony fears, Germany might well prove the block on the road to a 'cold' peace.

The present element of instability in Germany is the fact that the East German regime is unpopular, while the West German policy of alliance to the West hangs largely on the personality of 75-year-old Dr. Adenauer. Once he goes, or even before that time, the Foreign Office is fearful of the effect of a serious Soviet offer to the West Germans of 'unity' at the price of detaching themselves from the West. Although in their more sober moments British experts argue that the Russians are increasingly loathe to yield the East Germans they control to a powerful united Germany out of control, the possibility that they might tempt the Germans hangs like an ominous shadow over all British thinking on European security.

It was this danger of a switch in sides which led, some months ago, to Sir Anthony Eden's posing of the problem: "If Germany is to be neutral and armed, who is to keep her neutral? If she is to be neutral and disarmed, who is to keep her disarmed?" Moscow, of course, can move with greater speed and secrecy to come to terms with German desires, should the opportunity offer.

It is this danger which makes Sir Anthony and other Foreign Office spokesmen sound so obtuse when they speak on Germany. They know as well as anyone and better than most that Moscow will never yield East Germany if there is a chance that a unified Germany will throw its weight

on the side of the West. Then why do they demand German unity and its freedom of choice as a first step? Because, as a *Times* correspondent explained from Geneva, "whether a lasting settlement is achieved or not, they wish to keep German opinion favourable to them. To sacrifice unification to some security arrangement on the basis that Germany is to remain divided would turn away many Germans from the western alliance."

Therefore, when Sir Anthony said: "We are convinced that no European security is possible on the basis of a divided Germany" he was worried not so much about Germany as an unhealed wound and a breeding ground of tension and frustration. He was helping to prepare the ground for Dr. Adenauer's refusal of Soviet offers when he visits Moscow before the October meeting of Foreign Ministers. There is little doubt here that Dr. Adenauer will turn down even a Soviet offer of a unified Germany in exchange for neutrality. The Foreign Office is concerned that Dr. Adenauer's refusal should not result in a revulsion against the Western alliance. If Moscow offers unification with the limitation of neutrality, the West must, in public, outbid with unification with unlimited choice of action for Germany.

Britain's conflict, therefore, is between its belief that it must publicly pander to Pan-Germanism, while it seeks privately to negotiate a stable equilibrium with the Soviets.

Sir Anthony Eden, at bottom a diplomatic technician, is overly bemused by the possibility of working out some technical compromise. There is no doubt that at a particular stage, when both sides are in fundamental agreement, precise formulation would help to pin down that agreement. The British difficulty stems from the fact that as yet they have not decided whether it is more important to play for German opinion or for an agreement with the

Russians. And this indecision stems, in large part, from a more basic attitude. Is the Soviet 'New Look' merely a more flexible and attractive approach, or a basic change in lea-

dership and aim? The Foreign Office has not yet finally made up its mind—and this is partly because it does not wish to risk losing West Germany by guessing incorrectly.

WHAT PRICE FAME, DR. SALK?

THE man who developed the polio vaccine and became almost a hero overnight is a public figure against his will. His one thought is to get back to his laboratory.

Not long ago Dr. Jonas Edward Salk took an hour off from a scientific conference to go for a swim. On the beach he overheard a group of 10 year-olds arguing. "Sure, that's Dr. Salk—I saw him on television," one said. "The hell it is," another said: "What would Dr. Salk be doing in a bathing suit? Anyhow, he's much too young to be Dr. Salk."

The incident was noteworthy for several reasons. It was characteristic of the recognition Salk gets everywhere he goes and it was one of the few times he seemed to get a kick out of being a celebrity.

At 40, the once obscure scientist, whose poliomyelitis vaccine was licensed last April 12, was lifted from his laboratory to the level of an international celebrity. He has received a Presidential citation, a score of awards, four honorary degrees, half a dozen foreign decorations, offers for his life story from five Hollywood motion-picture studios, grateful letters from thousands of fellow citizens, pointed criticism from a few fellow scientists—and an uncomfortable feeling that he is "treading water till the waves recede." The waves have not receded. Every day new honours, new requests and new demands pour into his office at the University of Pittsburgh's Virus Research Laboratory which he directs.

Salk's reaction to his sudden success was exemplified one evening last month when City College, from which he was graduated in 1934, gave him the honorary degree of

Doctor of Laws. When he walked into the president's office in a dark suit, white shirt and dark tie, the president, assorted deans and faculty members, the members of the Board of Higher Education and their wives, his father and mother and some friends were gathered to greet him.

Salk, looking self-possessed but not entirely happy, shook hands all around, kissed his parents and allowed the publicity people to put him into a cap and gown. As the photographers posed him, he first looked embarrassed, then winked impishly at a friend. His father said: "We have to be content with only a glimpse of Jonas, now." A college official said: "Well, Jonas, you're certainly handling this well. I bet ten years ago you wouldn't have believed you could handle fame so well." Salk said: "Ten years ago I wouldn't have believed this could happen." Another man said: "Jonas, how can you stand all the demands on you?" Salk said: "I've learned to say no. I never dared to say no before." A friend said: "Jonas, is your appetite good?" He assured her it was. A reporter said: "I hear you're trying to find an anti-cold vaccine now?" Salk said: "All I'm trying to do is keep my balance."

The photographer finished and the party moved out to the corridor on the way to a private dinner in Salk's honor. As they waited for an elevator, a lady asked Salk if he didn't feel like a writer with a successful first novel published—afraid he could never do it again. Salk said: "I don't want to go from one crest to another. And science isn't like novel-writing. To a scientist, fame is

neither an end nor even a means to an end. Do you recall what Emerson said? *The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.*" The lady looked puzzled and said: "Don't tell me your head hasn't been turned by all this." Salk said she reminded him of the farmer who saw a giraffe for the first time. "Aw," said the farmer, "there ain't no such animal."

At the end of the evening Salk said to a friend, "Say, do you know why those Frenchmen were here? They made me a Chevalier of the

Legion of Honor. That was very nice of them."

A few days ago Salk summed up his reactions to his fame. "You find yourself projected into a set of circumstances for which neither your training nor your talents have prepared you. It's very difficult in some respects, but it's a transitory thing and you wait till it blows over. Eventually people will start thinking, 'That poor guy!' and leave me alone. Then I'll be able to get back to my laboratory."

RUSSIANS IN IOWA

A FABULOUS combination—corn and hogs—has given Iowa the most successful farm economy in the world. Twelve Russians, with smiles on their faces and many questions on their lips, are trying to find the secret of how this combination works. It is the first time any of them—all important in the Soviet agricultural hierarchy—has seen the tall-corn state. And the first time most of Iowa has ever seen any Soviet Russian.

The meeting of Russians and Iowans has been somewhat more successful than, in all probability, either side thought it would be. Most of the Soviet delegates, including their chief, Acting Agricultural Minister Vladimir V. Matskevich, hail from the Ukraine, which is Russia's closest approximation to Iowa. Ukrainians are by nature warm and outgoing. And so the result has been a spontaneous demonstration of Russian-American good feeling such as has not been seen since Churchill made the "cold war" official with his speech at Fulton, in neighbouring Missouri.

The moment they hit Des Moines the Russians took off their coats, rolled up their sleeves and, with many a wisecrack, went about seeking answers. Before they arrived a good many Iowans wondered whether they were genuinely interested in farming. After watching them clamber over farm machinery, duck under



An Iowa farmer hoists his daughter high to inspect his nine-foot corn.

barbed-wire fences, give the hogs a familiar slap on the flanks, and sift the corn-producing soil with their fingers, Iowans have rapidly lost their skepticism. There is no doubt that the Russian delegation is seriously interested in the business of turning corn into hogs, and particularly in why Iowans can do it so well. And, Matskevich says freely, he and his colleagues are intrigued by the income side of farming as well as the technology.—P. G. KRISHNAYYA

TOWARDS THE AUTOMATIC FACTORY

Progress In Britain

By R. H. MACMILLAN

(Engineering Lecturer at Cambridge University and author of Theory of Control. He is a member of the Society of Instrument Technology and the American Society of Mechanical Engineers.)

FIFTY years ago about 15,000 man-hours of labour were needed to build a motorcar; today, the manufacture of a far more complex vehicle requires only about 1,000 man-hours of direct labour. An equally striking reduction has occurred in the labour required to produce a ton of petrol. Such figures indicate the effectiveness of automatic controls in plants where the principles of line or flow production are being applied.

The oil and motor industries, and those concerned with the manufacture, processing and packaging of food, have taken the lead in these developments in Britain, as they normally deal with long runs of a uniform product. But it has now been realised that the techniques of production and management that they use are also applicable to many other branches of industry, even to small concerns and those with relatively short runs.

Incalculable prospects

The present influx of automatic machinery and controls must clearly cause a radical disturbance of the industrial scene, and manufacturers—who are having increasingly to turn over to the new production methods—find that they must bear a number of considerations in mind.

In support of this new trend, it is pointed out that in recent years production in Britain has increased out of proportion to capital outlay, while there has been a great reduction in working hours, together with the elimination of many monotonous and laborious manual tasks.

Prospects of increasing industrial output are indeed almost incalculable, for Britain still has far to go along the road of automatic production. Even on new plant being erected, an increase of no less than tenfold in the expenditure on automatic control would be possible, using only standard equipment now available. This estimate is based on the conjecture that, taken over British industry as a whole, about five per cent of the capital cost would be devoted to the instrumentation in plant fully equipped with current automatic devices, whereas in fact only about a half per cent of Britain's present total industrial capital expenditure is accounted for in this way.

Wastage reduced

The advantages of extending the use of automatic controls are coming increasingly to be recognized. Automatic devices may, for instance, accomplish tasks which are beyond the physical capacity of a human being. They may assist a man's limited strength, operate in locations made hazardous by the presence of radiations, or function more rapidly and skilfully than a man, especially when performing tasks involving computation or prediction, such as occur in the control of chemical plant. Because of the more uniform flow in a plant under automatic control, it is possible to reduce storage capacity and thus increase the speed of operation.

Automatic devices do not necessarily replace human labour: an airliner still needs a human pilot, even

though it is equipped with automatic controls. But they can often be used to perform simple manual and control tasks, and where labour is expensive this will considerably reduce the cost of the product.

Human capacity is being wasted if it is used for pushing and lifting, or even for the simpler control functions. This valuable commodity is more economically (and humanely) employed in functions that demand intelligence—such as maintenance work, higher control and planning. One of the major objections to work on a manual production line, as satirised by Charlie Chaplin in his film *Modern Times*, is the inevitable "pacing" of the operative's work by the conveyer or by the time cycle of the machine; this common cause of psychological disturbance is eliminated when such functions can be made automatic.

Problem of cost

Since automatic production can provide goods of improved quality and reliability, at less cost, many manufacturers will be compelled to use it to avoid losing markets to their competitors. It is therefore worth inquiring what are the problems which face the firm that wishes to introduce more automatic equipment: it must be remembered that this may mean anything from mechanising the control of individual

machines or operations to the introduction of a completely automatic production line or process.

A major problem is the capital cost of building new plant or converting old plant, for it frequently happens that the methods appropriate to manual control or production are far from being the most suitable if the process is to be made automatic. Clearly in such concerns as the steel industry, where a single blast furnace and its ancillary equipment may cost as much as £10,000,000, the introduction of fully automatic processes must be slow. Often production can only be made automatic by means of a major redesign of the product. A striking example of this is the printed circuit technique, introduced by the British engineer J. A. Sargrove, which has made possible the automatic assembly of electronic equipment at a fraction of the original cost.

Generally, the more cheaply automatic equipment is made, the less versatile it is. This means that it may become redundant when any but minor changes of design are called for. When this happens, workers on a manual line can be transferred, but overhead costs on the idle machines in an automatic line cannot.

Staffing

Among other serious problems confronting British industry in its gradual change-over to automatic pro-

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duction are those which affect staffing and recruitment of factory workers. There is already an acute shortage in Britain of skilled technologists and of skilled maintenance men, and the new machines are steadily increasing the demand for them.

Conversely, it seems probable that, with the increasing installation of automatic devices, the present functions of many workers will cease to exist and it will be hard to avoid some temporary dislocation of labour unless workers can be trained beforehand for their new tasks—although ultimately the whole nation may expect to benefit from an increase in the standard of living resulting from increased production.

The Trades Union Congress, pursuing a general policy in support of the drive for higher efficiency in British industry, is giving much thought to the implications of automatic produc-

tion methods, and its Scientific Advisory Council has already issued an introductory survey on the subject. Other bodies such as the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research and the Medical Research Council are also carrying out research into various aspects of the same question.

Industry in Britain is faced with a final—fundamental—issue: that of finding steady markets for the immense productive capacity of automatic plant; for example, a single machine, recently announced, can assemble no fewer than ten million radio sets in a year. The possibility of production on such a scale makes one appreciate more fully the truth of Henry Ford's remark that the working class must also become the leisure class if consumption is to keep pace with production. Surely this is an objective which the majority will find most desirable.

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A Philippines Story

By Narita Manuel

THE DAY BEGINS

The women had come to blows, the two of them—the first three years his senior, and the other not quite out of her teens. His old loyalties were being assaulted by new ones . . .

PUSHING his empty cup of coffee away, Luis glided off the stool. With the coin he had dug from his trouser pockets he tapped the counter for attention. He laid the coin besides his cup. A sleepy-eyed Chinaman took the money and then the cup. Luis strode out of the store.

He stopped in the rectangle that the light that hung over the Chinaman's counter cut on the asphalt road. He buttoned his jacket close at the neck and pulled his cuffs down his wrists. To coax more warmth from his hands, he wrung them together. The street seemed wider than the Avenida National that led to the capitol buildings. He looked straight ahead, where the concrete wall of the Governor's mansion rose five feet from the ground. It ran through the whole block.

He was halfway down the street when a cock, its body awkward with weight in its flight, alighted atop the concrete wall. Poised there, it flapped its wings and crowed.

Luis straightened his shoulders, rising two inches taller, and quickened his steps. He was now only a few feet from the Governor's gate. The cock had flown from its perch, crossed the gate and then disappeared.

Gently, Luis pushed the iron gate. A woman with a basket of laundry disappeared behind the gumamela hedge that lined the path connecting the garage adjacent to the servants' quarters. Edad is up early, too, Luis said to himself.

From the gate, the tyre marks cut a curved double track down the cement walk which ended at the garage door. He stepped on the marks

and the tiny cubes of mud flattened out where his shoes fell. He followed the track in this fashion and, chuckling, remembered to look around just in case anyone had seen him.

There was no one about. Over at the mansion, no lighted windows relieved what appeared to him a barren and huge box, with a conical top, squatting on blocks of concrete. The garden—no, he corrected himself,—the grounds—was empty. He wished there were trees to throw silhouettes around, or flowering shrubs whose leaves at this hour would be undistinguishable from the grey of the concrete wall. Even the bermuda was not lush enough.

He felt for his keys. His fingers recognised the bulky key that would open the garage. He went through the side door. There was no sign of life farther ahead, over at the kitchen. On other mornings, there would be much bustle over there. The smell of cooking would reach the garage.

HE groped for the switch and turned on the light. The jeep almost pressed a stool tight to the wall. Alongside it was the Ford V-8. His eyes did not linger on either. He stepped farther in, aware of a growing excitement. Yes, the convertible was there. The first of its kind in the province, it had arrived the day before.

Luis looked it over, shaking his head. Coated with dust, the tyres thick with mud, it was a sad mess now. And that was because he had been left out, Luis said to himself. He hadn't been given a chance to try the car, not even touch the wheel.

Like a young boy proud over a new toy, the Governor had driven it all day yesterday. He had wanted, no doubt, to break the thing in himself.

Luis pulled the door knob and heaved over into the driver's seat. Cigarette butts were strewn all over the car floor. He raised himself and looked over the back seat. Still more cigarette butts and candy wrappers. A lot of free rides the Governor must have given again.

Luis had often complained to his mother about the Governor's cars. People ought to let them alone. "But the Senorito's very generous, that's why," his mother would say. "Mind your job, that's all. People like him, you see. Remember how the church bells rang that day he was proclaimed Governor?" Now Luis ought to be diligent and loyal, his mother had said. He would never find a master like the Senorito—no, never.

Luis did not doubt that at all. Never had he seen a household more busy than the Governor's, what with visitors and guests coming and going every hour. All kinds of gifts came—fruit, chicken, fish for the kitchen. There had once come a turtle that actually shed tears when the cook butchered it. Admirers had brought white parrots for the Governor's children. On another occasion, a tiny crocodile was brought over and the Governor had ordered it killed later on.

The Governor had a way with people, there was no doubt of that, too. Luis remembered an old veteran whom the Governor took home in the Ford after having had supper with him. The old man had been profuse with praise for the Governor, whom he most unembarrassedly called "nino bonito." When Luis' own mother came on a visit, the Senorito would take the old woman's hands and press a crisp two-peso bill upon the gnarled and knotty fingers; then winking at him, the Senorito would say would Luis remember to take the

old woman home in the car. His mother had really loved that.

Well, the old folks could be right. But it was the Governor's colleagues who gave Luis trouble. He did not mind the gasoline consumption; the Governor took care of that. The extra polishing and cleaning he had to do—well, that was part of the job. What Luis minded most was the wear and tear that came from the careless driving. He could easily point to five people who, he was sure, would say that the Governor's chauffeur was more stingy with the cars than their owner himself. And these five, people who had their own cars, too,—imagine!

Now, take this convertible, for instance. Only a day old, and already—begging your pardon, of course—it was looking like a worn-out hag.

Luis picked up the cigarette butts and twisted candy wrappers, a few of these. He patted the seat hard, not so much to stir the dust as largely from habit. He did the same with the back seat.

MUTTERING to himself, he walked over to the shelf in the corner and pulled out two brushes and some rags. On the way back he touched the hood of the Ford fondly. Good old Ford, he said.

But it was the convertible that he really cared for now. It was sleek; the body had lines which, if he thought hard about them, would give him a catch in the throat. A funny thing, to be sure; but that was how it was.

With the smaller one of the two brushes, he went over the upholstered seats with calculated strokes—up and down, up and down. The leather would keep an even lustre that way. It was like grooming a horse. For the thick carpeted floors, he used the other brush—it had a long handle. He swept and did not stop until he had convinced himself the floor looked as good as new.

AND so he dusted and polished, oblivious of the voices in the laundry shed, next to the garage. He might not have paid attention to them, but he heard his name. He was just then passing the rags down the length of the bumper. His hands stopped of themselves. He must make sure. It was his name all right. He recognised the voice.

"Uy, Edad, you can keep Luis."

He did not mean to eavesdrop, but there it was.

"That chauffeur? Why, the Senorito is more of my type, really. Kind, courteous, educated."

Luis was all ears. That was Inday speaking.

"Now, this Luis of yours—why, he gets drunk! I've never seen the Senorito drunk. There's a perfect gentleman."

Luis pressed one side of his face against the wall. When Edad's voice came, its gruffness jolted him. Coming from the wall without its owner's familiar face and body, the voice alienated him.

"Sus!" the voice jeered, "you talk as if your father were not a drunkard himself. Ask any child in the street. Ask who drowned in a foot-deep canal. Any boy will sing to you: 'Tio Amboy! Tio Amboy drowned in a foot-deep canal after drinking too much tuba'."

The laugh was derisive and Luis waited for Inday to snap back. Inday's father had been the Governor's gardener and Luis knew that the old man's only fault had been his addiction to tuba. Edad ought not to have dragged in the old man.

But Inday's voice came clear and calm. "It's just your big mouth, Edad. You are jealous, that's what! Can I help it if I am the household favourite? And if your precious Luis notices me? You have no right to

say such things about my father." There was a pause and it was a husky voice that murmured: "May he rest in peace!"

Whether it was only a put-on show that Inday carried on, invoking peace for her father's soul and perhaps making the sign of the cross, Luis did not care to find out. It was true, though, that he first took notice of her only recently. He had often dismissed her as a gawky errand girl with some hand-me-downs loose round her body. Now, she had become different. She was no longer gawky. She had become neat and attractive. Luis had been intrigued by the change; more and more since her father's death, he had caught himself watching her. He half suspected that Edad must have observed this fascination.

LOUD and gritty to his ears, Edad's voice broke through the garage wall. Why, you daughter of a drunkard! Shutting me up and calling me jealous. Stop acting like a *colegiala*. And who are you by the way? The Senorita never talked down to me like that! Now, you high-class muchacha—shame on you! Luis ought to hear about this—Senorita Inday!"

Luis leaned against the cold wall, exhausted for no reason at all, wishing that a lot of things would happen all at once. Inday might take back what she said about him. Or Edad might vanish as bubbles in her tub of soap-suds do. Or a change of fortune for him, so that he'd quit being a chauffeur and become, suddenly, an educated Senorito.

Luis thought that the women had come to blows. He meant to rush out and stop them. He staggered past the convertible just as he recognized the quick resounding thuds he now heard were what Edad's clothes-stick made.

He did not remain started longer than was necessary to draw five

long breaths, having realised how comic the whole thing was. Two women quarrelling and he dreading it all. He was glad there were no other people around. Gossip must be avoided. The cook and his two helpers would likely side with Edad. Inday's allies would be the men folk—the errand boy, the new gardener and the major-domo. He felt so much the fool getting involved. Two women, the first three years his senior, and the other not quite out of her teens. The two of them upsetting his well-ordered life. And his loyalties were no longer steadfast but were being assaulted by new ones.

WOMEN or no women, he must not be idle. He resumed the work and this time he spared no noise. Some of his annoyance and chagrin he let loose into the rag that was polishing dirt off the fenders. The smell of brewing coffee reached him and he stood up thinking that now he could open the main door and let more air in.

Just then Edad entered. "Please do not open the doors yet," she begged as though she had read his thoughts. "Have you just come?" She was breathing heavily. Luis remembered Inday's pretty face and the glossy dark hair that framed it.

Luis regarded Edad with tolerance. She stood near him, wiping her wet hands on her tapiz. It fell a little loose from her waist. While adjusting it, she said:

"I just had a fight with Inday, that proud daughter of a drunkard. What airs, as if she didn't handle chamberpots—which I've never done. She thinks she is a *colegiala*. And about you, Luis,—she said you are a mere chauffeur, not quite fit to lick her shoes. A first class cheat, that is what she is!"

Luis did not want to stand there doing nothing, with Edad so near. He could see she was close to tears,

and begging for something that must come from him. Was it reassurance she wanted? Luis was troubled by his being less and less patient with her these past few days. Edad must have sensed it.

She continued to stand there, her eyes trying to catch his. Luis felt uncomfortably self-conscious. Edad had always disturbed him. It would be needless to antagonize her. He decided it would be best to humor her now.

He picked up his rag and moved to the rear bumper. Inday had first appeared with painted lips—which was a week ago. "I presume that the Senorita approves of it," he added. "Otherwise, Inday should not."

"The Senorita is very lenient and too absorbed in her mah-jongg. I suspect Inday helps herself to some of her things—like powder and perfume. Edad's face lost its lines; she sat on the Ford's running board, more relaxed.

"The Senorita is like the Senorito, they are too generous," Luis said. "Look at this car, it came only yesterday and more people have ridden in it than we can guess. I admit I feel very badly about not having been given a chance to tinker with these gadgets before other people had."

HE went inside the car once more and seated himself at the wheel. "Look, Edad. I saw the Senorito push this button yesterday."

With his forefinger he pushed a button on the dashboard and the canvas top of the convertible rose.

Edad smiled for the first time and Luis thought that she looked much younger then. But hardly had the smile spread throughout her face than it was arrested and Edad's face assumed its cold look. She was no longer looking at him. Her eyes glared at the side door.

It was Inday. She came in and walked straight toward him. A foot and a half from him she stood and in a cold formal tone said:

"The Senorito says we are to use the new car."

She turned to go but hesitated when she saw Luis press the button on the dashboard. The canvas top slowly folded and settled on the car.

Inday suppressed a giggle and clapped her hands. "Please Luis. Please make the canvas top rise again," she begged.

Luis obliged. He felt like a boy showing off his kite. Edad had stepped back and sat once more on the Ford's running board.

INDAY laughed again but her delight was gone. She made for the door, pausing to give Edad a message. Breakfast was awaiting them at the kitchen, she said. She spoke quietly, making the impression that they had not quarrelled at all. As she stepped out of the room, Luis thought she left a trail of perfume behind her.

The elder woman had nodded but had not uttered one word. Her eyes narrowed with suspicion and she was breathing hard again. Luis knew that it would have been better if Inday had ignored Edad instead of attempting to befriend her. Edad was slow at forgiving and forgetting quarrels, a fact from which Luis had often suffered.

"See how like a child she is?" he said. "She doesn't bear grudges."

The remark did not please Edad as Luis had thought it should. She scowled and grumbled.

"She might just as well not, knowing she is at fault. But she certainly is cocky! We are to use the new car," she mimicked.

Luis did not look at her. He wished Edad would not try to ridicule the young girl. "What did she mean by that?" he asked. He was polishing the windshield now.

"Didn't you know? Beginning today, that girl stops being an errand girl. She's now amah. She's to accompany the children to school every day."

Edad was looking intently at Luis. He said:

"Now, I can see why Inday is cocky. But she's not going to order me around. Not me! Can't stand too many masters. I'm chauffeur of this car—of every car I drive. If she thinks she can back-seat drive me, I'll tell her off where she belongs."

"That's right, Luis," Edad said. "Do not let that girl bully you. She's a scheming one." She stood up, and added: "I must get my breakfast. How about you? Did you have yours before coming?"

"I drank a cup of coffee at the Chinese store."

"I'll bring you something to eat then."

She dragged herself away, her hips swaying under that skirt of hers that refused to steady.

Luis called out to her as she neared the side door. "On your way out, please turn off the light."

He went to the main door. He heard her click the switch. He removed the long bar that served to bolt the door from the inside. Still holding the bar in one hand, he pulled the door open.

THE morning light burst into the garage, striking at the convertible, its body bright like armour.

New Books

MY MANY-COATED MAN. By LAURIE LEE. Andre Deutsch, London. 6s.



Laurie Lee

MODERN English poetry is full of original manners and original cadences and if some of it is obscure, the obscurity need not be seized as the one bad point to blot out its other good points. It regards nothing under the sun as mean for material; and it has not hesitated to press into service words from the exact and the pure sciences to turn an idiom or throw an imagery; and quite often its alembic of intellect has been as spectacular as that of its fancy or imagination. Meaning and Mythology, Mediterranean Littorals, Seasons and Observations, Nostalgia and War, Satires and Suburbs, Metaphysics and Redoubts, Man and Metropolis—are some of the interesting caterogies in which Mr. Alan Ross places English poetry written during 1945-1950, and under Landscapes and Language, he says of Laurie Lee as

having brought "a new eye, an immediacy of vision, to different parts of the English landscape. Lee, essentially a lyric poet, has conjured out of simple countryside scenes something highly coloured, sensuous and visually exciting. He has travelled a good deal in the Mediterranean, especially in Spain and Cyprus, and the bright light of these countries, where everything is sharp and flamboyant against its background, has influenced his technical approach to England, particularly his native West Country. Everything dazzles in Lee's verse; the thought in it is rarely developed; the poems, narrow on the page, rely for their effect on arresting, descriptive adjectives, used as if to shock new beauty into familiar sights."

Two slender volumes of verse: *The Sun My Monument* (1944) and *The Bloom of Candles* (1947), and a radio-play, *The Voyage of Magellan* (1948), which was a minor triumph in the medium of broadcast, are all Mr. Lee's creative output so far, and his present collection of poems, *My Many-coated Man*, just running to twenty-nine pages, although it contains many of his excellences, cannot in all conscience be said to mark any advance in his technical equipment or in his development towards what precisely he stands for, poetically. Some stanzas from two poems in his earlier volumes (given below) will serve to illustrate his sensitivity and style in the exercise of his craft, and, too, as an introduction to this latest collection:

At Night

I think at night my hands are mad,
for they follow the irritant texture of
darkness

continually carving the sad leaf of your
mouth
in the thick black bark of sleep.

By day, the print of your body
is like a stroke of sun on my hands,
and the choir of your blood
goes chanting incessantly
through the echoing channels of my
wrists.

But I am lost in my hut
when the stars are out,
for my palms have a catlike faculty of
sight
and the surface of every minute
is a swinging image of you.

Thistle

Thistle, blue bunch of daggers
rattling upon the wind,
saw-tooth that separates
the lips of grasses.

Your wound in childhood was
a savage shock of joy
that set the bees on fire
and the loud larks singing.

Now from your stabbing bloom's
nostalgic point of pain
ghosts of those summers rise
rustling across my eyes.

It is very rarely that Mr. Lee breaks into genuine poetry in *My Many-coated Man*, but when he does, it is directly into the highest. The delicate chisel of the lapidary, the soft brush of the painter, the sharp needle of the etcher or engraver no longer are conspicuous as mere tools; they all combine and merge their identities into the single purpose of capturing the most incandescent moment and in the process, causing a total involvement of one in the personality of the poet. Here again it is the urgency, the integrity of imagination which through vivid and many-coloured adjectives "shocks new beauty into familiar sights"; in other words, an experience felt in all its vehemence has wrought the transfiguration of the theme. But when the experience has been forced on the subject-matter the sensitivity

seems strained and all technical skill has but resulted in mere verbal galloon, and lyrical poetry which is impassioned utterance admits of no such. Mr. Lee alternates between compression and diffusion, but what gives him his ineffable charm is that in either manner he is never artificial. 'Sunken Evening,' 'The Edge of Day,' and 'The Easter Green' are some of the finest in the collection, and lines such as:

The mottled moth pinned to a tree,
woos with his wings the bark's disease
and strikes a fungoid, fevered pose
to live forgotten and at ease.

or,

Submerged, the prawn-blue pigeons
feed
In sandy grottoes round the Mall,
And crusted lobster-buses crawl
Among the fountain's silver weed.

or again,

Where from the edge of day I spring
Alive for mortal flight,
Lit by the heart's expanding sun
Bursting from night to night.

—project pictures which entrance one with their felicity of phrasing and sudden, unmeditated beauty. A prepossessing sophistication, a meagreness of metrical modes, a release of visions more energetic than the word-music which evokes them are what characterise *My Many-coated Man*, considered as a cordial gift of verse from a poet's year.

INDIA: From Primitive Communism to Slavery, by S. A. Dange. People's Publishing House Ltd., New Delhi. Rs. 2-8 as.

DANGE, in his book *India: From Primitive Communism to Slavery*, has set for himself the task of presenting Indian history in broad outlines by the dialectical materialist method for which purpose he has adapted Engels's *The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State* to the Indian background. But

beneath this apparently innocuous attempt at presenting Indian history lies concealed the crusading spirit of one who is out to expose the bourgeoisie 'trick' of making history serve reaction instead of social progress by a false theory of social development. This process of adulteration of Indian history by the bourgeoisie has been going on for quite a long time. But luckily however, before this bogus bourgeois view of history could grip the minds of the people to their roots, the ever-vigilant saviours of the world society—of whom the author is one—have come forward to present the pure unadulterated Marxian view of history. But alas, suffocated by the muddy waters of these two equally artificial channels of history created by the bourgeois and Marxian currents of thought, the common man seems to be endlessly struggling to get at the crystal clear waters of the genuine stream of history!

All the same, Dange's presentation of Indian history is quite revealing though it may not be refreshing. According to the author, the organisation of the primitive commune was a Gana organisation—"a self-acting armed organisation" of the people—which had no special machine of force, the State, to regulate its affairs, since it was not divided into contradictory antagonistic classes based on private property. The organisation was based on kinship and all the members were engaged in collective production. What was collectively produced was distributed amongst all. Woman then stood on a higher pedestal and had greater freedom which accrued to her through her social collective labour. In course of time, the growing productive forces necessitated some sort of division of labour and that was the beginning of the 'Varna' scheme in Aryan society which is, therefore, not the peculiar invention of any Vedic rishi or God as it is sought to be made out

by the religious writers of antiquity. But with the birth of private property 'Varnas' degenerated into contradictory antagonistic classes, and this spelled the death of the primitive commune. Thus with the disappearance of the old gentile society, "that affliction of human society" called the State was born and thenceforth, force (Danda) came to rule the world. Consequently, Yagna, Danam and Havana, which were once nobly conceived as collective modes of production and distribution so as to subserve the good of the entire commune, came to be prostituted in the 'Kali Age' of private property and class society so as to ensure the enrichment of the ruling class—the Kshatriyas and the Brahmins. This, in turn, led to violent conflicts between the Brahmins and the Kshatriyas (the economically dominant class) for the appropriation and control of the wealth produced by the exploited class, namely, the great Visha mass and the suppressed Sudra slave. In these sanguinary struggles as evidenced by the great Mahabharata war, brother killed brother and wives were sold into slavery over a game of dice!

This is not all. Dange has reserved the closing chapters of his thought-provoking book for still more fantastic and breath-taking revelations. Here are some. Tradition (perhaps, bourgeois!) would have us believe that the Bhagavadgita was born in the battlefield of Kurukshetra. Even today, when doubts haunt us, disappointments stare us in our face, the Gita is regarded as a streak of silver lining on the dark horizon of our clouded life. It is common knowledge that Mahatma Gandhi used to look to the Gita for solace, even as a child would turn to its mother for succour. But not all this philosophic-cum-religious humbug could hoodwink the author or those of his way of thinking. For, everything has to

be tested on the touchstone of historic materialism. Looked at from that perspective, the central theme of the Gita is neither Sanyasa nor Karma-yoga. The Gita declared the death of the age of kinship and collective democracy and the birth of the era of exploitation and class antagonisms. Having given a death blow to the duties and Dharma of the collective Gana commune, the Gita enthroned the supremacy of the morality of private property and class relations. How was all this accomplished? Yes, by the seemingly harmless doctrine of discharging one's own duty regardless of the attainment of the fruits of such action by the fictitious theory of 'immunity' of the immortal Atman (that stands encased in a perishable body) from the 'pairs of opposites' (like pleasure and pain; heat and cold), so on and so forth. This, in short, is the famous lesson of the Gita that has been preached to the protesting Arjuna and to the common man for centuries since the Mahabharata war. This is the essence of the philosophy of class society involved in contradictions. The *Song Celestial* is thus nothing but a garland of slogans of the religion of the class state designed "to hold the producer to his slavery and poverty and justify the ruling class in its job of suppression and exploitation."

If, after such a strong dose of historical materialism has been injected into his system, the unfortunate common man still fails to agree with the author that there can be no redemption to a society thus split up into a new world of rulers and ruled, of exploiters and exploited until private property is again abolished, not on the old primitive basis of poverty but on the basis of abundance under the new world communism of the future, then certainly the fault is not that of the author who has used all his ingenuity in presenting Indian history in the Marxian mould!

SIGN OF SAGITTARIUS

DEEP, deep in the seafloor,
beneath the billows' roar,
she sits on Wisdom's throne,
all alone,
the Maiden of the Sea!
Slender as a reed is she,
full lovely,
goldburnisht her skin,
to champaks akin,
she sits on Wisdom's throne,
all alone,
the Maiden of the Sea,
full lovely,
agitating the coral,
to break from the reefs, floral,
O, agitating the pearls
whirling faster than their whorls!

DHANUS

INDIA: A REFERENCE ANNUAL, 1955. The Publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Government of India. Rs. 7-8 as.

THIS publication of the Government of India is an invaluable book of information dealing with the diverse aspects of the Indian national life. It covers a very wide range of subjects. Special mention should be made of the chapters dealing with History, Constitution, Judiciary, Economic Structure and Labour. The tracing of the history from the Indus Valley Civilisation upto the British period, the incorporation of some of the most important decisions of the Supreme Court as well as the Amendments to the Constitution have doubtless enhanced the value of the book. Especially useful are the Maps and the numerous Tables which give a graphic idea about the facts and figures furnished. The bibliography at the end of each chapter is a welcome addition. The Ministry of Information which in the past has come out with many interesting books deserves to be congratulated for placing such an instructive and useful book at our disposal at a moderate price.

SPORTS

RAIN

By N. S. RAMASWAMI

WHEN Feste lamented: "The rain it raineth every day" it is doubtful, if only because of chronology, if he had in mind the sorrows of cricketers of Madras. Their tribulations are considerable, but when the elements themselves conspire, as they have been doing recently in the city, their plight is melancholy indeed.

For days the cricketer has been looking forward to his next match. The intervening period is excruciatingly empty. Monday is desolate, Tuesday not much better, Wednesday holds some promise, the prospect improves on Thursday, Friday dawns fair and bright. There is much joyful expectation on Saturday. But should there be rain on Sunday the blow is grievous beyond all example. To imagine that one has gone to great extremities to secure freedom of action on that devoted day and then only to find that no match is possible! Most players are not called upon to work on Sundays, but it is well to recognise the terrible fact that in this year of grace not a few hapless individuals are still required to attend office on that day under some specious pretext or other. The attention of the International Labour Office or even of the "Big Four" should be called to this horrifying deprivation of freedom.

It, therefore, becomes necessary to take appropriate steps. These are manifold, but the contriver should be dexterous. No one is refused leave of absence if one has to attend the funeral of one's aunt, but it will scarcely answer to offer the same plea on three or four successive Sundays.

Ingenuity will no doubt suggest many alternatives. The most favoured of these is an overpowering necessity to visit Cuddalore, a town of no little attractions. It may undoubtedly be expedient to fall ill on other occasions. All these courses are attended by some peril, but it is only a craven who puts office before cricket. If there be any such, it were better he were excommunicated from the pale of the noble game.

A formidable handicap thus removed, the player looks forward to the next Sunday. But the philosopher never spoke more truly than when he said that man is as assuredly born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. Sunday dawns dark and threatening. The noise of rain in the night, felt subconsciously, had been pleasant enough, but nothing can be more unpleasant than the prospect which greets the player as he hurries out of the house to inspect the situation. His heart falls when he finds that the rain had fallen steadily and what is worse that more is likely to afflict him.

The four hours that elapse between the hours of seven and eleven on a rainy Sunday are the most miserable that a cricketer can experience. To be bowled first ball or to be hit for a six is no doubt mortifying, but there are the consolations of philosophy to teach him fortitude and forbearance. To be called upon to endure the sight of rain and a gray sky when it could have been so easily entrancingly blue is, however, another affliction which can scarcely be cured by philosophy or metaphysics. The poor victim of circumstances can

scarcely sit still. He hurries out every other five minutes to inspect the sky. All the mountainous clouds can scarcely have rolled by within that short period, but he is not without a queer hope that this miracle would have occurred. He can scarcely fix his attention on his book; his mind wanders tragically to the ground which alternately he hopes is clear of water and fears dreadfully is under five feet of water. It is a most miserable morning.

The player owes it to himself to be in attendance at the ground at the appointed hour. He is perfectly aware that he is being foolish, but always to permit prudence to guide one's actions is perilous and has been well frowned upon by qualified thinkers. He hurries to the ground with a beating heart. He sees a puddle on the road and despairs; he beholds a tiny patch of blue sky and his heart is uplifted. He dies a thousand deaths before he reaches his destination.

His tribulations do not end there. Of course, no game is possible. Not one of his opponents has arrived, displaying most unseasonable wisdom. Even many of his colleagues are conspicuous by their absence. If there should be any unimaginative and insensitive individual among the few who have arrived, he loses no opportunity to taunt him with his exaggerated optimism. He then piles up the horrors by complacently suggesting a visit to the theatre or a game of cards. The cup of sorrow is full.

The suggestion is blasphemy and one rejects it with violence. The return home rivals the morning hours in its misery. As an additional aggravation it frequently happens that by now the clouds have rolled away and a bright sun is shining. This is merely to add insult to injury. The hapless player reaches home in no amiable mood. Fortunately, means of relief, completely inadequate, it is needless to say, are at hand. It is in such dire extremities that a

detective novel is useful. It is impossible to read books of higher arts: poetry is inconceivable, drama is intolerable and the higher prose insufferable. But a smooth tale of amiable murder and its ingenious detection acts as a salve.

However, this is only a partial remedy. It is desolating to recollect that one had killed one's aunt only to read of another fictional demise. The entire Sunday is poisoned. Fortunately mankind is resilient and the days roll by and it is always possible to dream of the next Sunday, the sorrow of the last one being forgotten.

FAMOUS LETTERS

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ART & ENTERTAINMENT

Music

SEMPONNARKOIL Govindaswami Pillai who passed away last month was one of the most outstanding Nagaswaram vidwans of this generation. Carnatic music has indeed sustained a great loss and many will miss him sadly. He was famous, like his father Semponnarkoil Ramamani Pillai, for his raga *alapana* and *pallavi* playing. It is a revealing commentary on public taste that Semponnarkoil Govindaswami Brothers were never greatly popular with metropolitan audiences. This may be due partly to the fact that their playing technique was such that it could be appreciated only by persons with a cultivated taste. Appreciation of their playing required not only a general musical knowledge passing beyond enjoyment of a popular artist, but a capacity to understand the nuances of the art of the Nagaswaram. All this may be true, but there is another reason also. Semponnarkoil Govindaswami Brothers were at their best in an environment far removed from the sophisticated modernity of a metropolis. Nagaswaram is primarily an outdoor instrument. Not only that. It is an instrument with rich ritualistic associations. Bereft of these associations the character of the instrument is somehow lost. You hear the music, no doubt, but it is no longer the voice of the Nagaswaram. Those who have had the good fortune to hear this great artist and his brother in some place like Mayavaram, hallowed in the corporate memory of the Tamils, preferably



during the Thula festival, or, say, in Dharmapuram on Gurupuja Day, will understand the spirit of what has been said. Even in such august company as Tiruvadamarudur Rajaratnam Pillai, Thiruvizhimazhalai Brothers, Thiruvithururai Veeruswami Pillai, Semponnarkoil Govindaswami Pillai used to stand out. With the late Meenakshisundaram Pillai providing the *tavil* accompaniment he used to treat his listeners to such adept *pallavi* playing that every time you heard it, it was a thrilling new experience. It is indeed sad that those inimitable multi-*eduppu pallavis* and *swara korvais* and *muthaippus* can never again be heard.

Sri G. N. Balasubramanyam's chief asset is his voice and he has developed a popular style which provides ample scope for utilising his voice to full advantage. From the Hutchins recording of *Varanarada* and the stage performances of *Krishna Thulabharam* along with Ratnabhai Sisters to the concert at the Abhiramapuram Association last week is a far cry. It is the story of the pro-

gressive development of an artist who has had the intelligence to know his assets and exploit them cleverly.

GNB, as he is affectionately known to his many fans, was at the height of his popularity during the latter half of the forties. He was indeed the 'craze' of the day. The public rushed to his performances and filled the hall wherever he sang. Younger musicians, both men and women, paid him the compliment of imitating him. *Sindai Arindu Vadi* a raga-malika, *Sri Rama Ramani* in Mohanam, *Ramaninne* in Sarange and *Upacharamu* in Bhairavi were some of the popular favourites in his repertoire.

In the concert heard last week GNB began with that famous *kriti* of Dikshitar's, *Vatapiganapatim* in Hamsadhwani, and progressed in a really charming manner with *Pantumarali*, *Ritigaula*, *Kambodi*, *Saranga*, *Hindolam* and *Kedaragaula* on to a raga-malika *sloka* for a finish. It was a bouquet of rakti ragas neatly arranged and displayed. *Ritigaula*, *Kambodi* and *Hindolam* were full of pleasing and admirable *birkas* with the GNB flourishes in plenty.

Here was a concert in which the senior gave encouragement to his young accompanists. N. S. Chandrasekharan who provided the violin accompaniment for GNB's concert that day has rich *kalpana* and a neat technique. A slight variation in his method of bowing, making the bow ply its full length, instead of in short, jerky movements will enrich his performance greatly. Also, he should not, as far as possible, restrict his playing to one single string of the violin. With these corrections he should go a long way very soon. The other accompanist on the platform was also a junior vidwan—Umayalapuram K. K. Sivaraman, who acquitted himself quite creditably on the *mridangam*. He has dexterous fingers and is able to execute the *durita kala* flourishes with ease. He deserves

every encouragement at the hands of the seniors.

One small technical point. GNB in his *Ritigaula alapana* in the *tara stayi* tended to omit the note *ri*, with the result that the *prayoga* 'sa ga ma' occurred repeatedly and the *ga* was stressed nearer the *anthara gandhara*. This made the raga veer towards *Natakuranji*.

On 2nd August, Madura Mani Iyer spoke at the Lakshmipuram Young Men's Association on "My experiences in and impressions of Carnatic Music." Mr. N. Raghunatha Iyer of the *Hindu* presided. We should welcome lectures like this. Not that this particular lecture was any great success. But the idea of a great artist sharing his experiences and impressions with those interested in his art is a good one. There are aspects of every art which can be explained and made intelligible only by the artists themselves. And as for experiences—well, autobiography has always certain advantages over mere biography.

But Madurai Mani Iyer's lecture on the 2nd of this month did not fulfil the hopes with which we went to hear it. For one thing it was too long. For another it was not well thought out and the ideas, such as they were, lacked arrangement. It was intimate and informal, no doubt, but meandering and got to be rather tiresome half way through. Mr. Raghunatha Iyer had said in his opening remarks that music was not a subject that could be handled easily in a talk. Madura Mani Iyer proved him right.

VANIDASA

THE FRENCH GROUP EXHIBITION

HIGHLY individualistic works of the six artists of the *Alliance Francaise* have been brought together in an exhibition which is now being held at the premises of this Group's headquarters. The organizers are to be congratulated on the elegant

arrangement of the exhibits in the limited space available to them. The artists have each of them separate panels, for their paintings, following as they do different styles and formulas, are immiscible.

The representative collection of these six painters, nearly sixty in number, gives the visitors a clear idea of the various progressive styles in painting being practiced in South India. Mrs. Krishnaswami, who paints as a hobby, reveals a tender womanly interest in flowers and children in her work. Her highly stylised *Hill Station* has, it is true, the correct atmosphere, but her best piece is a water-colour floral hanging. Mrs. N. MacCarthy, an entirely new name in the city art circles, paints as well as models, and her terra cotta figures reveal the competent craftsman in her.



Messrs. Ramgopal, Gopulu and Bhageswara Sarma need no special introduction to those who frequent the city art exhibitions. Among the works of Mr. Gopulu with whose luminous caricatures in *Ananda Vikatan* South Indian periodical readers are only too happily familiar, his study in crayon, *The Artist*, at once rivets one's attention.

The French painter, M. L. de Ker-shat reveals no continental influence despite his name. Indeed, one might almost say he paints in a typically Indian style. His *Women in a Field* is an interesting study. It is suggestive of graceful movement and rhythm and the richness of its colour at once draws the eye. The interesting thing about it is that the women working in the field are not many women but one woman in different poses. So the point to which the artist seems to be drawing our attention is the beauty of the women's attitudes, the variety of graceful poses one finds among the workers on a field. The emphasis is on the body, not the face. But the overall impression at a quick glance is of a slow-motion movie.

The immediate impression which is got from a study of the neat panel of six paintings of Mr. Bhageswara Sarma is of colour. *The Woman painting toys* and *The Barber's Bridge* are brilliantly painted. The busy life of the bridge comes vividly to life. But the other four paintings in the panel demand much more attention than these two. The piece entitled *Draupadi*, for instance, depicting Draupadi's attitude towards her five husbands

and Karna, seems incomprehensible at first. It demands not merely visual attention from the onlooker but a capacity for imaginative reflection. But Mr. Sarma's most remarkable piece is a lino-cut entitled *The Next Step*. It is the picture of a man standing on the brink of the eternal river of Time with all his implements from the stone axe to the Atom behind him. He is looking across the river in an attitude of deep thought. A pair of doves watch him from the branches of almost humanized trees. The evolution of a past, the sorrow and indecisiveness of a present and the mystery and the promise (perhaps danger?) of a future are all mingled in this thought-provoking piece.

The uncompromising technique and experimental spirit that pervades the works of Mr. Ramgopal is not unknown to art lovers in the city. There is a stillness about his art which at once calms and soothes the spectator. He never attempts to achieve sensational effects, his colours are more attractive than brilliant, in fact he seems to have a weakness to understate, but his paintings like, for instance, *Kanchenjunga* and *Paddy Fields* and *Reflected Lights* reveal a capacity to be deeply moved by beauty in everyday life and a perception of a hidden inner truth which he tries to express more by suggestion than by obvious exposure.

RUDRANI

Films

BOMBAY

THE newly formed Film Journalists' Association of Bombay held its first function on 4th July when it gave a reception to Dr. Edward Heis and Mr. Vaclav Zizka, Deputy Directors of the foreign department of Czechoslovakia State Films. The presence of Acharya Atre who had returned from a tour of the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia lent a special significance to the gathering.

After the introduction of the two delegates by Mr. Burjor Pavri, the President of the Association, Acharya Atre gave his impressions of Czechoslovakia which he described as a great and beautiful country with a long and proud tradition. Acharya Atre had visited the film studios and met Jiri Truka, the great creator of puppet films. He laid special stress on puppet films and felt that even more than cartoon films the puppet film technique was ideally suited for many Indian fairy tales.

Dr. Heis who was overwhelmed by the tributes paid by Acharya Atre said that his country was not as "great" as India. He said that the film industry in his country was the first industry to be nationalized after liberation. In fact, the Czechoslovakian State Film is celebrating its tenth anniversary this week. At the request of some journalists, he explained the working of the State film industry which caters to about 3500 theatres.

He had come to India to improve film relations between the two countries on the basis of absolute equality. In other words, for every Czech picture shown in India, they were prepared to show an Indian picture in their country. In answer to a question he disclosed that there was no star system in Czechoslovakia; yet artists and film directors were paid very high salaries which were equal to those of Cabinet Ministers.

Picture of the week

The second unit of Bimal Roy Productions led by director Arbind Sen has produced an unpretentious but nonetheless clean, neat and heart-warming human drama entitled *Amanat*.

Based on a story by Pramendra Mitra, the noted author of many Bengalee screen plays, *Amanat* tells the very human story of one Purshottamlal who, while returning from Burma, promised his dying friend on the steamer to give his life's earnings to

his family. In spite of his poverty and his wife's nagging, he religiously sets apart that money as a 'Trust' and begins his search for his friend's wife and family. But when he does not find them he gives up the search and falls a prey to the tempting proposal of a friend to invest the 'Trust' money in business. He buys a mill.

While Pradip, the real heir, and his mother struggle against heavy odds, Purshottamlal amasses a fortune and his son is sent to England for education. As luck would have it, the real heir grows up into a mechanic and works in the same mill and falls in love with Meena, Purshottamlal's daughter, without knowing her real identity. The tussle between Naresh, Purshottamlal's ruthless son who tries to impose his will on the workers and Pradip who commands the workers' respect and love provides the dramatic conflict which gains momentum when Pradip is falsely accused of theft and held in lock-up while his ailing mother breathes her last.

The climax comes when Purshottamlal who has always been good to the workers, gets Pradip released and asks Naresh to quit. For, in desperation Naresh tries to burn the godown and Pradip who also wanted to take revenge by burning the mill realizes his error and tries to stop Naresh. In the scuffle, Naresh touches a live wire and is killed instantaneously. The arrest of Pradip for Naresh's murder, the revelation of his true identity to Purshottamlal who destroys evidence against him at the crucial moment and the redemption of *Amanat* in the end provide a fitting end to this human and moving tale.

The characterization of Purshottamlal is really brilliant; though he wrongs Pradip and his mother, one never feels unsympathetic towards him. Nazir Hussain in the role gives an excellent portrayal. On the other hand, the character of Naresh is of the usual type of villain

in the story and it is portrayed also in typical, conventional manner by Pran. But the two really brilliant characterizations in the film are those of Bihari, a corrupt and drunken worker who is still not lost to decency and Ganesh, a fat, happy-go-lucky rich youth who dotes on Meena. Comparatively, the performances of Bharat Bhooshan, Chand Usmani, Asha Mathur are rather colourless. Among others, Achala Sachdev Krishnakant and Chand Burque are more than competent and Kanhaiyalal is brilliant as usual. The character actors have indeed a field day in *Amanat*.

Personality of the week

Last week *Jagriti* celebrated its 25th week at Naaz and proved that a purposeful good picture can also be popular. It also proved that there was no jinx attached to Naaz. This is the 14th picture of Filmistan to celebrate its silver jubilee and probably the 20th picture produced by Shashdhar Mukerjee.

The man who really deserves credit for *Jagriti* is Satyen Bose. For, he had made the same picture in Bengalee several years ago; and he had also played the role of the good teacher. The Bengalee picture even without the production values of Filmistan or songs of Pradeep was a hit. I had an opportunity of seeing it and reviewing it in these columns.

I distinctly recall that Satyen Bose had come to Bombay and discussed with several financiers and distributors the idea of transcribing *Parivartan* into Hindi. He asked for a modest sum but no one was prepared to take the risk. And so Satyen Bose had to go back disheartened and disappointed. Later M. & T. Studios announced the news that Satyen Bose had joined them; but the deal did not come off for one reason or another.

Had the craze for children's films not started and had *Boot Polish* not proved so successful, Satyen Bose would never have got the chance to

realize his long cherished ideal of transcribing *Parivartan* into Hindi. So, at last Filmistan gave him the opportunity and Satyen Bose made the picture at a cost which, at least for Filmistan, constitutes a record low price.

V. P. SATHE

HOLLYWOOD

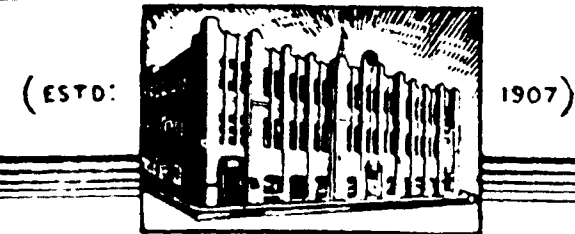
Hollywood's Happiest Marriage

IF one follows the American TV and movie columns, one may have noted items like the following: "Jack Webb, *Dragnet's* Sgt. Joe Friday, has concluded a deal with the Colgate Variety Hour whereby he'll star in a programme that will ballyhoo his upcoming movie, *Pete Kelley's Blues*."

"Television audiences will see a familiar face in the film version of Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Oklahoma*, Gordon MacRae, who won the plum role of Curley on his basis of video performances."

"Spurred by the success of *Marty*—plucked from TV—as a theatrical movie, MGM will soon turn its cameras on *Fearful Decision* and *The Rack*, both of which originated as TV shows."

Put together items like the above and you get a lot of evidence that the rocky romance of motion pictures and television is rapidly moving through the courtship period toward a marriage. That old, bitter, clawing feud between the movies and TV has softened and mellowed into a purring tolerance of each other, to say the least. When radio was new and became the villain in the life of Hollywood, there was the same animosity between the two media. In those days, when Amos and Andy emptied theatres every Wednesday night, how the movie boys wailed! Worse than when Milty Berle did the same thing on Tuesday nights, via TV!



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The movies refused to give aid to its new competitor. Screen stars were forbidden to appear on the air. One press agent almost lost his job because he had Strongheart, the movie dog, bark on a radio show! But as time went on and it became apparent that both entertainment media could exist side by side, radio and the movies became sweethearts. The same pattern is being followed now with the new ogre, television. But in these atomic days of speed, the courtship and merger of the two is coming much faster. One thing hastening the inter-dependence of the little and the big screen is Hollywood's current anxiety to discover new, young talent. TV is becoming a showcase for youngsters with screen possibilities. Almost every TV show is a screen-test for some youngster. Hollywood's constant hunger for new writing and directorial talent has also quickened the eventual wedding. When a Paddy Chayefsky writes a *Marty* or a *Catered Affair* for the TV cameras, you may be sure it won't be long before Paddy is on his way to Hollywood. MGM has just bought *Affair*. Of course, this whole operation was in reverse a few years ago. Then it was TV that was exploiting the personalities and know-how of Hollywood. TV was quick to tap the storage vaults of the movies for old film. At first the producers, not wishing to offend their old customers, the movie theatre owners, refused to sell to the upstart TV even their old musty celluloid. Then one by one, they weakened.

A recent indication of things to come is Alexander Korda's decision to sell his new, British-made film, *The Constant Husband*, to an American network for airing before it plays the movie houses. That, as you know, happened to the current film rage, *Davey Crockett*. After being exposed to millions on TV, this Disney film seems still to have a vast theatre audience.

Come this Fall, there will be more evidence that Hollywood wants to become TV's lovin' bride. The success of Walt Disney's regular show on ABC-TV, which is credited with helping *20,000 Leagues Under The Sea* to become a big box-office hit, has opened the eyes of Hollywood to the promotion possibilities of the little parlor screen. So, in September, Warner Brothers and MGM will have shows in a regular slot on ABC-TV. And 20th Century-Fox is set for another network.

The rigid ban against movie stars appearing on TV, which met the networks' original efforts to grab Hollywood talent, has by now been stretched and bent all out of shape. A list of Hollywood stars now on TV regularly would omit very few of the well-known names. There is the odd case of Lucille Ball, whose movie contract did not permit her to do TV emoting. She left the movies. Her new TV career zoomed her to a popularity she never had as a film star. The very studio that did not renew her film contract eagerly took her from TV and made *The Long, Long Trailer* which was one of the highest grossers of last year. The same studio will star Lucy and Desi in *Forever Darling*, this coming season, despite the fact that now Miss Ball has not one TV show but two—a reissue of her first *I Love Lucy* shows.

It is possible that the success of *The Medic* on TV had something to do with Hollywood's courage in deciding to film *The Cobweb*, a psychiatric story, and *Not as a Stranger*, a story about doctors. Warner, Columbia and Paramount are bidding for the movie rights to *The Medic*. If you need any further proof that the love-affair between TV and Hollywood is warming up towards a hot embrace, take a look at the sign on a big California movie factory: "Warner Bros. Motion Picture and Television Studio."

Can you hear the wedding bells?

P. G. KRISHNAYYA

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ON THE COVER:

Governor Sri Prakasa at the Madras airport watching the trainer unit used in advanced flight training.

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SWATANTRA

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THE GOOD ADMINISTRATOR

MR. C. RAJAGOPALACHARI has acquired for himself in the course of more than three decades of tireless and distinguished service to his country a reputation for, among other things, innuendo in his speech. The result is that even now people look for the barbs in his utterances before they seek to understand the message he tries to convey. Nehru's words are taken at their face value, Rajagopalachari's at their motive-value. Perhaps it is the subtlety of his legally-trained mind or the complexity of his thoughts or his very humane desire not to hurt by a direct, brutal attack that has given his style a distinction all its own. He has not—especially in the last 10 years—made a single pronouncement on the most innocuous and banal of occasions but some heart somewhere has winced with pain or seethed with impotent fury. It is this quality of style of his speeches and writings that has made a part of his public wary of assimilating his ideas at their uttered value. Subtlety and sarcasm, however effective as weapons to snub an opponent or humiliate an adversary are, however, not the best means of convincing a public which is still simple enough to want to go to fundamentals, of one's sincerity of purpose. Even the most illiterate and untutored can by instinct recognise the word which comes to him straight from the speaker's heart and the word which comes to him from perhaps the same heart but via the mind. And the mind of

C. Rajagopalachari is one of the most complex and consummately artful mechanisms that we have been swayed and influenced by in the last half century in South India.

His first Patel lecture last week broadcast over All India Radio was, however, a most happy departure from his usual style, though indeed it was not entirely free from examples of his surrender to its blandishments. Mr. C. Rajagopalachari was in it at his benevolent and direct best. At first hearing he seemed merely to repeat some old home truths, but home truths do not cease to be truths merely because they have become homely with use. Good administrators are necessary in all countries, in all governments and in private enterprise. But good administrators are even more than necessary in a country like ours whose government is chosen by a politically immature and educationally ill-equipped electorate. Mr. C. R. is not the first man to begin to have qualms about the wisdom of enforcing the principle of universal equality in a country in which two-thirds of the people still identify themselves by thumb-prints. It is true we have become so fascinated by the association round certain words and phrases that they have become like the Murti-Bing pills of Czeslaw Milosz, the Polish writer. When these pills are taken, people cease to worry. Likewise, as long as the speeches of leaders and ministers are generously sprinkled

with words like Liberty, Democracy, Equality, Adult suffrage, the people are happy and have no desire to probe deeper and see the reality.

It is doubtful if most people do really understand the responsibility they have allowed to be imposed upon them by being given the vote. But the way to teach the masses even in this age which is, as Joad has said, "without beliefs in religion, without standards in morals, without conviction in politics, without values in art," is not by taking their vote away from them but by educating them and making them grow up to it. Till that happens it is inevitable that our administration should be conducted by a system of trial and error and ideals are modified in their achievement by reality. Democracy is based on faith in the possibilities of human nature. And this Utopia is not a kingdom which can be taken by storm but has to be evolved.

Mr. C. R. listed highest among the qualifications for good administrators, higher even than goodness of heart and purpose, a sound sense of values, of character, sagacity and imagination and an even temper, the capacity to face facts and take a decision. It is difficult to see how anybody could differ from Mr. C. R. on this emphasis. The administration is like a central reservoir from which flow the channels to the remotest parts of the State. Any delay in the opening of or impediments in its outlets, chokes up the whole system. A speck of fat in the blood stream can paralyse a whole limb or kill a man. In our country, the postponement of decisions as also the shifting of them on to other shoulders has graduated from a test of cunning to strongly established habit and threatens soon to be raised to the status of a virtue. The day does not seem far away when an official who goes home leaving the trays on his table empty and his papers tidy, will become suspect. The charge of inefficiency, if not something worse,

will certainly be laid at his door. Sometimes, said Mr. C. R. a decision taken may prove to be wrong, but better by far a firm, quick decision than indecision. Wrong decisions will be made, powers of judgement will be proved immature, but while a wrong decision can be corrected, an attitude of indecision in an administrator can have an adverse psychological effect on his whole department of workers.

Mr. Rajagopalachari laid stress on a few other qualifications in his speech. Our administrators, he said, "must come from our organized higher educational institutions." They must be able to inculcate in their colleagues a sense of "social purpose" and they must be free from the "caste nexus." He warned more by implication than by elaboration, against introducing haphazard and unthinking changes in the higher educational system, a warning which the language fanatics may well take note of. Perhaps organized higher education is not the best method of bringing out into the open the hidden talents of men and women but we are not talking here of brilliant or talented people. We need as administrators intelligent, hard-working, honest, just officers with self-reliant minds. We need men without communal or caste bias. We need men with high standards of integrity.

That, above all.

Thomas Mann

MANN, the magnificent artist is dead. At four score years which he completed on June 6, this year—having seen nearly a thousand full moons as we in India would say it—and far flung his fame. Born in the old Hansa City of Lubeck the son of a rich merchant who had been a senator and twice its mayor, his was an ideal boyhood made up of "gods, beasts, and human beings" and lived for the most part in the comfortable security of the family home. Four-

years after he lost his father, and at the age of nineteen he went to work in a Munich Insurance office, but young Mann was destined to be an author, it seems; for, when he was doing his job, it is learnt that he used to make out policies on the top of his desk and scribble stories beneath it! His major work *Buddenbrooks*, one of the first of the family sagas appeared when he was twenty-six. It was banned by Hitler and burnt during the Nazi regime of terror, but it had already sold "over a million copies in Germany alone." His second great book, *The Magic Mountain* at which he worked for twelve years running was published in 1924 and it won for him the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1929. Then came the Joseph series of books—the monumental tetralogy comprising *The Tales of Jacob*, *The Young Joseph*, *Joseph in Egypt*, and *Joseph the Provider*. He travelled through Egypt and Palestine, visiting the scenes connected with the Biblical story. "Joseph," says Charles Neider, one of Mann's finer critics, "arrived almost together with Hitler and they matured at about the same rate. While Mann was writing about Joseph's exile into Egypt, he himself was forced into exile from Germany. He was the prophet as well as the tool of events. With his Joseph he became the artist who took his place in society without equivocation, aligning himself with progress and truth against reaction and lies, speaking out, accepting exile rather than the honours of the New Order, and finding new inspiration on American soil." Earlier, after he left Germany in 1934, he lived for a while in Switzerland, then after successive visits to the United States settled in Princeton, New Jersey, where he lectured at the University. Later, in 1941, he built a permanent home for himself in Santa Monica, California. During World War II his messages to the German people recorded in his adopted country and broadcast by the B.B.C.

were a powerful weapon of propaganda for the Allies. Among the American honours he received was his appointment as a Fellow of the Library of Congress. After the war, Mann paid several visits to Europe, the first in 1947, and it was in a villa near Zurich where he had found his ultimate home that he had his date with death—August 12.

Stories of Three Decades, Essays of Three Decades, Lotte in Weimar, Dr. Faustus, The Holy Sinner, The Transposed Heads: A Legend of India, The Black Swan (published last year and to prove his Swan Song!) are the other important works of Thomas Mann. And what is it that gives them their importance and establishes their claim to pass into perennial literature? It is the insistent personal attitude of their author they project, an attitude of intense isolation, or the obsession with the *moi* that gives them their peculiar puissance and influence. "Every piece of work," says Mann, "is in fact a realization—piecemeal if you like, but each complete in itself—of our own nature, they are stones on that harsh road which we must walk to learn of ourselves." What a simple yet impassioned conception of art and the artist who is overwhelmed by the sense of his own loneliness! To a warm social temperament, to the objective apprehension, this concentrated preoccupation with the self may seem unhealthy and morbid; but it is quick to kindle the poetic mind full of the wealth of myth, symbol and fantasy to joyous response.

Thomas Mann is dead; his magnificent artistry will live, timeless in the Teutonic tapestry he has woven with characters like Tonio Kroger, Hanno Buddenbrook, Adrian Leverkühn, Felix Krull who is the great Joseph's "distant cousin," in whose company there is much that posterity will be interested and profited to know.

Sotto Voce

BALEFUL MOON



WITH the engaging artlessness of the good Corporal Schweik Dr. H. J. Bhaba dropped a bomb-shell at Geneva when he spoke of the H-bomb being harnessed for peaceful uses in another twenty years. With him it was a matter of intelligent anticipation. But it was not the less disconcerting for America and Russia, Britain and France to find someone talking in a matter of fact way about what they have all been working at apparently but do not want to discuss yet. The sudden thawing of international suspicion and distrust which has flooded Geneva with research papers has left this hard ice-cap untouched.

Unit for unit thermo-nuclear fusion by which the H-bomb operates is a thousand times more powerful than atomic fission. The engineering obstacles in the way of using it to run machines and do the numberless other things which coal and oil do are, however, formidable. Hardly less forbidding is the cost at present. But all such problems are solved sooner or later, sooner if you have an abundance of money, of trained technicians and of the will to power. One of the Big Four may win by a neck. But there will be no security for the winner or for anybody else. The H-bomb, there is no reason to think, is the last of the genii that the impious curiosity of atheistic science will let out of their bottles.

But we, the weaklings of the world,

the pawns in the power-game, don't cry. "A plague on both your houses!" We are such confounded snobs in regard to scientific progress. We dare not utter what most of us feel in our inmost hearts—that we have rather more science than we can stomach. The picture of a workless Utopia in which duke and dustman can have their swill at the common trough is so enthralling that we forget the duke will be duke and dustman will be dustman to the end of things. That is the prime lesson of Geneva.

The underdeveloped countries may have atomic power stations built for them and fissionable material loaned, as in the past they have been given financial aid,—for a price. If there is an accident everybody within two kilometres' distance will be wiped out. Far worse, we humbly accept and fall pat into the plans made for us by the Big Four in that twilight world which the Helium Age with its endemic cold war and its hectic quest of bigger and better inter-continental ballistic missiles 'I.B.M.' for short, is ushering in. For, make no mistake about it, no dove of peace brooded on Geneva, though Eisenhower and Bulganin were drinking endless toasts to each other and the scientists at their meet hugged each other like long-lost brothers. A new moon of man's making has swum into our ken and the augurs are distracted.

The orbital satellite which the U.S. would try to launch into space

n 1957 or 1958 is no balloon for the pawns. Nor is it just that innocent aid to scientific observation—which is how they all begin by claiming to be. It will, of course, enable the scientists to find out the precise conditions that obtain far above the earth's envelope of air. But the scientists and their masters are even more interested in finding out in the picturesque language of Hanson Baldwin, the military commentator "what Bulganin had for breakfast." And this "master eye of the sky" will not, you may be sure, be always used for such harmless if trivial purposes.

The 'I.B.M.' could cross the Atlantic in fifteen or twenty minutes. It would, to quote Baldwin again, "nullify all known systems of detection, interception and defence." And

"it would expose—literally—virtually all the cities on earth to almost instantaneous destruction from these giant rockets with thermo-nuclear heads plunging from the skies." Talk of joy rides to the moon or of the peaceful uses of thermo-nuclear fission on the part of those who engage in this race for the weapon to end all weapons is either sheer blah or, worse, a blind.

Atomic gewgaws are being dangled before us second-class nations like carrots on a string. The world is gravely told that its fuel reserves are rapidly running out. It is being dinned into us that we must tap atomic and thermo-nuclear energy if

(Continued on page 12)

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INDIAN AFFAIRS:

—COMPANY LAW ON THE ANVIL
 —HINDI—EXHIBITION AT NEW DELHI
 —A POSTSCRIPT ON PAKISTAN
 —PROGRESS IN PLANNING

THE Lok Sabha has now firmly grasped the Companies Bill, a marathon piece of legislation, whose passage in both Houses will dominate parliamentary proceedings during the rest of the year. The Company Law Committee was set up in 1950 and the progress made since in consolidating the law has not been very rapid. But it would be wrong on that score to suggest that this measure should be rushed through Parliament, when many new issues have been raised by the Joint Select Committee's Report. If the Government had closely followed the recommendations of the Company Law Committee on the major issues, it would have been on stronger ground in resisting elaborate discussion at this stage. During the interval between the C. L. C. Report and the introduction of the Bill in 1953, there was sufficient time available to lay down clearly and firmly the policy which would guide the Government on the major matters arising out of Company reform. When the Bill was referred to a Select Committee in May last year, the Finance Minister seemed to suggest that the law with all its policy implications was still open to suggestions. Whether this was due to his own indecision on the major provisions or a reluctance to take individual responsibility for either a conservative or a leftist approach, the Joint Select Committee found itself free to make somewhat drastic changes which would be

inconceivable if the law had related to such matters as taxation or preventive detention in which the executive has its way.

The consequences of this curious policy of *laissez-faire* have not been happy for the Finance Minister and even the essential minimum of change to make the law workable may encounter heavy weather in a political climate in which ideological rather than practical considerations weigh very strongly in Parliament. The *carte blanche* for regulatory legislation granted by the Fourth Amendment removed the fear of judicial scrutiny of constitutional propriety. The slogan of 'socialistic pattern' has caught on to such an extent that politicians now tend to run away with it in a manner disconcerting to its authors. All these will become visible in due course.

Drastic reform and consolidation of the Company law has long been overdue. There has undoubtedly been gross abuse of the discretionary powers which company executives now enjoy and regulation on a scale that would promote public confidence in joint stock enterprise is a necessity for the growing industrial economy visualised under the Second Five Year Plan. The question is whether this is best achieved by the extension of the area of control by the State until it totally substitutes the discretionary authority of company executives and even the tenuous

rights of the shareholders. As one M.P. has remarked aptly, the Government is seeking to become the biggest managing agency in the country. This may curb the profit motive but may well substitute it by red-tape, corruption and unimaginative ruling, which result when there is too much control of private operations. Whether the administration will acquire so much wisdom as to be able to tell each company what it should do in given situations may well be doubted. There are over 90 clauses in the bill which give such wide powers of control and only half of these can be said to belong to the category of ordinary regulatory powers and even if some of the rest are necessary under Indian conditions, there can be no justification for destroying all flexibility in the name of preventing abuse.

At the moment our legislators are busy in the choice of invectives against the managing agency system which, in any case, is destined to die and give place to something more appropriate to our future needs. The problem is not to hasten the end of the system but the building up of the agencies that can take over. Business management has tended to become a monopoly of certain communities—Parsees, Gujarathis and Marwaris on the lines on which foreign business houses employed their own nationals in positions of trust and responsibility. India has thus been unable to produce a sufficient number of career managers who can meet our growing needs, and so long as this shortage continues, the existing agencies have to be tolerated with many of their shortcomings.

"Did you ever expect a corporation to have a conscience, when it has no soul to be damned and no body to be picked?" is a question attributed to Thurlow by his biographer, Wilberforce. Our Company Law sponsors do expect a company to have a conscience, and when they see it lacking, they are indignant and are ready to

damn its soul and kick its body by imposing vicarious liability on the company managers. One of such provisions, which is likely to figure more in future debates, relates to the maximum and minimum remuneration of managements. The minimum has now been fixed at Rs. 50,000 a year for the entire management of a company in a year of no profits or poor profits; in other years, there will be a ceiling on remuneration of 11% of profits. This means that unless directors are paid at the rate of under-secretaries in government no infant company will get a sufficient number of directors. When rewards are thus directly linked to profits, the tendency will be to show profits at the expense of reserves and provision for expansion. The Finance Minister has conceded that this clause will lead to anomalous results. More will be heard about these in the course of the next few weeks.

It was not the odd assortment of books, interesting though they were in their own way, but the unequivocal and sincere statements of the Education Minister and the President on Government's policy on the introduction of Hindi, that was remarkable about the opening of the Hindi Exhibition in New Delhi. The Prime Minister was also present to endorse pronouncements but the audience seemed on the whole to be not very appreciative of the very conciliatory and statesmanlike approach indicated in the two speeches. Many in the north had assumed that the 15-year period prescribed in the Constitution puts an obligation on the non-Hindi areas to do everything necessary to make Hindi a national language. The recent statement of Mr. C. Subramaniam that he had the authority of the Prime Minister to say that Hindi was not the national language caused many eye-brows to lift. Some had to re-read the Constitution to learn that there is significance in the use of the term 'Official Language'

which they had thought to be synonymous with national language. There is naturally some disappointment that the progress in this respect will not be as rapid as expected.

The President said that Hindi was adopted as the State language for all-India purposes to replace English not because it was the most advanced of the languages of India, but because it was the most common and most widely understood of them. "As a State language," the President added, "the use of Hindi will be confined to certain well-defined spheres of activity, leaving the other languages to have full sway in their respective regions." The emphasis, he said, was on learning Hindi rather than on the time factor involved in doing so. The Home Minister's recent assurances about the language of competitive examinations was also reiterated on this occasion and the President commended the Congress Working Committee's resolution on the subject as a fair compromise. That resolution enables candidates for all-India services to use Hindi, English or any of the principal regional languages in their examinations. Candidates using Hindi or English will have to pass separately in the other language; but candidates answering in the regional languages will have to pass in English and also pass a test in Hindi on or after joining the service at an early stage. In this view, there is not even a remote prospect of imposing by force a language which has become a practical necessity for all-India purposes. There should be no dissatisfaction with so reasonable a point of view. The importance of language and the strength of attachment to local languages has been fully recognised.

More will be heard on this subject when the Language Commission makes its report. An earlier occasion to judge the status of regional languages may arise when the States Reorganisation Commission submits its report at the end of next month.

There has been some speculation already on the subject but no importance can be attached to any particular guess about the recommendations. There may be a strong partiality for larger units but the Commission's recommendations may not amount to much reshuffling. Incidentally, the question which seems to engage many politicians just now is whether the next general elections should be held after the implementation of the recommendations of the States Reorganisation Commission or before. Opinion seems to be in favour of the former course, especially among those whose constituencies are in a flux.

There is considerable surprise in India over the last minute change in the political alignments in Pakistan which caused the omission of Mr. Suhrawardy from the Cabinet, when his inclusion as Prime Minister was almost taken for granted and even the London Times had announced accordingly. Mr. Fazlul Huq has scored again; the merit of this move is that there will be no change needed in East Pakistan. There is a minority member in the Cabinet—which is satisfactory from the Indian point of view. The present coalition is indeed more powerful than what it would have been if the Muslim League had coalesced with the Awami League under Mr. Suhrawardy. If the combination could endure, all would be well; and there is no reason why it should not. The press in Pakistan is now engaged in a fierce controversy on whether the Governor-General belongs to Bengal or not. There is still opposition to the one-unit plan but it can be said that on this occasion Pakistan has got together as nearly as possible a national cabinet with Punjab and Bengal substantially satisfied. The Prime Minister is likely to prove acceptable to all the groups, particularly because there is a realisation

the leeway to be made up in advance.

The Commission is now engaged in the very complicated task of State plans which have been reported, far exceeding available resources at the disposal of States and the aid which the Centre can provide. But the problem of cutting the coat according to the cloth is not confined to the States or to the spending ministries of the Government of India. Very soon a problem of rationing resources will arise even in respect of the investments in the public sector, in industry, transport, irrigation and power. There is a growing volume of opinion in favour of a large outlay on transport as essential for the fulfilment of the

Plan. The Railway Ministry has made demands to the extent of over Rs. 1400 crores which is bound to suffer a cut which, though not as drastic as in the case of the other Ministries, would in all likelihood impair its capacity to undertake transport on the scale of the requirements in the next five years. This may mean that private road transport should be allowed to develop unhindered so that all available means may be pressed into service. The greatest hindrance to this course is the restrictive policies of the State Governments in regard to licensing of vehicles for road transport because of their nationalization plans. The efficiency of nationalized transport being too well known, there is real ground for concern over these developments.

HYDERABAD

A CITY WITH A HISTORY

THE future of Hyderabad partly depends on the recommendations of the States Reorganisation Commission, which is to submit its report in September this year. Hyderabad has always been a problem ever since Asaf Jah I rebelled against Delhi and formed his own kingdom. The unstinted support of the Asaf-jahis to the British immensely helped foreign consolidation in the South. If it was not the brightest jewel among the Indian States in the Imperial Crown, it, no doubt, proved a "faithful ally" and placed its all at the disposal of the masters in times of crisis. Hyderabad even now has a special status all its own and none realized it more acutely than the great Sardar.

As a State where North fuses into South, its potentialities for the main-

tenance of a strong link between these two parts are immense. There could be no reorganisation of States in the South without disturbing the map of Hyderabad. To break its present entity is no easy job and of all the leaders in India it is Nehru who has grasped the complications involved in it.

September has proved a fateful month for Hyderabad and few can anticipate if next September will ring the curtain down on its two-hundred years of precarious history when the fortunes of millions of people were moulded, made or marred by the whims and fancies of successive autocratic rulers, the last of whom saw the communal-fascist rule at its worst and also its burial fathoms deep. It is not necessary to show to what extent the seventh Nizam was

responsible for the sorry mess into which the State was thrown before the Government of India moved its armed forces to restore law and order on September 13, 1948. It was in the same month fortysix years ago (1909), that Hyderabad was ravaged by the floods caused by the swollen Musi. It is said that the late Nizam was a man of compassion and sympathy and he shed tears when he saw his beloved subjects afflicted with sorrow. The story goes that he wore a silk dhoti and performed puja in Hindu fashion to dispel the evil spirit that had caused havoc. History took a turn that September and under his successor the Asaf Jah rule reached its zenith and also got itself entombed.

A sample of what the innocent small rivulets of Hyderabad, cast under an evil star, could do to wreak human misery was provided, when in September last year the worst train accident in India occurred at Jangaon sixty miles from the city. Three days' continuous downpour, reminiscent of the days of the Musi floods, ripped open many tanks and damaged the bridge on Yeswanthapuram Vagu, resulting in a gruesome accident which accounted for 135 deaths, and enormous loss to property. It was in the same month three years ago Hyderabad city was caught in a dangerous agitation called the "Mulki movement." It was designed to protest against the inflowing of persons from outside the State and capturing all Government jobs. But, it developed into a violent agitation taken advantage of by opportunist elements including the communists. Police had to open fire twice to disperse the angry mobs.

What is in store for Hyderabad every September is a mystery that cannot be probed into. One thing is certain that all eyes are today on Hyderabad. The President wants to have a Rashtrapathi Nivas here. The Parliamentarians desire that at least one Session of their august House

should be held in this city, even if it be in September. Some propose it as a summer capital of India. The yet-to-be-born new Socialist party of Dr. Lohia's may have its headquarters at Hyderabad. Various Central organisations and offices have already moved to this Southern State. Sri Nehru likes its composite culture. Hyderabad has a fascination for Rajen Babu as a spring-board from where Hindi could be easily spread to the South. Maulana Azad would naturally love to be in Hyderabad, next to New Delhi, for no other Indian city has such a Middle-Eastern flavour. International organisations like the F. A. O. also understand the central situation of Hyderabad, from where they could conduct and control their affairs all over South-East Asia. There is something in the climate of Hyderabad which makes people stick to it. Having lived here for sometime, one feels reluctant to leave. The successive administrators from outside will bear testimony to this. Hyderabad has brought luck to those who came as guests but became part of it, more than to those who had been a part and parcel of it all along.

"SPECTATOR"

(Continued from page 7)

we are not to go out with the coal and the oil we are rapidly consuming. Supposing the atom had not been split or the H-bomb made, how would the scientists have set about replacing these wasting assets? The advanced nations have been telling us backward folks that we must practise birth-control or perish. Why don't they try and practise a little self-control on their own account? If they were to limit their wants and their murderous ambitions, who knows, Heaven might yet relent.

VIGNESWARA

SIR MIRZA M. ISMAIL

PORTRAIT OF A STATESMAN

By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

WE read in the newspapers everyday now newer and more elaborate and more rhapsodical interpretations of the Congress blueprint of Utopia, the socialist India that is to be. It seems the very foundations on which our society has grown and developed into something varied and colourful and fear-ridden and diseased, which has produced giants from its festering vitals, a society which has been both a cursed thing and a challenge to the spirit of man—it seems the very foundations of this marvelous, ill-balanced structure from the very stink of whose disintegration have arisen the sons and daughters of whom this country could well be proud, are to be shifted and remodelled and reconstructed. So some things will die in the transformation, inevitably. Life is a constant, continuing, remorseless process of supersession. What are the things, we cannot help wondering, which will perish? When a torrent thunders down a mountainside, it will wash away not merely the silt and the stone, the death which had become the dust, the debris of generations of life, but also the trees, the dung, the seeds in the soil, the shepherd's hut, the master's palace. With the profligate and corrupt in our society and country will go much that was gentle and gracious and noble, the mellowed beauty of fami-



Persian tea....mauve bougainvillea....and memories.

lies born and bred in comfort for generations, the nobility of loved and well-preserved houses, the loveliness and health of gardens over which time and money have been expended.

The house in which Sir Mirza Ismail, the seventy-two year old ex-Dewan of Mysore lives in Bangalore, belongs to a past which is rapidly losing its appeal to the present generation. The house is not merely Sir Mirza's. It is Sir Mirza. Everything about it bespeaks bountiful living. It is the kind of house which runs itself because it had habitually been so well run that habit had become

instinct. Sir Mirza lives in this house against a background of elegance, colour, of soft-footed servants, polished furniture, gleaming floors and an air of faded nobility which hangs around the house like a comfortable aura.

We all know Sir Mirza Ismail, of course. For a quarter of a century now people have been telling each other in trains, on station platforms, at pre-vacation get-togethers: "You must go to Mysore this year. It is one of the most beautiful cities you are ever likely to see in India." Mahatma Gandhi described Mysore as almost Ramrajya and a British Peer has spoken of the State as "a pattern for the world." Sir Mirza as Dewan of Mysore has contributed most to set this pattern. He was Dewan of Mysore for 15 years, Prime Minister of Jaipur for four, and Prime Minister of Hyderabad for one. He has refused offers of the Prime Ministership of at least two other states. He represented Indian States at the Round Table Conferences and was a member of the Consultative Committee of that Conference. Sir Mirza and a few others like him had built for Mysore such a highly reputed administrative tradition, that the Political Department of British India used it often as a training ground for young princes from other states. He is one of the very few Muslims of India about whom there has never been the faintest whisper of communalism. The Hindu Mahasabha once tried to get him out of Jaipur on charges of desecration and destruction of Hindu temples, an allegation which was later proved to be a deliberate and malicious perversion of fact. Sir Mirza was trying to restore and renovate the Hindu temples of Jaipur which had fallen into disuse and neglect.

Sir Mirza Ismail's greatest virtue is his love of beauty. The fountains, the parks, the gardens of Mysore, the school and college buildings and the

houses of Jaipur are proof of his passion for colour and elegance. He planned not only his own house and arranged it and spent money on its preservation, he beautified the cities which he administered as Dewan. In fact he spent so much money out of the State Treasury in Jaipur that a charge of extravagance was brought against him. "Anyone," he says about that charge with impatient disdain in his book, *My Public Life*, "can go on stinting and saving money, but it requires some sense to spend money wisely and well. And money is meant to be spent productively, not to be hoarded." He is convinced that if he had not "constructed the new offices and new bungalows and made many other improvements in Jaipur, it would probably not have been chosen under the new dispensation as Capital of Rajasthan." He was rewarded also by Cecil Beaton's encomium: "Sir Mirza," wrote the artist, "is the arch-enemy of corrugated iron sheets, brass bands and of almost everything that is crude and vulgar."

Second only to his love of beauty, is Sir Mirza's passion for machinery, for industrial progress. During his 15 years at Mysore, he started 25 different industries; he was responsible for the carrying of electricity even to the humblest, most hidden corners of the state. It may indeed be said that he with Sir M. Visveswaraya made Mysore what it was in the thirties and forties. Now Mysore has moved into the modern era in India. But Sir Mirza looks at it and at us from the old era, and finds the change galling and almost physically painful.

He has been a bureaucrat all his life, a fact of which he is not a little proud. He was born and brought up, schooled and educated in the shadow of a palace; administered a state under the careful, imperial eye of a Resident; he has lived the greater part of his life in an atmosphere of good living, of hunting and race

meets, music, riding, of travel, of artistic refinement, of hobnobbing with graceful reticence with British bureaucrats. He belongs to an age of men who could say in equable tones without feeling self-conscious that it is "obligatory for the administration to provide for the recreation and enjoyment of the people, especially the poorer classes, and enable them to enjoy themselves without expense." He is a staunch Royalist, deeply attached to the pomp and circumstance of ruling houses which he has served with unquestioned devotion and loyalty, to the splendour of traditional sovereign authority. "You cannot," he has said, unhappily, about the wholesale merger of the princely States into the Indian Union, "without impoverishing and weakening the Indian mind, take away its instinct of loyalty to a person or institution and far better a man and visible person, intimately concerned with local affairs, than a distant one, unknown and unapproachable." Years of close association with British administration at its least onerous and exacting has helped him to discipline his own thoughts and ideas. He does not behave like a hypnotised rabbit—as many of us do—whenever the socialistic pattern of society is mentioned. He is repelled by the "dead uniformity" it might bring and is convinced that haphazard and zealous and unthinking nationalization of industry would kill private enterprise; he is against adult franchise for a country like India which is mostly illiterate, and believes most sincerely in the gradualness of evolution. He has travelled widely and is an aristocrat to his fingertips.

When I went to see him he was taking a walk along the cool, shaded avenue which runs round his garden. Meticulously dressed in grey flannels and complete with waistcoat and walking stick, he fitted to perfection the part of the humane, benevolent, patrician at home. The well-kept and

tended garden, the riotous goldmohur hiding the porch, his two granddaughters, slim as young deer playing among the shrubs—it was a page from history. I felt like a school girl receiving second prize from the Governor of the State.

A gardener came running with two battered mangoes.

"Look at that," said Sir Mirza in well-modulated tones. "I am trying to grow this special type of mango here. The squirrels do not give it a chance."

He dislodged a pebble from a wet seed bed with his walking stick and moved it out.

We came to a bamboo arch over which a heavy flowering creeper had twined itself. He stood aside to let me pass.

"America," he said, "is a good country. You can live there in freedom and comfort."

"Some people think," I said trying not to feel overwhelmed, "it is too fast-paced. You go on and on. You can't stop."

"It is up to you, isn't it?" said Sir Mirza. "As long as you know when to stop and how to stop. The American village is slow enough for any of us. You are in the village, far from the crowd and noise and yet every facility of modern civilisation is within reach."

Apropos of villages, I mentioned the Community Projects.

"What have they to show for the enormous amount of money they are spending?" he wanted to know. "We spent less than a tenth of that on Mysore."

He discussed everything, personalities, politics, offering criticism tersely and precisely, yet with urbane courtesy; his are the views of a Liberal Conservative. The circuit was over, we reached the house. I snapped my note-book shut with a self-satisfied sigh.

"All that, of course," said Sir Mirza with a composed smile, "was off the record."

He turned the conversation to Louis Bromfield.

"What am I to write about you then?"

"All this," he said, indicating with a wide sweep of the walking stick, the house, the surrounding garden, the white-uniformed servants, his daughter standing at the door of one of the rooms.

We stopped. He looked across one of the huge drawing rooms, spacious and calm with carpets on the floor and fat, heavily upholstered sofas and chairs and gleaming, dark occasional tables on which stood, perched precariously on their own reflections in the polished wood, little ornaments of brass and glass, and framed photographs. Through the farther door could be seen a dense shrub of mauve bougainvillea. Over the prodigal blossom towered the darkened terrace of a house at the back.

"I want to grow something there," said Sir Mirza, "which will completely cover that view. I don't want the top of that house to be seen."

We repaired to his study. A servant brought in a tray. We had Persian tea with lemon in little glass cups and special wafer biscuits from Sweden. Through the half-opened door I could see Sir Mirza's wardrobe stretching from wall to wall in which his clothes were hung in ordered array.

Sir Mirza belongs to the time and age and attitude of Sir T. Vijayaraghavachari, V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, C. Y. Chintamani. It was the age of the rich and the poor, the deserving and the fated. It was a world which believed in and found it possible to practice charity and kindness with a patronising grace. It was an age which cultivated 'taste' in art and literature; it was an age in which there was a whole section of

people which was expected to keep its 'place'. It was a world a part of which was more beautiful and gracious than anything we are ever likely to see in future; a part too delicately balanced, however, on its beliefs and traditions. It was a world which was not sturdy enough to withstand change. It was the world of Sir Mirza Ismail. Meeting him was a rich experience. It is the kind of experience which we will probably dream about one day when we have attained our new democracy; a dream of finding a gate and going into a garden and meeting a man who symbolises the kind of life some of us would like to have but must not because all of us cannot have it.

"What are his hobbies?" I asked his daughter when Sir Mirza had left us together.

"Philosophy," she said, smiling.

"Will he lock this house up when he goes to Europe?"

"No" she said. "The servants will be here."

From where I sat I could see at least four white-uniformed servants attending to the wants of the master of the house.

"How many servants have you got here?" I asked, curiously.

"I don't know," said Sir Mirza's daughter frowning, but without the slightest affectation, "I really don't know how many servants we have."

MAN-MADE GARNET GEMS

Using the press which recently produced history's first man-made diamonds, the General Electric Company has now succeeded in creating genuine garnets. The dark red gem stone which occurs with the green mineral hornblende, was produced by exerting great pressure and heat on hornblende. The press duplicates nature's jewel-making processes by exerting equal to those that exist far below the surface of the earth.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE

I. A HISTORICAL SURVEY

By S. NARAYANASWAMI

(Former President of the Madras Stock Exchange)

WHAT are Stock Exchanges?

What is the mysterious business they transact inside their portly doors? Anyway, why is all their business transacted to the accompaniment of such prodigious noise as in Bombay and Calcutta? Is this high-lung-powered, brassy-throated fraternity, which runs about like so many mad hatters, with a memorandum book and pencil and generally in unbuttoned coats, across the trading ring as it does in Dalal Street, Bombay, not able to evolve a less strenuous and more respectable *modus operandi* of transacting business? Is it their animal noises that created the famous Stock Exchange expressions—Bulls, Bears, Stags and such like? What are those baffling and elusive things called "Stocks" which are often the despair of the school boys' arithmetic hour? Who invented this noisy mechanism—with its complicated accounting, its clearing houses, its intriguing denominations of shares and its zoological terminology. News Service summaries of day-to-day happenings on the Exchange talk of "bull syndicates," "bear squeeze," "stag sales" and mystify the normal reader who finds it quite fatiguing trying to master the meaning of these ominous phrases and often gives up on the convenient excuse that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

The absence of knowledge of commercial institutions and their working creates needless prejudices in the minds of people based on fears of their possible sinister character. The Stock Exchange, considering the

important part it plays in the economy of free enterprise, has had more brick-bats than bouquets hurled at it over the centuries, because of the lack of proper understanding of its functioning and utility. The attack on Stock Exchanges and Stock brokers started with Dr. Samuel Johnson who said unflattering things about them in his dictionary.

The Stock Exchange was born curiously enough, as a result of Kings repudiating debts. Philip the Second of Spain who sent a vast Armada against Britain and lost it, had borrowed a large sum from Continental bankers. Finding it impossible to repay his debts he issued a solemn proclamation repudiating them. He read a homily to his creditors on the irreligion and unwisdom of the merchants leaving agriculture and primary occupations and trafficking in Bills of Exchange on which instruments His Spanish Majesty chose to borrow. He claimed naively that he repudiated his debts so as to facilitate the aforesaid merchants going back to their legitimate occupations. This left a trail of ruin and collapse of continental business houses and of individuals at the time. This example of Royal chicanery was followed in Britain by that princely hedonist, Charles the Second, who stole the deposits of the London goldsmiths left with the Exchequer to the tune of £1.3 million without batting an eyelid. Charles the Second by exercising the royal prerogative of depriving the London goldsmiths of their worldly goods in this brazen manner, proved the unwitting founder also of the Bank of England. The merchants

and bankers of Europe considered it dangerous to lend money to kings direct, after these revealing examples of Royal repudiation.

THE first instances of transactions in kingly indebtedness was when nervous creditors here and there made over the pronotes of Royalty to certain Peers of the Realm that were close to the King who bought them at a discount and while pretending to the King that they were obliging him by thus driving importunate creditors from his palace gates, reimbursed themselves at par from the Treasury of the King to which they had easy access. This was the first experience of negotiability of tokens of Royal (which then also meant Governmental) indebtedness. Gradually Governments learnt to detach their finances from those of the Kings, whose lack of skill or prodigality in handling money plunged Governments into serious embarrassments. When the Privy purse and the Public Treasury thus became distinct entities, the Governments learnt that their solvency did not depend on their keeping their treasuries full of gold or silver and that in fact when they wanted money in excess of revenue, they had simply to borrow from the public. Governments thus found this a popular method of raising funds while investors found this a no less popular method of investing their money. A trading ring for exchange of these tokens of Governmental indebtedness first took shape. Then we had the Big Charter Companies, the East India Company, Africa Company, The Turkey Co., the Hudson Bay Company and others which first opened out the possibilities of Joint Stock finance. The principle of pooling resources for the conduct of large business for which individual resources were found inadequate, combined with the facility of limited liability which a Joint Stock Company afforded, soon stimulated Joint Stock ventures. The need again to market the tokens of individuals'

interest in the Companies by those that wanted to realise their investment, added to the volume of business in the first stock-trading rings which functioned in Coffee houses and street corners. Both Governmental obligations and the shares of Joint Stock Companies continue to this day to supply grist to the formidable Stock Exchange mill.

What started as humble and informal meetings in unpretentious Coffee houses of London has today become one of the greatest citadels of economic activity in the Free World. Nobody talks of the London Stock Exchange—but of Throgmorton Street. Nobody speaks of the New York Stock Exchange—but of Wall Street. Nearer home newspapers talk of Dalal Street when they refer to the Bombay Stock Exchange though the Exchange strictly fronts Apollo Street and flanks Dalal Street, because most of the business goes on in Dalal Street outside of the prescribed trading hours. By the same token we talk of Clive Street in Calcutta instead of Lyons Range. In Madras the Stock Exchange is not big enough to be talked of in terms of the container for the thing contained.

Modern industrial enterprise requires capital resources which no single individual can provide. Money has to be pooled from the savings of citizens. Man, since his nomadic days and the time when he ceased to live on the prodigalities of nature, has learnt to work with his hands and his brains. He believes in a regular occupation into which he puts his energy and his diligence. Cardinal Newman observed that "to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow was the original punishment of humanity." So since man learnt to make a living, his prudence came into play and taught him to put by a small part of his income and to create a reserve to be drawn upon in old age, in illness, misfortune or when he was called upon to incur a large expenditure as on an off-spring. In

human nature today, the urge to save is only slightly less dominant than the primordial urges—even in countries as have comprehensive social security services—though the capacity to save, particularly in inflationary economies as in India, is reduced to negligible proportions. However for such money as man has succeeded in putting by, he seeks an investment which affords him a fair return, which would help him to supplement his day-to-day earnings. But it is very important to him that besides a return on his money he should feel that the investment he has made is reasonably secure. After all, the trouble and privation he has been through to save his money was because he wanted to build up security—and it is very natural that security should be the basic test in investment.

That is how real property made so profound an appeal to our forbears. Land and buildings for one thing do not vanish. They are there for you to walk on or live in. They bring a return—perhaps not a fantastic return—but good enough. The urge to own a little bit of mother earth was also satisfied by investment in land. However, the tangibility test was very important with the investors and nothing perhaps was more natural. After all, Governmental loans, shares of Joint Stock Companies and such like stores of value or modes of investment came into existence less than 300 years ago and civilized man has owned property for several thousand years and our Vedas talk of property ownership in great detail and indeed with some sophistication. However, since man got a taste of investment in stocks and shares he has learnt some things about it which he had no experience of before. The first thing he learnt was that if you buy stocks diligently, you do not work on them. You can relax and get your dividends and your interest by post. The postman periodically knocks at your door and

hands you the envelope containing the dividend cheque. On the other hand when you buy land, you have to work on it—you have to pray for the monsoon besides working on the land. Alternately, you have to cause the land to be worked on by somebody else and continue to pray not only for timely rains but for honesty and competence on the part of the man who has taken your land on lease, to give you any return on your land. The investor also discovered another advantage in stocks and shares. He could sell them by simply sending a letter, a telegram and, if he had a telephone, by dialling his broker's number. This seemed to him a great advantage over protracted negotiations, title deed examinations, encumbrance certificates, minor sons' shares and other headaches besides precariousness of income.

THUS it came about that the stocks and shares achieved increasing popularity among urban investors when it satisfied the well-known trinity of tests—security, yield and marketability. After all, which man or woman could ask for more in respect of his or her savings? It is true that depending on the circumstances in the life of the investor, one test becomes more important than the other. For instance, the savings of the widow, the orphan, and funds of charitable Trusts and Endowment are treated as sacrosanct and in these cases security and marketability are regarded as more important than yield. A person of moderate income and large family and consequent heavy expenditure would ask for higher return on his money, if necessary by a slight sacrifice of security. The middle-class man generally plays for all the three. Differing motive circumstances, mental make-up and sense of values operate in a complex way to create that interminable que of buyers and sellers and to keep the machinery of the Stock Exchange moving smoothly if, perhaps, at great velocity.

WHEN THE 'ELECTED PRINCE' NEXT COMES TO TOWN...

By ANDREW ROTH

WHEN Malaya's 'elected Prince' next comes to London to ask for self-government by 1959, he can expect a reception quite different from the last time. Tunku (Malay for Prince) Abdul Rahman was last in London in April-May 1954. His visit then was unwanted and uninvited. The Malayan Commissioner did not even send a clerk to the airport to meet his delegation. Only at the last minute did the then Colonial Secretary, Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, relent in his decision not to see him, and then offered his delegation a very limited concession.

Tunku Abdul Rahman and his influence with Malaysians have been under-rated largely because he has none of the drama or intensity of an Asian nationalist leader. He is too good-humoured to be fanatical on any subject and this is reflected in his portly build and smiling countenance. Although he envies his friends and former fellow-students who have been imprisoned for their nationalist militance in other Asian and African countries, he himself has been a playboy rather than a political rhapsodist. He was a familiar figure at the racetracks and on the dance floor when he was in the Malayan Civil Service.

When the portly and jovial Malay Prince comes again he will be no longer the humble colonial petitioner. He will come backed by the most impressive and unexpected mandate in a colonial election since that in British Guiana. When Malayan political parties were permitted to contest 52 of the 100 seats in the Legislative Council British officials anticipated that the Alliance the Tunku

heads would gain at most 36-40 of the elected seats. With the fifteen or so seats expected to be won by the pro-British, anti-Chinese and anti-Indian Negara Party, plus the 48 nominated seats, the Governor still expected to be able to govern. But the genial, undemagogic Tunku, who campaigned in black Malay cap and Manila shirt, swept the board with 81% of the voters, winning 51 of 52 contested seats, and thus a clear majority of the Legislative Council. And this in a poll of 85% of the registered voters, many of whom had to walk for miles through thick jungle or paddle down lonely streams to cast their first ballots.

The new respect with which this unpretentious and undramatic leader of Malayan nationalism has now to be treated will make for a second decisive British change in attitude towards him. He himself says that the most formative incident in his life was when, at the age of nineteen, he applied for admission to a Cambridge College. He was put off, time and again, until a frank don told him that his being a Malayan militated against his admission. Then, suddenly, it was discovered that he was the fifth son of the ruling Sultan of Kedah. Apologies were followed by an immediate offer of admission. After Cambridge he qualified as a barrister.

Another man in his position might have decided after such an experience to cling to the privileges handed out to the Sultans and their followers. Instead it turned this warm-hearted man against the system of pampered puppetry. The end result was that this son of a former Sultan and bro-

ther of the reigning Sultan has wiped the legislative floor with the Negara Party, backed by the very Malay aristocracy from which he sprang.

Although the 52-year-old Tunku has none of the outward trappings of leadership, the election came to revolve around his leadership of Malayan nationalism, and particularly his support among the Malays. Of the 6 million people in the Federation of Malaya—which does not include Singapore—some 2,900,000 are Moslem Malays (including Indonesians holding Malay nationality); 2,200,000 are of Chinese origin, 75% of them Malaya-born, another 675,000 are of Indian or Pakistani origin, also mostly Malaya-born. However, the citizenship laws of Malaya favour the Malays. Furthermore, by tradition antagonistic to politics, the Chinese are particularly loathe to commit themselves now, when they have no clear picture of the long-range political future of Malaya. The upshot was that the electorate which went to the polls at the end of July was 84% Malay. Of the 400,000 Malayan Indians technically qualified to vote, not more than 50,000 were able to vote.

Therefore, in a very real sense, the election was a test of Tunku Abdul Rahman's policy of expanding his United Malay National Organization (UMNO) into a broad nationalist organization in alliance with the Malayan Chinese Association (MCA) and the Malayan Indian Congress (MIC). His stand was directly challenged by the Negara Party, headed by better-known Sir Dato Onn bin Jafaar, the stormy schizophrenic of Malayan politics, who actually founded UMNO. Sir Onn is spokesman for the communal-minded Malays. The Malays are largely an easy-going peasant community, accustomed to live a simple and unhurried life in isolated *kampongs*. They have been overtaken in the race for material advancement by the energetic immigrants from overcrowded China and India brought in to work the

rubber estates and tin mines. The Chinese and Indians have stayed on to become the bulk of the working class and middle class, and the millionaires of Malaya as well.

Communal-minded Malays like Sir Onn (who is actually half-Assyrian) are most likely to be found in the thin layer of Malay aristocrats and civil servants. These tend to rely on an alliance with Britain to keep down and exclude the Chinese from positions of political influence and to curb their economic supremacy. Instead of concentrating on raising the level of the Malay peasants, they tend to try, rather ineffectively, to hobble the Malayan Chinese by not allowing them to own land in Malay reserves and making it difficult for even Malaya-born Chinese or Indians to become citizens.

Although his mother was Siamese, Tunku Abdul Rahman is anxious to defend Malay interests. But, instead of directing his main energies against the Malayan Chinese, he has thought it necessary to come to terms with them to achieve independence.

Quite typically, Tunku Abdul Rahman did not arrive at this policy as a result of a fixed and determined resolution. In 1951 Sir Onn resigned as leader of UMNO, which he had founded, to launch the Independence for Malaya Party (IMP). Tunku Abdul Rahman thereupon resigned from the Malayan Civil Service to become leader of the deserted UMNO, which Sir Onn thought would disappear without his dynamic leadership. At first UMNO did indeed decline under Tunku Abdul Rahman because he wavered, under conflicting pressures from its radical youth sections and conservative Malay aristocrats. Although a convinced nationalist he held back from the IMP because he mistrusted an alleged nationalist movement sponsored by British interests, particularly when it was supposed to be non-communal but was headed by the bitterly communal Sir Onn.

Tunku Abdul Rahman's policy was shaped when UMNO formed an electoral alliance with the Malayan Chinese Association (MCA) in the Kuala Lumpur municipal elections of February 1952. The main purpose was to defeat Sir Onn's IMP. But there was also the desire to reply to the British Colonial Secretary, who had just said that Malaya could only expect independence when the two communities could work together. UMNO and MCA swept nine seats to IMP's two.

As more local election successes were chalked up, the coalition grew stronger subsequently adding the Malayan Indian Congress (MIC). In the summer of 1953 Tunku Abdul Rahman was elected Chairman of the National Convention whose intention was to build, on the foundation of these representative sectional groups, a moderate nationalist congress. The situation became clearer, in the summer of 1953, when Sir Onn abandoned his still-born IMP and emerged as leader of the Negara (Nation) Party, made up of Malay aristocrats determined to exclude the Chinese and rely on Britain. The British showed their displeasure with the Alliance by banning the lottery which financed the MCA.

Tunku Abdul Rahman's strength is that he has reflected the powerful will for independence among the Malay youth. It was an upsurge in Malayan zest and desire for self-government which brought the Tunku to London in April-May 1954 to repeat UMNO's call for a fully-elected Legislative Council. A man of moderation, he would have been satisfied with three-fifths elected in Malaya's first federal elections. His mission was undercut by the announcement that 52 of 98 would be elected. After his plea, however, the Governor announced that the winning party's recommendations would also be considered among some of the 46 nominated members.

Despite attacks, the Tunku has stuck to his determination to play fair with his Chinese and Indian allies. As recently as June, 1955 a group in UMNO demanded that 90% of the Alliance seats go to Malays since they constitute 84% of the electorate. He rebuffed this as "greediness" and received an unanimous vote of support from the UMNO General Assembly.

His policy has now been endorsed by an overwhelming vote of the predominantly Malay electorate. Sir Onn's communalism was rejected everywhere and he himself was trounced by a 3-to-1 vote in his native Johore, a result on which Tunku Abdul Rahman wagered and won £80.

The defeat of the communal party will do much to ease the emergence of Malaya as a united nation. The MCA has already conceded that Malay should be the national language in ten years. Tunku Abdul Rahman can now grant them their desire of citizenship by right of birth in Malaya, without being sniped at heavily.

He also hopes "at the right time" to end the 7-year-old Communist insurrection by offering a general amnesty with deportation to China for those Communists—over 90% of them Chinese in origin—who do not promise to become good Malayan citizens and "rehabilitation" in detention camps for those who do. Although thoroughly unsympathetic to the Communists, the Tunku looks at them through Malayan rather than British eyes. It was striking that when he was in London last he asked about the whereabouts of the spokesman for the Malayan Communists there. He was interested, not as one might expect, in the gentleman's subversive activities. He wanted to know whether he was keeping body and soul together. On a previous trip to London Tunku Abdul Rahman had found him so ill-clad that he had given him his coat.

DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC

By BARNETT D. CONLAN

AMONG living artists of our time Segonzac has always seemed to me to be the most representative of all French painters. His art is the quintessence of the French genius and sprang from the land itself like the corn and wine of his native Burgundy. One of his early paintings is entitled "Ferme dans les Terres" (The farm on the land) and this more than any other, perhaps, represents this side of Segonzac's art. It depicts a farm-house lying low down on the land, with the roof almost touching the ploughed fields, amidst which it is isolated. It has much of the simplicity of the early Corot although it is far more powerful, even primordial with a rough Merovingian quality which goes back to the very beginnings of French life.

Perhaps there is no other French painter who shows such a rude simplicity, unless it be that strange and little-known genius, George Michel, born in the middle of the 18th century and only recently assessed at his real value.

Dunoyer de Segonzac, born in 1884 in the Ile de France near to Paris, is descended from an ancient family of landowners who trace their descent back to the time of the Crusades. This alone is enough to explain the essentially French nature of his art. It was the aristocrat and the peasant that made France what it was, in the days of its greatness, and today the peasant is still the most important factor in the life of the country.

Segonzac partakes of both classes, for even if he does not work on the



A view of Versailles—Wash Drawing by Dunoyer De Segonzac.

land, he lives near to it with much of the simplicity of a farmer. His early oil paintings were like those of Cezanne, executed with so dense an impasto that one critic made the witty observation that the artist "was a landowner who had transported his ploughed fields on to the canvas." Nevertheless it is as a draughtsman, water-colorist and engraver that Segonzac is chiefly appreciated, perhaps because his work in these media is more accessible. And yet it is in the paintings that we get that weighty impression which we always associate with the spirit of his work. Like the painting of Cezanne, that of Segonzac can only be assessed in terms of depth. He does nothing to attract the eye or startle the spectator, and the profound spirit of his art is something that emerges only after a long acquaintance. It is in some of the early paintings such as *The Village* that the serious nature and rustic simplicity of his work is so evident. Here we get the spirit of a small French village as it has always been for a thousand years or more, an impression of something almost beyond the reach of time. Stone walls of gray or pale yellow ochre and roofs of dark brown sepia lead up to the narrow 15th century church that dominates the landscape. There are no figures to distract the attention and the picture conveys a weighty, monumental impression that one could almost associate with Egyptian sculpture. It is a classic and stable art that reminds us of Le Nain, Corot and Cezanne. In *Les Buveurs*, where two vagabonds are seen drinking at a table, the connection with Cezanne is quite evident. Here it is not a case of imitation but more a matter of descent. After surveying the whole field of modern French art, one realizes that it is Segonzac who has inherited much of the spirit of Cezanne, particularly in the paintings.

His treatment of trees shows the same architectural feeling as of his

great predecessor, and certain paintings such as the early landscape *On the road to Crecy* or *The Forest* impart a solemn grandeur to the scene like the silence in a cathedral.

In the drawings and etchings Segonzac shows a refinement and a conclusion of statement that often remind us of Jongkind. With a few strokes of pen or pencil, he is able to evoke the season, the hour of the day, the sap rising in the trees at the approach of spring, all the subtle changes in the atmosphere that can be perceived by those who live in the countryside.

This is the other side of his genius in which the distinction of ancient France appears in many a drawing or etching, all that classic beauty of the Ile-de-France that runs from Racine to Debussy. In many a pen and ink sketch or wash drawing of Versailles he succeeds in capturing the architectural elegance of the French 17th century after the manner of one who belongs to it. In his treatment of foliage and his classic composition there is much to remind us of Claude Lorraine.

But the work which more than any other resumes all the art of Segonzac is his monumental edition of the *Georgics*. It was natural that Virgil's great poem to agriculture and the life on the land, should have attracted Segonzac brought up in similar surroundings. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that Virgil had to wait for twenty centuries before finding the artist who was destined to evoke the spirit of the *Georgics*. Segonzac devoted more than twenty years to the completion of this masterpiece and no less than five hundred plates were engraved.

One can well imagine the delight the artist must have taken in this work for which he was better fitted, perhaps, than anyone else. Like Virgil himself he might well exclaim—

Fortunatus et ille deos qui novit agrestes (Happy he who knows the gods of the countryside). There is much in the Ile-de-France and particularly in the Var, where Segonzac lives, that resembles the Italian scenery of the *Georgics*. These farms and vineyards are, after all, much the same as they always were, twenty centuries ago. Meanwhile, entire nations with their big cities and ever changing fashions have come and gone. The art of Segonzac is not of these, but with the unchanging aspects of the natural scene. There is little or nothing in his work that can be said to date and his illustrations to the *Georgics* would have easily been understood by Virgil and his contemporaries, two thousand years ago.

In person, Segonzac is robust, healthy, normal and a jovial companion and his art contrasts with all the distortions and pathological trends of the last twenty years. More independent than any other painter in France, he has never been deceived by those pseudo up-to-date doctrines that have led so many younger painters astray. To one of these who exclaimed: "At our epoch of lifts and aircraft it is impossible to paint after nature," Segonzac at once replied: "Neither Corot nor Delacroix gave any attention to the railway engine which was the great novelty of their time."

Like every artist who really matters he is necessarily of his time, but only in the sense in which he is of all time. He refuses to follow those artificial and sophisticated trends that have disfigured modern art and in a recent broadcast he proclaimed "Since the prehistoric period until today all the great artists have taken their inspiration from nature."

His work, like that of all great artists, gains on acquaintance, it improves with time, after the manner of good wine, or the poetry of Virgil.

"OM MANI PADME"

OVER a Cup of Tea, he said to me:

"I have just buried my little Child—
consigned it back to Mother Earth,
from whom all Life springs."

Sipping leisurely, he mused:
"Tiny mite . . . such brief sojourn
in a naughty World . . . now gone
back to rest . . ."

And, he talked on—spoke
merrily of many things of the
Work-a-day World: the rising price
of waste-paper, the inner
significance
of Geneva and the Conquest of
Everest.

He even raised his voice against
his pet aversion: the Politician
with dark glasses.

I wondered: "Is he keeping
back his fatherly tears, storing
them for the Himalayan deluge
at dead of night—when his in-
consolable grief might utterly over-
whelm
this apparent placidity?"

"No more, two tiny fists out-
stretched
eager to be lifted up . . .
No baby-eyes, pools of clear
delight

to reflect a parent's pride . . .
The very centre of the fond
mother's entire universe—no more!

"How does he bear this grief," I
wondered—"he who would fret at
news of a wounded rabbit and
worry himself over the little dove
that hurt its wing in flight . . ."

"This man must be a saint; or, is
he a consummate actor, feigning
a merry pose while agony gnaws him
deep?"

Or, is he just a dew-drop on
a Lotus-leaf, in the World, but
not, of it!"

A. JANAKI RAM

WALLACE STEVENS

Painter Among the Poets

By H. B. GARLAND

Readers of SWATANTRA might recall that its issue for July 23 carried a leading review of THE COLLECTED POEMS OF WALLACE STEVENS. News reaches us of the passing away of Stevens and the following appreciative essay concerning him forwarded by the USIS, will, we think, be in the nature of an extension to our review.

AMERICAN contemporary poets, literary critics believe, have gone in two different directions. Most of them have followed and may continue to follow, the course of what has been called "colloquial poetry"—a simple, straightforward, idiomatic verse, exemplified by the work and influence of Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Edwin Arlington and John Robinson Jeffers. The other course which contemporary poetry is taking stems from the involved, metaphysical, highly complex, but greatly rewarding styles of the French symbolists. This poetry is elusive, often combining the bizarre and the beautiful, achieving a rhetoric which is sometimes startling, full of symbols and extraordinary sound-and-color effects.

Wallace Stevens, recent winner of the 1955 Pulitzer Prize for Poetry, also winner of the 1949 Bollingen Prize for Poetry and the National Book Award for Poetry in 1950 and 1954, belongs to the second group. Born in 1879 in Reading, a small city in Pennsylvania, he has been called by many the painter among the poets, because his outstanding effects are visual and delicately shaped. Others have called him a symbolist and an abstractionist, whose art is "beyond good and evil, beyond hope and despair, even beyond thought." And again others said that he is a "dandy of eloquence," a rhetorician, using a language highly decorated, florid and rococo. But all literary essayists



Wallace Stevens

seem to agree that Wallace Stevens' work as a whole is perhaps as important as that of T. S. Eliot and Robert Frost. He is increasingly well known to the readers of modern poetry and more and more looked upon as a profoundly and purely American poet, one of the most impressive poets of our time.

He has been compared with, or said to have been influenced by the French poets Baudelaire, Verlaine, Mallarme, Rimbaud, Laforgue and by Walt Whitman. He learned, however in his own way to employ the language of ambiguity, the shifts of light and shadow and the inter-

action of theme and symbol. Always controlling the elegance of his lines are a rich sensibility and a quick intelligence. His theme is: power of the imagination to transform a given subject, an imagination that is original and has created for his readers new colors, tastes and sounds, many real, others half-real.

The surface of his poetry is often visual and gay. Beneath the surface—especially in his recent poems—is a deadly earnest scrutiny of attitudes toward existence, of "how to live and what to do." Although the first impression is that Stevens is a virtuoso of language, the persistent reader discovers that this poet is literally a poet of ideas, a philosophical poet. His discourses on thought, existence, nature and destiny are suave but also profound.

An austere and retiring man, Wallace Stevens has never sought a literary career. Among American writers today he is unique in that he is at once a first-rate poet and a successful man of affairs. He has practiced law since 1904 and he joined in 1916 the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company in Hartford, Connecticut. He demonstrated that a good poet can make a good insurance man. By 1934 he was vice-president of the firm, a job he still occupies.

There is nothing especially strange about a poet like Stevens dividing his life between insurance and poetry. Other poets also live into the middle-class world, as doctors or teachers or employees in publishing houses. But Wallace Stevens seems to dramatize in an ironic fashion the break between the world of the poet and the world of business. He wanted to be a successful lawyer, he wanted material success, a wife, a home, comfort—but poetry—as one critic wrote—"came back, intermittently, in spite of himself."

He has often been asked: "How can a man be an insurance executive and a great poet at the same

time?" His replies have been consistently admirable. "I have always skipped answering that," he told an interviewer. "I prefer to think I am just a man, not a poet part time, businessman the rest." Once he told a reporter: "It gives a man character as a poet to have daily contact with a job. If I lived an academic life in a college I don't believe I'd have half the reason for writing. This has been a life of my own choice."

A POET of particular reticence, Wallace Stevens kept himself from book publication for a long time.

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K. MAHADEVAN

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Although many of his poems appeared as early as 1913, he was so self-critical that he refused to publish a volume until 1923 when "Harmonium" appeared. Stevens was at that time already 44.

The poems of this first book represented a world of aesthetic concerns. Critics found the poetry exotic, precious, or superfine—that is, with qualities that would prevent its winning wide approval.

"Ideas of Order," the next book, was published after 12 years' silence. Some poems were almost pure music, critics said. They found that Stevens wrote poetry "about the overtones which things create in his mind." But some poems questioned the world of elegance he had pictured in "Harmonium."

THE language of Stevens' poetry became increasingly abstract. "Ideas of Order," and the next two books, "Owl's Clover" (1936) and "The Man with the Blue Guitar" (1937), reflected the political tensions of the decade. The emphasis was placed on man as artist and on the complicated relations between art and life. This was a far cry from the delight in luxuriance for its own sake shown in "Harmonium" and there was very little playing with words. There was, instead, an increasing concern with the problems of society and the difficult "idea of order." Stevens was now aware of the plight of man and he displayed compassion.

The poems in "Parts of a World" (1942), "Esthetique du Mal" (1945), "Transport to Summer" (1947) and "The Auroras of Autumn" (1950) are both rhetorical and profound. They present various stages of the artist in his struggle with reality, and discuss the opposition between reality and what the imagination can make of it. More and more Stevens celebrated the fact that it is good to be

alive, and that the writing of poems is a powerful way of being alive. He became the poet of well-being.

Wallace Stevens has always lived apart from other poets. His retirement and infrequent publications have made him almost a myth to other poets. He said that for years his poetry was a kind of "secret vice." He has often been called the "Lone Wolf of American Poetry." Not only because he sees and meets few people, rarely appears on a lecture platform and dislikes giving autographs but because little is known of his private life. He is married, has one daughter and lives in Hartford.

He expressed himself, however, very often about the role of the poet in our time. He said he believes it is "to help people lead their lives," but that he does so "by transforming them into epicures," since the poet is a "lover of the world he contemplates and thereby enriches." He also said that the poet's imagination must press back against "the pressure of reality." The poet's function is to see and speak imaginatively. His service to his readers is "to make his imagination theirs . . . and he fulfills himself only as he sees his imagination become the light in the mind of other." Stevens once summarized his credo in these words: "The themes of life are the themes of poetry. It seems to be, so clearly, that what is the end of life for the politician or the philosopher, say, ought to be the end of life for the poet, and that his important poems ought to be the poems of the achievement of that end. But poetry is neither politics nor philosophy. Poetry is poetry, and one's objective as a poet is to achieve poetry, precisely as one's objective in music is to achieve music."

THE many prizes awarded to Wallace Stevens are a sign that this poet has lived to see "his imagination become the light in the mind of others."

THE BREACH

"The ant builds up the anthill for the poisonous cobra to live in"—was an old adage the truth of which he realised rather too late in life.

THE village of Mangudi is well-known to the residents of the Tanjore and Tiruchi Districts of the Madras Province. If the chronicles of the men who have lived there were written, they will surely rank high enough to be beacon lights to succeeding generations. About a hundred years ago, there lived in that village over a hundred Brahmin families of the Brahacharanam sub-sect of Siva worshippers. They were originally very extreme Saivites not even saying 'Govinda' in the *sandhya* worship, and thus a stern austerity in the ordering of their lives was noticeable. Cynics say in derision of these Brahmin folk that 'Brahacharana' means 'large-footed.' It really means 'Brahacharana'—those who follow in the footsteps of the great. From the Vettar, a branch of the Kaveri, a channel takes off—called the Mangudi channel, to irrigate the rice fields of that village. It runs a very zigzag course, taken by a Brahmin foot passenger of Mangudi followed by a horse rider to demarcate the channel, for the reason it should never silt up when it was dug. Tradition has it that it is the gift of a Prince of Tanjore to that Brahmin of magnificent strength for routing the *Pahlwans* or professional wrestlers of his Court. No riparian rights of other villages in the earlier reaches are even today recognised by the owners of Mangudi rice fields.

Strange to say, these Brahmins of Mangudi and its offshoot Porasakudi, reputed to be a stalwart race of men, are all of the same *Gotra*: they are

male cousins, sometimes removed even more than the seventh or tenth generation of male ancestry. These men had perforce to seek wives from other villages, from the same sub-sect in the Tiruchi district lying on the north of the Kaveri and south of the Coleroon. They were capitalists, small or large, owning agricultural lands, under the ryotwari system, engaging farm paid labour of *Pallas*, the very house-sites of the latter belonging to the Brahmin folk. There are even now a Siva temple, with an adjacent large tank, and a Vishnu temple, built later. There was a *talim khana* or wrestling ground for the training of Brahmin youth, besides an elementary Tamil school for children, a Sanskrit Pathasala for Vedic learning, as also a music school teaching Tyagaraja's and Syama Sastri's Telugu kritis. They also learnt the art of fencing with bamboo *lathis*. The reason for their stalwart, physical nature, though they were only good and hearty rice-eaters with dhal, milk and curd, is attributed to the fact that their lands were in the centre of certain *Kallar* clans, predatory in their habits of carrying away corn just reaped and stored on the threshing floor; and thus the Brahmins in pure self-defence, learnt the art of physical well-being. It needs hardly be said that the art of fencing and wrestling gave them a sense of 'fair play' in worldly matters too. It is said they would not brook a foul stroke in the feats of fencing in the Ayyanar or Village God festivals and the man who hit foul would immediately be admonished. In this Man-

gudi village, lived an old Brahmin of about eighty years, right at the very end of the Brahmin street, always looking after himself, about five foot seven, and walking erect all through life. His corpse was given a *Govinda Kolli*—cremated by the other Brahmin villagers but not by his son living in the village. The story of this remarkable man, named Sankara Iyer was resuscitated by me, piecing up the details of his career from various sources, as the event roused my curiosity.

II

THE worldly interests of the Brahmins were necessarily co-operative in the sense that they had to work jointly for looking after the agricultural operations say, in the matter of silt clearance of the smaller village channels adjoining the fields, the guarding of the crops, the irrigation of the lands, the storing of water at the village anicut and the filling up of the village tanks for use, if and when timely rains failed. The partition of agricultural lands under the joint family system or of coparcenership until the eldest member dies, should have led to the splitting up of the acreage under cultivation; and so when the yield from land was not sufficient to maintain the growing population, they took advantage of the English education provided in schools and colleges newly opened by Government, at Kumbakonam, Tanjore and Tiruchi and other neighbouring towns. Mangudi village saw to it that its children adopted different ways of additions to their income either by taking up Government jobs or other intellectual professions after completion of their new English education; and the rivalry of the Brahmins in the early years of the British administration took strange forms, in the matter of the successes of the younger generation. Both the rich man and the poor man sent their children to the English schools. But a rich man would say that so-and-so's

son too, referring to the poor man, has passed his Matriculation examination. Money had to be found for the education of the sons. Land was mortgaged by the poorer cousins to the richer cousins either for the payment of interest on the security of the land or cash obtained under a usufructory system of mortgage.

III

SANKARAN (as he was known in boyhood) was one of the first graduates with Mathematics as his optional subject to hail from the village from the poorer stock of residents. His earlier education was at the High School at Kumbakonam where his own maternal grandmother took up a room and a kitchen to live with and cook food for him, and the transport of rice and other commodities was easy enough from his village. He was betrothed at the age of fourteen just as he had passed his Matric to a girl from the Tiruchi district. In those days it was the custom for the parents of boys to pay a dowry to the father of the wedded girl. This event cost the family a bit of money and the father to continue his son's further education had to send him off to Tiruchi where he completed his Arts course at the then S. P. G. College (now Bishop Heber College) opposite to the huge temple tank and near the Clive House. As ill-luck would have it, his father passed away soon after he had left for Tiruchi to continue his studies; and his paternal lands had to be mortgaged under the usufructory system for cash required for his higher education. This amount was placed in the hands of his father-in-law and he continued to be at Tiruchi. His village house in Mangudi in the Brahmin street and the house in another street were nominally let to one of his cousins so that the houses might not go into disrepair. He became a graduate at the age of eighteen but he did not take a high distinction since the languages were rather difficult for his

assimilation. His father-in-law a Sanskrit scholar, and a State Vakil as a Sanskritist, suggested Sankaran's moving to Madras to try his luck in the Provincial Accountant-General's Office and thus his official life commenced. During any spell of leave he would go round to Tiruchi to meet his wife's relations, with whom he was more familiar, and Mangudi was entirely off his round of visits. There is nothing to describe specially about his official life, which was humdrum routine and where one gets slowly pushed up to higher grades of pay by mere seniority and regular work. One particular feature of his character should be mentioned. He formed the habit of coming to a quick decision about the interpretation of the rules and regulations. This habit allowed him to dispose of work quickly without unnecessary waste of time, as was usual with other clerks, who would generally put up for orders long notes, discussing the pros and cons of the case. Not having any children for many years of married life he undertook a pilgrimage when nearing the age of thirty, according to custom, to Rameswaram, after which journey he was blessed with a son. He was named Ramalingam according to the name of the deity of the pilgrim centre. A girl too was born to him some years later.

A few incidents may be related here about his athletic life. At about the age of twenty-five, when proceeding along with a marriage party of his relations, a country cart with a bamboo top and with a load of passengers slipped off the track of the bund of a canal, and a serious accident would have taken place. As he was walking by the side, he supported the huge wheel with his shoulders till further help came from other men travelling with him and the passengers could alight from that cart. On another occasion, he took a bet that he could break a silver rupee into two pieces by his teeth, and it

is said he won the bet after about an hour's struggle with the coin by his molar teeth. As to his general characteristics, it was said of him that he quoted often Shakespeare's lines 'It is excellent to have a giant's strength but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.' His son's education was entirely at Madras and the young man seemed to shape well for a high intellectual career. He took First Class as a graduate with History as his subject, and he was one of the top six. The next step in his education was a knotty problem. The young man wanted to take up the Bachelor of Teaching course so that he may go for a teacher's work in schools or colleges. The father, however, having observed the son's highly analytic talent in his summaries of studies of History, Politics and Economics, thought that the young man had inherited some of his father-in-law's legal acumen. So, in accordance with the wishes of the father, the young man passed both the Bachelor of Laws examination and his Master of Laws examination taking a high rank in both. Sankara Iyer always led a frugal life, consistent of course with the maintenance of the health of his children and his family; the earlier savings which he slowly accumulated were used for redeeming the original mortgage of his paternal lands in Mangudi village. The management of the lands was placed under one of his cousins who had so far lived in the paternal house. His subsequent savings were invested in building up a decent house with a first floor in the town site at Tiruchi, (where originally stood a dilapidated house) given to his wife as a *stridhana* at the time of his marriage. His object in putting it up was of course that his son would practise as an Advocate and if possible, that he should become a great jurist, maintaining the intellectual traditions of his maternal grandfather. As it was also time near enough for his retirement from public service, he had planned his house and built it that

he might also live on the banks of the Kaveri along with his son as the town had many temples to offer worship.

Towards the end of his career, not only the sudden bereavement by the loss of his wife, but an official disgrace also overtook him. He was not given his due promotion to one of the lower gazetted services in the office by the then Accountant-General, Rajah Iyer. It hurt him much because Rajah Iyer had been educated at the St. Joseph's College, Tiruchi and passed the Intermediate examination the same year as himself; and they had been fair acquaintances then. Latterly, Rajah had gone to Madras for his higher education and entered the gazetted rank direct, as the result of a competitive examination for candidates. Even during his early acquaintance, Rajah was a short fat boy, and did not command much respect from Sankaran. Rajah had all along been in Northern India and had only come to Madras at the end of his official career; so he could not forget, apparently, the intellectual snobbishness of his youth. When Sankara Iyer reminded him of his early acquaintance and pointed out that it was his turn for promotion, having had no unfavourable reports against himself, Rajah Iyer observed:

"You who are only a Third Class graduate, to take a seat along with me as a compeer! That could never be! After all, it is a question of selection!"

In these circumstances he took some leave preparatory to retirement and came back to Trichinopoly to live with his son who set up practice as an Advocate.

IV

SANKARA IYER, Ramalingam and his wife were thus living at Tiruchi for about eight years. Sankara Iyer's pension was sufficient to meet the family expenses along with the off-take from the paternal lands. As the father was past the age of sixty,

he thought that he should complete his pilgrimage to Benares and Gaya, for it was the custom enjoined by religion that whosoever went to Rameswaram should proceed to Haridwar before the close of his life, and *vice versa*. He then thought of writing up a deed in favour of his son (as his daughter had died long ago) settling all the lands redeemed from mortgage at Mangudi and the house at Tiruchi and other little properties elsewhere; and the deed of gift and settlement was properly drawn up and registered on stamped paper, his monthly pension alone sufficing for his personal needs.

A few days later after the registration of the deed, the father called his son to his side and told him of the settlement.

"Our religion," he proceeded, "says that when one's grandchild has ascended the knees of the grandparent he should relinquish family ties and start on the Vanaprastha Ashrama: on un-selfish public service if the idea is given a modern interpretation. So I have assigned all my properties to you except the long shed at the back of this house with the right of entry by the side-lane eight feet wide adjoining it, which would be under my control during my lifetime and left at my death for a charitable purpose, along with some funds to keep it under repair."

"Thank you very much, father," said Ramalingam, quite moved, "I am very glad indeed. I now feel a sense of independence."

"Since you came of age, you have been maintaining the accounts of the family. I have no other ties in this world now and I am unable to see why the sense of independence should dawn upon you only now."

"Though the assets are practically your self-earnings and the income therefrom would form additions to my earnings as an Advocate I cannot explain my present feeling. The pre-

sent profession of mine is indeed a very long waiting. I don't make much except to pay for the law journals I subscribe for, as I have to keep in touch with legal decisions, and for my Bar Association membership, and for a few personal expenses including the jutka hire to attend the courts, with no decent briefs whatsoever."

"I am proceeding on a fairly long pilgrimage and it may take a year or more before I come back. The small cash which I leave to you as capital you may draw upon for your expenditure if the need arises, for my entire monthly pension may be required to pay my travelling and other expenses. I have a duty to perform to my forefathers: the offerings of water and balls of rice, at Benares and Gaya for their good, as enjoyed by the scriptures. So get to work with a zest and put in more zeal into your work of earning a decent livelihood."

"I have been cogitating whether I may not get to teaching work in one of the private colleges going to be opened shortly."

"If you are so sick of the Advocate's profession, there is nothing wrong in applying for a Professorship in History. Surely, the legal degrees will only be additional qualifications for your selection. As for the Degree in teaching which you don't possess, the college authorities might depute you later for such a study."

"Perhaps I would be the laughing stock of the Advocates' Association, having passed my Master of Laws examination at a very young age."

And so the talk ended.

Ramalingam, being now deprived of his father's guidance seemed to be at sea in regard to his career as an Advocate. He hated his profession, which meant occasionally being slightly dishonest with the clients in regard to cases which had no chance of success whatsoever in the courts. Being of a bashful nature and having had no self-direction all

these nine or more years in intellectual or other worldly affairs, it suddenly struck him that he should leave off town life and get into a village, for he did not also like to start afresh on a different career.

As ill-luck would have it, owing to an attack of illness at Benares on his return trip, Sankara Iyer was delayed long at the place. But he finally recovered though lying helplessly for long in a hospital. On return home at the end of two years to Tiruchi, he found his son not living in the house which he had built for him. The shed was also locked up. His previous letters had also been unanswered, probably because the son's replies could not reach him at the previous station of pilgrimage from where he wrote. Sankara Iyer had no inkling whatsoever why the house was occupied by one of the sons of Rajah Iyer, Mani. He got the news that the house was sold to Mani about six months previously, and that his son Ramalingam had gone and settled down in Mangudi. Mani, he knew, was one of the class-fellows of Ramalingam in the B. L. course and secured only an ordinary Third Class. Rajah Iyer's death on account of heart failure brought in a lot of money to each of his sons. As they were people of Tiruchi town for two or three generations, Mani had settled down for practice there as an Advocate two years earlier than Ramalingam. A casual talk between them must have resulted in the sale of the house for about double the money Sankara Iyer invested therein, since the site had increased in value during these long years after he came to be in possession of it.

The sad and angry thoughts which arose in Sankara Iyer's mind had been recorded in a rough diary which he had begun to write soon after he began his tour of pilgrimage and I quote from it the following passage:

"My father lived according to a certain tradition and wanted me to set

New Books

MALAYALAM

OTAKKUZHAL. By G. SANKARA KURUP. *Mathrubhoomi Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd., Kozhikode.* Second Edition, 1955. Rs. 2-8 as.

Reviewed by DR. KUNJUNNI RAJA

PROFESSOR G. SANKARA KURUP, familiarly known as G. among Malayalees, has been one of the most outstanding poets of Kerala for the past three decades. His *Ottakkuzhal* (The Flute), first published in 1950, and now in its second edition, is a representative collection of sixty poems selected by the poet himself from his previous works. It shows the development of his Muse during the first thirty years of his literary career and indicates his considerable achievements in the different branches of Malayalam poetry.

Born and brought up in a small Kerala village of exquisite beauty, G. became intimately associated with Nature in all her glory even from his childhood. In his sonnets on "Childhood," he tells us how the smiling moon, the tall hill and an old mango tree were his bosom friends in childhood, and how he used to be thrilled when his neighbour Dawn kissed him with her rosy lips. Later, as a young man, he was a teacher at Tiruvilvamala where also he got ample opportunities to come into close contact with beautiful Nature—the vast expanse of paddy fields and forests, the running river and the calm night. Great intimacy with Nature and ardent love for her can be seen reflected in all his poems.

In the early days of his literary career, Nature and Love were his two main poetic themes. He studied English at home and came into contact with the great masters of that language. He had already gained access to the rich treasures of Sans-



G. Sankara Kurup

krit literature. Then he came under the influence of Mahakavi Vallathol, the architect of modern Malayalam poetry and began to write short poems with original themes. Soon he was attracted by the romantic revivalism, and wrote many lyric poems of exquisite beauty, subjective in approach and emotional in content. 'That Evening' in this collection is one of his best romantic poems.

Under the influence of Mahatma Gandhi nationalism was first glorified in Malayalam poetry by Vallathol; other poets followed him; among them G's voice has been quite steady, effective and prominent. The two poems in this collection, 'Tiru-

nava' and 'Azhimukhattu' show the poet justly proud of the greatness of ancient Kerala, her democracy, her material prosperity and cultural supremacy, while at the same time sorry for the present plight of the land, broken into three pieces, and of the people extremely poor and helpless. He proclaims that a bright future will come soon, when the land's voice will be heard throughout the world.

G. has also written many fine poems on Gandhiji: 'Bharatendu,' the last piece in this collection is perhaps the best among them; here he addresses the Moon and reminds him about the life of Gandhiji, his mission and message in a beautiful way, by means of a few master strokes. G's nationalism has never been narrow, and hence his later development as an internationalist and humanist is quite natural.

Mysticism and Symbolism were introduced into Malayalam literature by poets under the influence of Tagore; G. played an important role in this movement. He has been praised, and often condemned, as a mystic poet and as a symbolist. It must be remembered here that G. has never been a true mystic in the real sense of the term: we cannot class him along with St. Theresa, Ramakrishna, or Kabir; as a mystic poet he does not obviously come to the level of Tagore. His mysticism consists of the full realization of an Ultimate Reality behind the external appearances and the attempts to penetrate behind them. We do find in him the realization of the essentially spiritual nature of Reality, and of the close and subtle relationship of man with the Universe. During the romantic period of his literary career the distinction between subject and object was kept distinct; even when he was describing his emotions from a subjective standpoint, he was aware of the external world, and nature is usually depicted as sympathizing with him

or as reflecting his moods; but now, during the symbolistic period of his development, the distinction between the subject and object is completely abandoned, and the poet identifies himself completely with the external world. He feels and experiences through nature; his individuality finds expression of its most intimate moods by an assimilation of the material world in which he finds an inner life analogous to his own. The various aspects of nature lend themselves as suitable symbols for the poet to suggest his subtle moods. Some of his best poems like 'The Sunflower,' 'My Wedding,' and 'The Search' were written during this period.

It is not quite correct to regard G. as a follower of the French Symbolist movement led by Baudelaire, Mallarme, and Valery. That was a reaction against extreme Realism and the scientific positivist philosophy. It is true that G. believes that scientific Realism is not suited for poetry. But whereas the French Symbolists wanted to use language merely as an emotive instrument, and neglected intelligibility and logical clarity G. is very careful to clarify his private symbolism by means of hints and suggestions. Strict correspondence between the symbol and the symbolized is not always aimed at, so that there is an element of enchanting vagueness and suggestiveness. At times the full significance of the symbols can be appreciated only with effort, but it is not because of obscurity. The French Symbolists tried to make use of the musical potentialities of language to its maximum extent; but G. does not sacrifice meaning for the sake of sound effect. His complete command of the language and the metres helps him, to a great extent, to express his thoughts with vigour and brevity without sacrificing the sound effect; but he can never be criticised for lack of clear thought or of logical structure in his poems.

Poets have always used symbolism in some way or other; but now, instead of the old fully developed similes and metaphors and other figures of speech, and the common stock of poetic symbolism, they have begun to use private symbolism with its infinite possibilities of association and suggestion, to create emotions, attitudes and reactions. In this G. was influenced by Tagore and to a lesser extent, by Maeterlinck, and the Persian poets.

The next stage in G's literary career may be said to start with the publication of his poem 'Tomorrow', where we find him as an intellectual revolutionary with leanings towards Socialism. He now becomes more and more interested in what is happening around him in the social and political fields in India and abroad. He is attracted by the Progressive Literature Movement though he still remains an individualist. He is fully conscious of the powers and responsibilities of poets, and is working for the progress of mankind by his powerful pen, spreading India's message of love and peace. The days of a vague, unsatisfied day-dreaming, simulating spiritual adventure are gone; the mysterious and unifying Reality behind the external appearances no longer enchants him for its own sake, howevermuch it may help him to watch world events from an international and humanist point of view.

CRITICAL STUDIES IN ROMANTIC POETS. By N. K. Pandey. Union Publications, Calcutta 1. Rs. 3

FIVE essays on the Romantic Poets are introduced by a short note on Romanticism itself. Open almost any page either in the prefatory note or in the essays themselves, and you will find Mr. Pandey quoting away to glory. He has his favourite sources like Professor Herford, Dr. Long and Fausset, but does not neglect other critics like Stopford A. Brooke, Dr. Bradley, Mr.

Campbell and many, many others, who stride his pages and because of the shortness of the essays, necessarily jostle one another in the little room available. There is nothing original in what Mr. Pandey says, but he has brought together the good things that critics of standing have said about Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats and company. It must also be said that Mr. Pandey does not get out of his depth; he discusses only those points or issues which he understands. The result is a clear, well-ordered approach to the complex subject of Romantic Poetry. It should be obvious now that this book will be useful to students who are unwilling or too lazy to go to the critics themselves, and take notes for the purpose of taking examinations. As an effort to introduce the poetry of the Romantics to the general reader, or excite his interest sufficiently to induce him to go the poets themselves, the book is a failure.

The advantage in having used a clear type in the printing of the book is partly lost because of the numerous mistakes in spelling. And solecisms like the following are not attractive:

"... and this burden of an exceptional vision of life *drived* them into being almost fugitives from their fellowmen."

"This explains for the classical element . . ."

LOVE IS A BRIDGE. By Charles Brace-
len Flood. A Signet Double Volume.
The New American Library of World
Literature, Inc., 501, Madison Avenue,
New York 22, New York. 50 cents.

CHARLES BRACELEN FLOOD'S eternal triangle has Henry Cobb, Susan Pemmerton, and Alice Taylor battling within themselves and with each other, but since John Taylor, the dead husband of Alice, is a definite factor in the outcome, the problem is perhaps quadrilateral. Henry Cobb falls in love with Susan Pemmerton

when both of them are very young, and after a fast courtship, makes her his wife. They appear to be made for each other; he is "a scientist with an intuitive mind" and a bright future; Cobb Senior gives them a house and plenty of money; they go on a honeymoon to Europe; but something happens to Henry. No one knows exactly what, not even the novelist. And since the consequences are weighty, it is astonishing that no one should know what dread radio-active dust has fallen into the mind of Henry that so quickly eats away his home with Susan and their happiness. Everybody tries to answer this quiz, but the utmost they come to is a vague and foolish appraisal of Henry's nerves. His good friend Michell remarks that "Henry's nerves are gone to bits," and we are supposed to rest content with this explanation of why a young man, in the soundest of health, with an absorbing occupation and a sweet, young, devoted wife, should end up in the divorce court almost as quickly as he got married. There is not even the faintest hint of temperamental differences; there cannot be, since Henry rediscovers Susan after his married life with Alice Taylor fizzles out.

Mr. Flood manages Alice Taylor better. She emerges as the one person in the book who is free from the faint but unmistakable emanation of priggishness which everybody else in it gives out. She lost, through no fault of hers, the one man with whom she could have been at peace; and, inevitably, she spends the rest of her life looking for what she can never find in other men. She is tragic, but Mr. Flood does not make her pitiable. This is achievement, especially when it is natural that everybody should compare her with her sister Sidney, who is not as beautiful as Alice but is as unspoilt as a flower.

There is also insight into adolescent lives, of both boys and girls, in fact, Mr. Flood sounds more at home

with teenagers than with grown-up men and women. The play between the real stuff underlying a boy's nature and the lightheaded vagaries concomitant with his growing up, has been finely exhibited in Hilliard. Henry, in spite of two marriages, two divorces, years in the war and plenty of science, remains a shadowy figure. So does Susan. But Sidney and Hilliard are clearer, though we have a feeling that as they grow older, they might also melt bit by bit into thin air, like their own elders.

Mr. Flood does his novel harm by making the account of the courtship and honeymoon of Henry and Susan very dull. There might be readers who will understandably refuse to follow the further fortunes of a couple whose honeymoon itself is so unexciting, and told in such plodding language. But *Love is a Bridge* is a first novel, and we can hope that Mr. Flood will provide his next with motives for its basic developments, and that he will make it shorter than this one.

We would also like to draw attention to the cleanliness of the book. Mr. Flood does not try any stunts and that, amid the current fashions of fiction-manufacturing in the United States, is a matter for congratulation.

LIFE FORCE

Whatever irrelevance one may at first find between the cause and the effects, and although a rule of guidance towards an assertion concerning the root of things may be far distant, it is always in a contact with the generative force of life that one is able to extract the power to love humanity.

BERGSON

SPORTS

TURBAN AND BEARD

By N. S. RAMASWAMI

"WITH his beard, flashing eyes and snow-white teeth he was indeed a fine figure of a man. Here was parade polish which brought colour and distinction to the scene." If Swaranjit Singh, whose appearance for Cambridge University against Oxford in the annual match at Lord's this season is thus lyrically commemorated in the latest issue of *The Cricketer*, had done nothing else of note, he is entitled to take pride in this tribute. Actually, of course, he played a no mean part in the match, taking four wickets for only twenty runs in Oxford's first innings. He "bowls slow off-breaks and flights the ball. It looks from the pavilion to invite the on-drive, but these things are often easier said than done."

The turbaned or bearded or even merely moustachioed cricketer has excited no little interest in England. "Senex," a pseudonym which no doubt hides the identity of a famous English Test cricketer, from whom I have made the foregoing quotations, deals gravely with this problem. "Whiskers were prevalent amongst cricketers in the middle of last century and I possess a photograph of the seventh Baron Hawke, the famous Yorkshire captain, with whiskers when in the Eton XI. The immortal Dr. W. G. Grace was of course bearded, but can anyone recall a bearded man in the University match? A moustache or two, but no beard."

To treat this question as trivial or frivolous is to do injustice to a problem of some importance. The fact,

of course, is that life in the West is not accompanied by that wealth of colour and sound which is a common feature in the East. The Western man undoubtedly leads a decorous and orderly life, but there are occasions when life rebels against decorum and orderliness and the intrusion of the colourful and imaginative, not to say the bizarre, is welcomed. To Indian students the praise of Keats for his "riot of colour" has at times appeared misplaced, for his luxuriance is the common accompaniment of their life.

Such being the case, the appearance of a cricketer in a pale blue turban and a magnificent beard is bound to excite the liveliest interest at sedate Lord's. The contribution of Indians to cricket has been fruitful and varied, but it will be unwise to neglect this material aspect. By being simply themselves they have been beneficent to the English game. A silk shirt, an imperial beard have lighted a fire in the heart of the game in the land of its origin.

As Mr. Gardiner says in his essay on Prince Ranjitsinhji, which still remains the most memorable of cricket essays, the sight of an Indian playing so intensely an English game like cricket appeared to the common man to be as incongruous as "a kitten discussing tariff reform." People flocked to the grounds to behold this phenomenon in action. As it happened, "Ranji" was something more than an unnatural prodigy. His famous legglance, for all that it is familiar to us in print and photo-

graph, caused the liveliest horror when it first gleamed upon the vision of startled and horrified bowlers.

I am not knowledgeable enough in the history of the game to assert that it was Prince Ranjitsinhji who "invented" the leg-glance. This appears unlikely, for such a natural stroke, the result of a common impulse, would have occurred to many of his predecessors. But it is undeniable that it was "Ranji" who perfected it as an instrument in the highest class of cricket. The writings of his period make it clear that it was regarded with the greatest suspicion. For, as it will be remembered, the "golden age" of English cricket, of which "Ranji" was an adornment along with Fry, Palaret, Maclaren, Rhodes and Hirst, was also the high noon of the Victorian age, when propriety was exalted on a throne. At such a time there intrudes an Indian, the most unlikely individual the common Englishman could imagine playing cricket, who immediately proceeds to defy all the accepted canons by glancing to leg balls pitched on the stumps. Your true Victorian, Arthur Shrewsbury, for example, would have played such balls back to the bowler with the most immaculate of straight bats. There was the utmost consternation when the "foreigner" had the hardihood to deflect them from their natural course of flight. The leg-glance of "Ranji" has perhaps been the most notable contribution of India to cricket.

Any anthology of appreciation of India should contain, besides Mr. Gardiner's sketch, an essay by Mr. Neville Cardus on the Test match with England at Lord's in 1932. Lall Singh, like Swaranjit Singh this year, was the centre of attraction for his turban and beard. Mr. Cardus was moved to lyrical, if slightly inaccurate, praise, for he speaks of Gunga Din and the bazaars of Kuala Lumpur as if the latter capital of the

Federation of Malaya were situated in India.

The magical strain of India, a country conceived to be one of snake-charmers, *yoga* and the rope trick, persisted until Prince Duleepsinhji. I must confess here that I feel a sense of grievous anti-climax whenever I remember that this gifted batsman is now Chairman of the Public Service Commission in Saurashtra. Without making any reflection on his undoubted political and administrative gifts, it may be said that his true element is the cricket ground where he will be free to liberate his genius through the instrumentality of the bat. Chairmen of Public Service Commissions are to be found in distressing plenty, but there has been only one Duleepsinhji.

The element of Indian genius that made itself most felt in him was his complete mastery over slow bowling. It was here that the natural light-footedness of the Indian athlete was prominent. Freeman, the Kent slow bowler, swept everything before him, but he was always severely treated by Duleepsinhji.

The decline of the Indian marmoreal element commenced with the Nawab of Pataudi, in whom it is probable that his English upbringing obliterated his inherent Indian gifts. The ruin has been consummated in the present generation of professionals in the Lancashire and other leagues. It is a melancholy reflection that many of these highly gifted players have been compelled to soil their graces in clumsy and rough venues. Many an Indian player has been probably prevented from rising to the full height of his Indian heritage by being forced to hire himself out as a gladiator of cricket. In such depressing circumstances, it is heartening to learn that Swaranjit Singh has restored the fortunes of the Indian turban and beard, the visible emblems of India's genius in cricket.

ART & ENTERTAINMENT

Music

SSRIMATI M. S. Subbalakshmi does not nowadays sing at public concerts as often as she used to. Also her radio recital on Friday the 12th inst. had received very wide publicity. All told, it easily came to be looked forward to as the concert of the week.

This concert arranged by All India Radio was held at the Srinivasa Sastri Hall, Mylapore, before an invited audience. "Outside" concerts have no doubt lost their novelty but there are certain advantages in such programmes which persuade the radio authorities to try and have as many of them as possible. From the point of view of balancing the programme, acoustics, and neat presentation the studio is pre-eminently suited for broadcast recitals. But there is such a thing as the concert atmosphere, which is totally absent inside a studio. The direct, personal artist-audience relationship is eliminated and the musician is unable to seek inspiration from an enthusiastic audience sitting right in front of him. In the concert hall there is an ever-present mood of expectation, an air of excitement and, when the audience enjoys a recital, their congratulatory spirit communicates itself to the artist. These various components of the human element influence the quality and feeling of the performance the artist gives.

Srimati M. S. Subbalakshmi has won for herself such fame and honour that to write about a concert of hers seems almost unnecessary and irre-

levant. Any praise will be a repetition of what has already been said more than once by the most illustrious of the land. Any criticism will only be construed as prejudice. Yet one cannot help feeling that the concert on the 12th did not come upto the artist's usual standard. It lacked brilliance and lustre, which are characteristics one invariably associates with Srimati Subbalakshmi's performances. The usual ultra-fast flourishes and *birkas*, and *thara sthayi sancharas* which one has come to consider her special forte were conspicuously few. And the artists gifted voice, so brilliant in tonal quality, sharp and clear, was on this occasion subdued, almost dull. Perhaps the artist was not in the best of health. It is also doubtful if a superfluity of accompaniments really adds anything to the success of the concert, especially when it is of such a short duration as a broadcast recital of seventy-five minutes.

Again may one most respectfully ask what is the point in having a mediocre assistant providing an irritant distraction, when an artist of Srimati Subbalakshmi's standing and ability is giving a concert? Is it a tradition of greatness to inflict on your public your indifferent protege or does this assistant serve any useful purpose? Here is an amusing example of a habit born out of necessity in a particular context continuing even after it has outlived its usefulness. In days when the microphone and loud-speaker were unknown, perhaps, it was necessary for the performing

artist to seek the assistance of a disciple to make himself heard throughout the auditorium. What is the need for such an assistant now?

The programme of songs for the recital was selected with care and cleverness. An attempt was made to include songs by a representative cross-section of composers, past and present. The rendering of Syama Sastri's Swarajati, *Rave* in Todl, and the *ragamalika* at the end were the most memorable pieces in this rather off-colour recital.

And may we add just one suggestion to the radio authorities? After having taken this much trouble to create a concert-hall atmosphere and help the artist to give of her best, why ruin it all with interim announcements?

On Monday the 8th inst., All India Radio, Madras broadcast a programme of Natya Sangitam. Possibly the programme was intended to familiarize the listeners with the various items that go to make a classical Bharatha Natyam recital. Dr. V. Raghavan, the well-known Samskrit scholar and musicologist, presented the programme. He had an able team of artists to assist him and make the programme a success. Srimati T. Jayamma and Srimati T. Balasaraswathi are perhaps the ablest exponents of this type of music today and in Sri Ganesan Dr. Raghavan had a very competent Nattuvanar indeed to assist him. The explanations were simple and clear and should have been easy and at the same time interesting to follow even to those listeners who do not have any technical interest in Natya Sastra.

Perhaps a programme of this type could have been allotted a slightly longer duration. The limitations of time, naturally, handicapped the artists much and eventually the programme ended with a hurried *varnam*, leaving an impression of incompleteness.

Dr. Raghavan rightly emphasised the need to keep to the traditional *adavus*; introducing new innovations as he pointed out, only tends to lower standards and make the dance seem a cheap imitation of the classical art. It is a pity that Dr. Raghavan didn't have time to mention the swarajati '*Emandayanara*' in Useni attributed to Adippayya—composer of the famous Bhairavi *ata tala varnam*. This was once considered a graduation piece. A capacity to execute this swarajati successfully was said to be the hall-mark of mastery and maturity. It is not known why very few artists include this piece in dance recitals nowadays.

In this recital, it should be mentioned to the credit of all the artists who took part in the programme, the production was of the highest quality. The *nadai bedhams* played on the mridangam, and the soft well-balanced accompaniment on the flute blending expertly with the voice of Srimati Balasaraswathi, made listening to this item a very pleasant experience indeed. Many of us will remember it for a long time.

VANIDASA

THE MAESTRO

THE art of Shri Anjaneya Khan is artful, to say the least. That was the impression I gained after viewing his exclusive one-man show at Kalamandapam last week, and since I was the one man that visited the show, I think my impressions should count.

But naturally the Khan is, as yet, little known in art circles in the South: till recently he lived in the North and, furthermore, till recently he was a musician and no painter. He was the Court Musician at Dholkhand till the State was submerged, the sole living exponent of that difficult instrument, the Dholkhandi, on which only the one *rag Dholkhande*, consisting of three notes, could be played. Schooled in

this stern discipline of self-imposed limitation, it is not surprising to find his painting featuring the same ruthless elimination of unessentials that his music displayed. It was typical of him that his exhibition was restricted to just one piece—but what a masterpiece that was!

This painting, which Shri Anjaneya Khan has explicitly titled *Assignment*, is perhaps the most remarkable composition I have ever seen. Even Picasso in his Fourth Period (or was it the Fifth? I mean when he took to painting on earthenware) did not achieve the stark and sudden fundamentality that sustains it.

It is executed on a rectangular, monotone, raw sienna ground: close inspection revealed this a piece of gunny sacking, neatly hem-stitched in self-coloured thread. The Khan explained, with characteristic modesty, that this saved (eliminated?) framing, and required no eyelets and wire, being simply tacked on to the wall.

The sheer, arresting simplicity of the composition reveals the master at once. There is nothing on the gunny-coloured ground beyond the main theme. The background and middle distance have been eliminated.

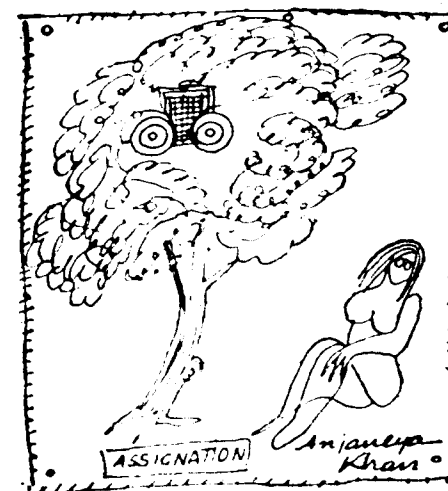
The foreground, likewise, has been eliminated.

The black-and-white reproduction here shown does little justice to the original, for though powerfully linear in expression, the Khan depends to some extent on the tints of his uniform, thick line. His line has a plastic vigour, an almost three-dimensional emphasis. Only when I approached quite near did I perceive that this was, in part, due to the fact that it *was* three dimensional—the pale pink or green lines had tangible depth and had apparently been achieved by squeezing the paste straight on from the tube to the canvas (I mean gunny); the pink was an ineffable chalky pink and the

green not the green of emerald or viridian or *terre verte*, but of chlorophyll. Line of a third colour, equally wide but much less thick, also dominated the picture. Line of a deep, rich brown. As I studied all this I sensed the subtlety of the master's simplicity—he depended, no doubt even less than on the thickness and colour of his line, no doubt only in a most delicate hint, on aroma; the picture, from a yard, had a strange and haunting fragrance. It was the fragrance of peppermint emanating from the lighter-toned lines, mingled with a stronger flavour from the brown lines that reminded me at first of cheese—after awhile I realised that it was an even more tangy flavour, the smell of boot polish matured and hardened in the sun and air.

The composition, as can be seen from the reproduction here, is daringly fundamental. It shows a woman beneath a symbolised tree, or, if you prefer it put another way, a symbolised tree with a similarly-rendered woman beneath. But what else is needed for conveying the quiddity of the situation, of *Assignment*? Observe the stark preoccupation of the depiction with essentials. The logical and naive may point out that no tree is needed; that only shows their lack of aesthetic acuity. The hypermetropia of Anjaneya Khan's vision has at once perceived that without the tree that sense of restive waiting would not be conveyed by the woman, particularly as with no compensatory curves besides her, her repose would be too static.

As I stood in front of the picture, inhaling its delicate and mingled aroma, a riot of recollections revolved in my head—in one vivid medley I thought of Radha and Krishna, of woman waiting for her demon lover (only after leaving the exhibition did I recollect that the line reads, "woman waiting for her demon lover"), of the Blessed Damosel. The



grid represented the wheels and radiator of her car. Naturally it was parked up the tree, for there was nowhere else to park it in—there being no foreground, middle distance, or background.

Anjaneya Khan may be a little ahead of his times, but I am confident that aesthetic perception in our art circles will soon, by superhuman effort, rise to his expression, and that fame awaits him, just round the corner. Meanwhile it gives me a very real sense of pride and pleasure to think that I have been the first to discover him.

M. KRISHNAN

Khan agreed with me that the picture would stimulate different, though basically kin, thoughts in different onlookers, depending on their reading—perhaps, in rare cases, on their experience as well. In this willingness to mould his expression to the experience of his communicatees the gifted artist reminded me of French surrealist poets.

But what are those circular objects in the tree, high up in the foliage, and that rectangular grid? I thought at first that the circles symbolised watching eyes and the grid, so aptly, the masculine brain—that, in fact, the situation was more complex than seemed at first, and also displayed the lover of the waiting woman up the tree, already arrived and hiding from her in the foliage in a spirit of mischief or, may be, of belated revulsion.

It is not good form to talk to an artist about the meaning of his picture, but I felt so intrigued by the possibility of a lurking lover that I asked Anjaneya Khan for an explanation—and it was just as well that I did so, for otherwise I would never have understood this detail. He told me, with the patience of the truly great, that modern woman did not walk; she came to her assignments in an automobile, and the circles and

Films

BOMBAY

WITH the mass satyagraha launched by Goa Vimochan Samiti on Independence Day, all the attention is now focussed on Goa. To the film people, Goa has always had a peculiar fascination, inspired at least in part by its cheap luxury goods. Many film stars had been to Goa in the past for a good holiday and they have enjoyed their stay there.

But, surprisingly enough, so far efforts to produce pictures against the background of Goa have failed. The late Winayak was keen on shooting the outdoor sequences of his picture *Amrit* in Goa; but even in those days of 1941-42, the Portuguese authorities refused him permission and he had to shoot his scenes on the west coast in Konkan. Three years ago Guru Dutt wanted to shoot the outdoor scenes on locations in Goa; he also failed to get permission and had to go to Malwan instead. The picture *Jaal* had Goa as the background for its story.

The struggle between Indians and Portuguese invaders in the past has been depicted in our films like *Shokhiyan Baaz* and, to some extent, even in Filmistan's *Samrat*. And Ranjit had also announced a picture on *Vasco-de-Gama* during the war

days. The film people are also looking forward to the liberation of Goa; for unless Goa becomes part of India, it will not be possible for anyone to make a film there. As it is, a couple of producers are toying with the idea of making pictures on the present-day background of Goa.

Picture of the week

Originality is not a widely-acclaimed virtue in the film world; at least, author-director-actor I. S. Johar has never claimed to be original. He has always been candid in admitting that his screenplays have been inspired by foreign films.

His latest creation *Shri Naqad Narayan* which he wrote and directed for Producer Suraj Narain Kanav of Kamadhenu Films is no exception to the rule. It is undoubtedly inspired by the *Million Pound Note* and other foreign films; but the manner in which these foreign ideas have been adapted and transformed gives it an entirely new orientation and the story becomes almost original in the process.

Originality apart, the screenplay as developed by I. S. Johar is quite delightful and engrossing with some really brilliant comedy gags. It is the story of a millionaire who in order to get a new thrill out of life goes to stay with a poor family incognito and helps the eldest daughter of the family in her romantic entanglements.

The romance between Chanchal and Darshan played by Meena and Motilal respectively originate from an advertisement in the matrimonial columns of a newspaper and grow with correspondence arising out of it. Both of them work at the same shop and quarrel all the time. The revelation of their love for each other comes at a stage when the England-returned son of the boss proposes to Chanchal.

When the romance is about to be shattered because Chanchal's mother

refuses to permit her to marry a poor man, the millionaire endows Darshan with a fortune in the style and manner of *Million Pound Note*. Then comes the inevitable misunderstanding and the vamp who tries first to lure Darshan and later to kill him for the sake of money. And with Chanchal singing her way to rescue Darshan the climax is resolved rather tamely to a happy ending.

But for little patches of monotony and a rather tame denouement *Shri Naqad Narayan* may be said to be good entertainment. Johar's direction is commendable and the production itself competent. For once, Meena overshadows Motilal and Leela Misra dominates Om Prakash; Badri Prasad as the rich old man gives a fine and sympathetic portrayal while Majnu and Johar enliven the situation.

Johar has tried successfully to integrate the songs in the story. The

FIRST CHURCHILL . . . AND NOW IKE



President Eisenhower likes to relax with a brush and a canvas and a landscape from his duties as Head of State.

very first song—a competition between Chanchal and Darshan—is imaginatively handled and so is the 'Bhajan' which saves Chanchal from the boss's son. The last song has, of course, the best tune. Comparatively, the musical score is rather weak and between Guamer and Santoshi, the former has written better lyrics.

Personality of the week

As against the 80 Soviet Cameramen, N. S. Thapa was the only Indian cameraman to cover the Prime Minister's tour of not only the U.S.S.R. but Czechoslovakia, Vienna, Poland, Yugoslavia, Rome, Cairo and London. And considering the handicaps and the speed with which he worked, Thapa, as is evident in Films Division's feature newsreel *Mitrata Ki Yatra*, has done a marvellous job worthy of special mention from official quarters. The Press Photographers Association of India has decided to award a special silver plaque to Thapa for his "outstanding and meritorious" newsreel coverage.

But, apart from color, there is no gainsaying that the Russian film is more vivid and picturesque and it

almost appears as if the Films Division has omitted, for what reason we do not know, those scenes from its feature film which form the highlight of the Soviet film. Thus, for instance, the formation of the word *Shanti* by the athletes in Dynamo Stadium and the speeches of Pandit Nehru in the Asian Republics are conspicuous by their absence in the Indian film. The omission of these events was uncalled for; but, perhaps, as the Indian film wanted to depict the entire tour from 'Delhi back again to Delhi,' such omissions were unavoidable.

While the results of the commercial exploitation of both the Films Division and Soviet films on Nehru would be worth watching, it must be said to the credit of Thapa that his single-handed brilliant coverage of the tour made it possible for the Films Division to offer the public its first feature film. It would not be out of place also to give credit to the Sovexport film; for, had they not rushed the Soviet film on Pandit Nehru to India and released it here, it is doubtful whether the Films Division would have ever thought of compiling a feature film.

V. P. SATHE

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,
Secretary.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

Qualifications for Legislators

Sir,—Lawyers and judges as part of the judicial system in a representative democracy occupy the intermediary stage between the 'will' of the sovereign and 'obedience' of the subject in the actual operation of statutory law in society. They enunciate, clarify, and sometimes lay down the law according to the spirit of the times. The place of lawyers is after the law is made and not before. To require them to be legislators is to put the cart before the horse.

The suggestion of Shri Kodandaraao in *Swatantra* dated 4th June proceeds from the fact that a large number of Acts of the legislatures are adversely commented upon by the Courts. "The elaborate rules of judicial interpretation," observes Sir Frederic Pollack, "cannot be well accounted for except on the theory that Parliament generally changes law for the worse and the business of the judges is to keep the mischief of this interference within its narrowest limits." In other words lawyers and judges act as a restraining force against the current of quick revolution by legislation and it is their function to point out the defects and unconstitutional nature of the laws of the Parliament.

Shri K. S. Murthy has therefore hit the nail on the head when he observed in *Swatantra* dated 18th June that a "passion for economic improvement" should be the main requisite of a legislator. The suggestion of Shri Rao which is backed to some extent by Shri Bahadur is reminiscent of the story of the engineer standing on the banks of a river and boasting that he could construct a river with more even banks and regulated flow to which the river mockingly replied by asking as to where from he would get the flow of water. This story sums up the position of persons with legal knowledge in legislatures.

The insistence on some educational

qualifications will lead to the establishment of an intellectual aristocracy, especially because of the meagre percentage of literacy in India. Even with a Plato clamouring for philosopher-statesmen, ancient Greece could not adopt the suggestion. No doubt, democracy assumes for its success an educated public. But education is not merely acquiring a fund of knowledge, legal or otherwise; it should be the objective discussion of topics, for, parliamentary democracy is in the essence, a rule by discussion. Voluntary associations are the centres of education in the development of public opinion. To the extent to which these develop, democracy succeeds and to this end we should try and not obstruct the growth of healthy democracy by putting restrictions on the persons who would take active interest in the politics of the country.

S. BHARATA SASTRI

Hand Pounded Rice

Sir,—The Rice Milling Committee has submitted its 248-page report to the Union Government. Its recommendations that all government institutions, hospitals, jails, hostels etc., should buy only hand-pounded rice is most welcome.

It is surprising that even though the Madras Cabinet had approved of a proposal to ban licencing mills long ago, the Government machinery has not thought fit to give effect to the ban.

I trust the government will come forward to implement the recommendations forthwith and avoid unnecessary delay.

SANGU GANESAN

Child Labour

Sir,—It is most saddening to see young boys, below the age of fourteen carrying placards and shouting slogans advertising a particular brand of beedi or some other stuff. I learn from enquiries that these boys are paid less than 8 annas for this soul-killing work. This kind of strain will have serious consequences on their health and longevity. Article 24 of the Indian Constitution says "No child below the age of fourteen years shall be employed to work in any factory or mine or engaged in any other hazardous employment."

I appeal to the Government to ban this kind of advertisement and save these unfortunate boys from the greed of unscrupulous businessmen.

K. PANDITRANGA RAO

SWATANTRA

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ON THE COVER:

The new chief of staff of the Indian Navy, Rear Admiral Carlill and Major General Katoch G.O.C., Madras Area at the Airport.

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SWATANTRA

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THE CHANGING FACE OF THE FAR EAST

THE American Ambassador to Czechoslovakia and Peking's Ambassador to Poland have been meeting for the last two weeks in Geneva to discuss the question of Chinese citizens in America and vice versa as also certain other "practical matters at issue" between the two countries. It is the first meeting, at a diplomatic level, between the United States and Peking since the Communists took over in China. The connotation of that geographical expression, the Far East, has changed subtly in the last six months. In February this year the Far East meant Formosa and President Eisenhower, volubly supported by Secretary of State Dulles, heroically talking himself into a situation from which he has since been trying to extricate himself with the least possible loss of face. One shudders to remember by what a hair's breadth war was averted early this year. But, happily, the policy of "instant retaliation" was soon replaced by the doctrine of "hot pursuit" which was swiftly supplanted by an "uneasy stalemate." Week by week the President's voice sank a decibel when he discussed Formosa as the realization seeped into him that if Chou-En-Lai forced his hand in Formosa, the United States would probably have to "go it" practically alone. Mr. Adlai Stevenson, one of the few genuine old-fashioned patriots of America, probably did more than any other single individual to persuade the President to moderate his extravagance of tone

and promise. The 'China lobby' and Senator Knowland's clique lost favour and slunk away albeit muttering darkly that Americans would never stand for "appeasement" in any form. Contradictions and obscurities bedevilled presidential utterances at this stage. In May, President Eisenhower finally took the Formosa question from the lobbies to his personal desk. Since then the American attitude to China in the Far East has been less noisy and belligerent.

Sometime during all this verbal manoeuvres, the emphasis in the problem was artfully transferred. For more than two months now the Far East has come to mean the eleven American airmen who were taken prisoners in the Korean war and were undergoing various terms of imprisonment in Chinese jails and, more recently, forty other civilians who had been detained in Communist China and refused permission to return home. Sino-American differences were hung mainly on the peg of American prisoners of war in China. On this point at issue India laboured. Britain advised, the UN Secretary General Dag Hammerskjold intervened; in its cause Krishna Menon became a roving ambassador of peace. The interference of so many third parties, whatever the American press had to say about it, must have been most welcome to President Ike because he and Chou were not on talking terms. Diplomatically, as



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far as the United States was concerned, Communist China did not exist. At Bandung Mr. Chou-En-Lai offered to negotiate with the United States on the subject of restoring peace in the Far East, an offer on which he has now been taken up.

The situation, however, has not intrinsically undergone any change. Peking (which America insists on spelling 'Peiping') China is still an unrecognised regime for America; she is still not a member of the United Nations though it is under the roof of the European headquarters of the UN that the two ambassadors are now meeting. Mr. Johnson is also taking trouble to make it clear to everybody that this meeting would merely come under "talks." He fines his aides a Swiss franc whenever any of them refers to it as a 'conference'.

But it is fairly obvious that this is the beginning of the end of Nationalist China. Chiang Kai-shek had already been warned to keep his hands off the mainland or else. And now representatives of America (which had promised to defend his island fortress) and Communist China (which had deprived him of a kingdom) may try to come to an agreement about Formosa over his head.

That the United States should have agreed at all to negotiate directly with Peking is cause for quiet triumph for Chou-En-Lai. And he has shown his appreciation of the gesture by announcing even before the talks were started, the release of the eleven imprisoned American airmen. The main item on the agenda was thus settled without parley though the question of civilian repatriation is proving more difficult of solution because of Communist demand that the Chinese civilians in America of whom there are more than 4,000 (most of them under Nationalist passports) should be 'screened' before they are sent home—which is admittedly a fantastic demand on the face of it.

The atmosphere in which the present talks at Geneva are being conducted, is refreshingly lacking in hysteria and histrionics. At the Korean truce talks barely 2 years ago the brittle tension in the air was, as one correspondent described it, "one degree short of gunfire." The attitude between the representatives now is also different from the noisily cheerful geniality and self-conscious gaiety with which communists of Russia and China and the democrats of the Allied Countries have been meeting since Stalin was laid to rest. Mr. Alexis Johnson and Mr. Wang Ping-Wan are not predominantly interested in making the right impressions on each other and the world at large. They are not talking shop, they are not digressing, they are not lapsing into propaganda; they are two scrupulously courteous gentlemen who want to get one or two things settled with as little loss of face, waste of time and impairment of prestige, as possible.

But the main issue of Formosa yet remains unsolved. It is still a sore question with Americans, and the presidential elections are too near for Mr. Eisenhower to afford to make large, munificent gestures for its settlement. The same goes for a seat in the UN for Communist China. At a recent press conference the President made it clear that America can stand on this matter cannot change as long as Red China is branded as an aggressor in Korea by the UN. As it happens, neither the Americans nor the Chinese Communists seem particularly eager to settle the Formosa question forthwith. Mr. Chou-En-Lai probably hopes that time and a general relaxation in East-West relations would gently ease the U.S. out of the Far East picture when the way would be clear to him to deal with Formosa as a "domestic issue." The American trade embargo on Communist China which would probably be another of those "practical matters at issue" at

Geneva, is already being tackled from outside by Britain and India who have suggested to President Eisenhower that China could be treated on the same footing as Soviet Russia where trade in strategic materials is concerned.

It is clear, whatever is decided or kept hanging again at Geneva, that the Far East has happily ceased to be a time-bomb. But it is also clear that the first round and this, the second, have gone to Peking China.

C. R.'S ANTI-B. C. G. CRUSADE

NOT content with sporadic vocal and written reiterations of his warnings against mass vaccination with B.C.G., Mr. C. Rajagopalachari recently let off his *brahmas-tram* in the shape of a compendium of his arguments and conclusions and the written testimonies of "eminent and illustrious medical men of the civilised world." The Madras Government and some of the members of the Union Cabinet including Pandit Nehru have been giving Mr. C. R. patient and attentive consideration for some months now. But the latest omnibus attack has so needled the Madras Government that they have brought out an answer to Rajaji's volume called "Truth about B.C.G." Under the thirty-two pages of its cogent accumulation of facts and its exhaustive investigation of material from which Mr. C. R. has been proved to have taken only a paragraph or two where it suited his purpose, under the clarity of its presentation of counter arguments and the logicity of its conclusions, we can feel the throb of an anger and sense of humiliation kept scrupulously in check. Mr. Rajagopalachari has hurt the pride and cast doubts on the professional integrity of erstwhile colleagues and experienced and proved doctors, beyond forgiveness. He imputes undesirable motives for the Government's launching of B.C.G. on a mass scale and makes sweeping generalisations based on medical reports of exceptional cases. The mere fact of his seniority in age to almost all the

people to whom this documentary is addressed is no excuse for the tone of his arguments which is, to say the least, discourteous.

Mr. Rajagopalachari is "convinced" that this mass campaign is nothing more than modern "quackery" which "absorbs for its purposes modern medical terminology and methods of procedure." He is also convinced "Indian children are being offered for mass experimentation on the same plan as was put in operation among the people in the war-ravaged areas and uncivilized dependent communities." Medical opinion is clear to him that "repeated vaccinations with B.C.G. would be dangerous." The claim put forward for the vaccine is "an admittedly undependable immunity and that, too, only for a couple of years." "B. C. G.", also says Rajaji, "has nothing to do with modern western medicine." The extension of the principle of artificially induced immunity—as in small-pox, diphtheria, typhoid etc.—to tuberculosis "is wrong because it is known that tuberculosis infection does not lead to the creation of any defensive antibody in the system." He concludes by saying that the "Indian medical men that have been recruited by the Health Ministry to conduct and speak for this campaign, the biggest among them, are not as eminent as any of the medical men on the basis of whose observations and opinions" he had come to his conclusions.

Mr. C. R., it is thus clear, is arguing against B.C.G. itself and not alone against mass inoculation.

He also quotes verdicts by various foreign medical men to prove his point. The quotations are taken from foreign medical periodicals and books, and other publications. He follows them up by letters giving histories of various children who, it is alleged, had been adversely affected by B.C.G. vaccination in Madras State.

The Government Report in reply first gives certain elementary facts about B.C.G. vaccine. It then follows it up by a repudiation of the testimony that Mr. C. R. has offered in his pamphlet, by giving extracts from later writings of these same "eminent and illustrious medical men of the civilised world", to prove their acceptance of the B.C.G. vaccination. It also proves that Mr. C. R. has given extracts from memoranda and scientific literature which are incomplete. Later passages in these very same publications come unquestionably to the conclusion that B.C.G. has proved efficacious. It answers his fears of contamination. It argues that some of the evidence he has cited was part of the "confusion and controversy" which was prevalent during the infancy of B.C.G. vaccination, which confusion and controversy has attended the introduction of every known new drug or device on the markets of the world, indeed of every new significant discovery in science. The argument that Rajaji offers now at this point of time, when B.C.G. has been tried and tested and proved and adopted in 30 countries in the world, made compulsory in at least three of them, guaranteed by the British Tuberculosis Association and National Association for the prevention of tuberculosis, (and the British are known the world over for their distrust of everything that has not been tried

and tested and proved beyond doubt on the anvil of experience) is the reaction of two doctors in 1926 and 1930 when the outcry against even small-pox had probably not yet died down. The Government booklet offers, in addition, statistics given by authoritative sources to prove the harmlessness and efficacy of B.C.G. vaccination in many other countries. It has rounded up its reply with reports of investigations made into the cases about which Mr. C. R. had received letters. In three of these cases, it was discovered that the patients had only been tuberculin tested and not B.C.G. vaccinated. Five children had completely recovered from what were obviously purely local and superficial reactions.

What has all this exchange of information and collision of argument achieved? It has resulted in confusion and apprehension in the minds of ordinary people. There has been an organised movement against popular apathy with regard to Leprosy and Tuberculosis in the last few years. Mr. Rajagopalachari has not only brought it to a standstill but made ineffectual much of the spade-work that has gone into the movement, so that it might even result in people going back to their lines of least resistance and dumping the responsibility for their disease on a mysterious fate or an all-suffering Providence. He professes to be carrying on this campaign for the sake of the 'people', as if the people and the Government are ranged against one another and the former have to be protected against the selfish, wicked machinations of the latter. He avers that the Madras Government's B.C.G. campaign is accompanied by the instilling of a deadly fear in the minds of the people about tuberculosis. And fear "reduces the power of resistance among those who have hitherto coped with dormant infection." We may be permitted to point out that it was necessary to make people

afraid of T. B. before they could be persuaded to protect themselves. What Mr. C. R. has now achieved by his campaign is not a reduction in the quantity or quality of that fear. He has inspired in the hearts of men another kind of fear, that their ignorance is perhaps being exploited for experimental and selfish purposes by men whom they cannot resist; that most new discoveries of medical science are perhaps bogus. Especially now that it has almost been proved that the Government have not been as scrupulous as they should have been about rigid supervision and follow-up after the vaccination.

Readers have been rather amused to see that the various legislatures

which have discussed this issue had come to the conclusion that Rajaji is a "layman". There is less of humour in it than at first would appear. It is a cold fact. No one but a layman would fail to see the distinction between "living, multiplying, organisms" or "live tubercle bacilli" and "attenuated" bacilli. Mr. C. R. has oversimplified this problem at the risk of precision.

He declares in his pamphlet that one day in the future "this B.C.G. will be declared as of no value and given up by the world of scientists and forgotten". Perhaps that day will come, as one day it might be proved that penicillin destroys brain cells and drives people to eventual insanity.

Sotto Voce

★

BEATING THE DRUMMER-BOY



A VILLAGE worthy lay dying, his last thoughts haunted by the fear of family disruption. An unbroken colt of a son by a deceased wife was not getting on too well with her overbearing successor. A near neighbour, who had for years made it his business to ingratiate himself with the rich man's reigning queen and fed on her bounty, was now her loudest contemner. He held forth before his cronies on the pial of the house of mourning, "Aha, we shall now have the slut creeping and crawling on all fours. What a fall for that overweening pride and arrogance! That poor boy, how my heart bled for him. The old dotard, his father, was as wax in that woman's

hands. We shall now see who is master."

The astonishing debate in Parliament on the Press Commission's Report brought back that old memory vividly. The vituperation piled up like Pelion on Ossa by back-bencher as well as front Oppositionist on the diminished head of the Press was so unmistakably psychopathic. Many of these village Hampdens might never have emerged from their rustic obscurity but for the publicity lavished on their inane sayings and inconsequential doings by a Press which was and still is unaccountably naive in its interpretation of its democratic obligations. And they

seemed to feel that they had to assert their independence by giving the obsequious drummer-boy a sock in the jaw.

Be sure they knew that they were incurring no risk of reprisals. Else, would Mr. Kripalani have made the fantastically irresponsible statement that the Press had blacked out the unpleasant things in the Rajadhyaksha Report? Mr. Kripalani himself is a journalist in odd moments when he is not busy making the P.S.P. confusion worse confounded. His *Vigil* is, however, so little true to its name that I have seen a farrago of half-truths and untruths palmed off on it as 'news' by some anonymous scribe. But of course accuracy is the badge of the slave, not of the aristocrats of the pen with a sense of mission.

Every scribbler who began with Northcliffian visions of world-conquest only to end a few months later in the insolvency court must necessarily regard success as the one unpardonable crime. And those of his fellows who never had the guts to make the hazardous experiment themselves are no less self-righteous in denouncing the robber-barons of the Press even as they hug the substantial pay-packets those same barons hand them on the 1st of every month. Why go on taking the wages of sin, knowing it is sin? The answer is that you must live as a tycoon even if you are not a tycoon yourself, but you may perform *prayaschittam* by growing lyrical over trade-unionism—for others.

Even the Minister for Information was daunted by the spectre he had raised. He was, possibly for the first time in all these years, troubled by an uneasy feeling that the Press Commission had been asked to do many things which it was not particularly competent to

do. The result, he seemed to muse, was that it had done rather less well even in regard to those matters which were within its competence. He begged his senatorial audience to remember that if there were many bad papers there were also many good papers, as the Press Commission itself had testified.

The Commission did smuggle in a fugitive paragraph of praise as a salve to its conscience. But its whole approach to the Press was that of red-robed Rhadamanthus towards the prisoner in the dock. In any case very few of those who stridently demanded the instant acceptance of every one of its recommendations had evidently looked into the Report. For that matter, very few of the "working journalists" of the Delhi breed who look upon it as their charter have read it either. If they had, it is difficult to believe that they would purr with satisfaction as they do. Their intelligence and their morals are rated hardly higher than those of "the Thugs and Pindarees" by the supermen of the Commission.

He laughs best who laughs last. With the cat as arbitrator the disputing monkeys may find that the cheese of freedom disappears as by magic. The foundations of a ticket-of-leave Press are being laid, in the name of prevention of monopoly. In the name of equality and fair dealing a price-page schedule is to create a King's Party from the grateful beneficiaries. The profits which are thus to be secured to incompetent small papers at the expense of the reader will, however, go into proprietorial pockets, as the trade unionists are just beginning ruefully to discover. Has not Dr. Keskar told them that, as workmen, they must rely on their brawn to get their just rights?

VIGNESWARA

INDIAN AFFAIRS:

By SARANGA

—GOA AND THE GANDHIAN TRADITION

—A DEFENCE OF MANAGING AGENTS

—DISQUIET ON THE N-EAST FRONTIER

IT is Goa everywhere. The excitement over this subject during the last week did not diminish with the knowledge that what happened was only what was expected to happen. The Portuguese authorities were expected to shoot as they did, because once they decide to cling to their colonial possession in the face of all the odds against them, they cannot hesitate to take the means which alone, they consider, are capable of preventing Goa from being swamped by large numbers of peaceful satyagrahis crossing over the Indian border. The glorious martyrdom of the brave satyagrahis and the calmness of those who accompanied them have precedents in Indian history but one will have to go very far in our annals to find a parallel for the brutality of the Portuguese—perhaps as far back as Jallianwala Bagh. But in another sense, the expected did not happen. The Portuguese obviously treated the satyagraha as a prelude to the Government of India's *real politik*—an excuse for a police action which would expose the hollowness of India's pretensions about the pursuit of a peaceful policy. It must be admitted that the Portuguese cannot be wholly blamed for such ignorance because many Indians who were eager for a police action also thought likewise. The latter may not have visualised the reactions to satyagraha as providing the pretext for police action but they certainly felt that the indignation which resulted from Portuguese action would force the Government's hands.

These expectations have been

falsified in the event. Mr. Nehru's speech at Sitapur to the U. P. Congress Committee provides a lucid and forthright explanation of his government's stand on this question. One may well ask why the Prime Minister was not equally emphatic before August 15. Actually he was, though he did not convince his listeners that he meant literally what he said. Most people do not expect from Mr. Nehru that ruthless consistency in such matters which Gandhiji often displayed. While Gandhiji was a pacifist who stuck fast to his views, Mr. Nehru is not so (as he confessed at Sitapur this week). As the leader of the Government of this country he has to maintain law and order through the defence and police forces; and in Hyderabad, policing was extended to cover an area which was troubled and dangerous to the nation, even though no part of it.

Mr. Nehru showed something of the Gandhian approach when he severely criticised those who talked of satyagraha and police action in the same breath, because, as he said, they were mutually exclusive. It is true that the Congress organisation, which alone could have created the right climate of opinion on such delicate matters, has failed the Prime Minister but that is the inevitable result of the organisation's having been dominated by opportunists at lower levels to such an extent that the old Gandhians have been reduced to a hopeless and often inaudible minority. Anyhow, after Mr. Nehru's explanation and reiteration of his policy, which has been supported by

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Pandit Pant and Mr. Dhebar, there may be greater understanding in India, if not greater agreement. The doctrine is not unfamiliar to the people, though they have for some time been out of touch with it.

But abroad, there has not been enough appreciation of the Prime Minister's firm stand against all counsels of extremism. By innuendos and worse, the foreign press has been blaming the Prime Minister, which again was not wholly unexpected. Even in the old days, when Gandhiji practised his doctrines, there was enough casuistry in the West to prove that non-violent resistance or fasts unto death were also coercive and violent, though not involving physical violence. The more righteous the cause and the means of agitation against colonial domination, the more the anger it breeds in those who have to suppress it by force, because they have to use the force without provocation. Many Indians now say 'I-told-you-so' at this lack of recognition of the Prime Minister's peace policy in the Western press reactions. "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny". The calumny has been all in the day's work for Mr. Nehru.

It is interesting to note how often one has to revert to a few recurring themes in Indian economic affairs which manifest themselves on diverse issues. In the long debate in the Lok Sabha on the Companies Bill, the refrain was all too familiar. The Bill was identified with the managing agency system and the system itself identified with profits, which to many was synonymous with profiteering. And this process of reasoning had so vitiated the climate for the proper consideration of the provisions of the Bill that the Finance Minister and the Prime Minister felt it necessary to intervene to inject some sense of realism in the approach to the question of company reform. In contrast

to the criticism of the Right Wing opponents of the Companies Bill, which dominated the Finance Minister's opening speech, his attitude in his reply to the House last week showed an attempt, however belated, to check the tide of Leftism that had flowed wildly all over. Mr. Nehru is also reported to have told the parliamentary party that there was no use in fixing deadlines for the abolition of the managing agency system just as there was no point in having fixed in 1948 a period of ten years for the nationalisation of major industries.

Mr. Deshmukh was at his best in exposing the fallacies of his Left-Wing critics. He was quite firm in declaring that at least during the period of the Second Five-Year Plan there was no intention to dispense with the services of managing agents without thought of alternative possibilities. The object, he said, was to abolish control of companies by financiers whose powers were disproportionately large in relation to their financial stakes. Mr. Deshmukh also placed faith in the system of secretaries and treasurers under which it is open to every one seeking a business career, without financial resources of his own, to become a manager. Here he is on strong ground, because the clannishness among some business communities now prevents their appointing persons outside their own restricted circles, to positions of trust and responsibility, which thwarts the career men who are ambitious to reach top ranks.

All this does not mean that there will be substantial changes in the Companies Bill to moderate its more radical provisions. Even on the most vexatious of all its clauses—that relating to the remuneration of managements—the only possible compromise is a reservation of power to Government to enable the application of the restrictions with a due sense of responsibility which the Finance Minister has now promised.

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All is not well with the North East Frontier Agency. Trouble has occurred too frequently and there have been violent manifestations of the Naga demand for independence which, it seems clear, gets its inspiration from outside the area. The problem of extending the administration effectively in these inaccessible areas cannot be wholly solved in a short period though some progress has been made. But the setbacks have been serious. The Prime Minister has several times visited the areas on missions of good-will and it would be rash to judge from these outbreaks of violence that they have failed to conciliate the tribesmen. Nor can we jump to the conclusion that the solution is to exert force on the scale on which it will be respected. The record of other countries—Australia, for example—which have forcibly tried to absorb the aborigines into a different social order, does not prove that force can provide permanent solutions in such cases. Indian policy has clearly recognised the need not to interfere with the tribal ways of life but at the same time there is no desire to preserve these areas as anthropological museums or to freeze the cultural

patterns at existing levels. It is a difficult policy to put into practice but difficulties are inherent in the manner in which India is seeking novel solutions to intricate questions of this nature.

Violence can be practised easily in these inaccessible areas even without weapons but when the lawless elements operate with the war-time legacy of firearms, the position becomes difficult. The Prime Minister announced—with obvious reluctance—the despatch of an Indian army battalion to the Tuensang division of NEFA which is being guarded by the Shillong Brigade and the Assam Rifles. The object must be to confiscate as much of the weapons as possible. In a country where dacoit gangs are operating in the midst of organised administration in U. P. and Rajasthan, these happenings in the frontier areas should hold no surprises. Perhaps a combination of the display of the power of the army along with its restraint in dealing with the tribes would induce greater respect. In any case, this is a matter on which we cannot have quick results by way of the transformation of a violent people into tame citizens.

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WHITHER, CYPRUS?

ON the 28th of this month, representatives of Britain, Turkey and Greece are to meet in London to decide the future status of the British island of Cyprus in the Mediterranean. It is hoped to determine then whether the island should be returned to Turkey which had it first, or to Britain which has been occupying it for seven decades or to Greece which has no geographical or historical claim but whose demand is based on emotion and the fact of the predominance of Greek-speaking Cypriots on the island. The islanders themselves want the right of self-determination. Three separate lines of reasoning will interlock at the London conference. One—the Western Allies owe a great deal to Greece. It is argued that the German advance on Russia was delayed by two months by the Greek resistance of the Nazis, a factor which helped to save the Allies from rout. Secondly—Turkey is important to NATO which is the base of the defence of Europe and so Turkey must not be displeased. Thirdly—Britain has since 1946 spent more than six million pounds on the development of Cyprus.

Cyprus is one of the seven links in the chain of British outposts east, south and west of Asia (Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Aden, Ceylon, Malaya, Hong Kong) running from the North Atlantic to the North Pacific. It has taken the place of Suez, literally, for British land, air and naval forces formerly in the Suez Canal base have now been moved over to Cyprus and an enormous amount of money has been earmarked for the development of the island as a military station.

The problem of Cyprus is thus not merely a question of deciding whether



400,000 Cypriot Greeks and 100,000 Turks should be allowed to determine with whom they want to be affiliated. It is linked with both European and Middle-East defence. It is a stepping stone in the most important inland waterway of Europe. The USSR has been pursuing her own designs on the Mediterranean countries to achieve control over the Mediterranean. She tried to coerce Turkey into ceding her bases. She attempted to gain a foothold in the Adriatic through Albania and Yugoslavia before the latter's fall from grace. She tried to get Italy in democratic elections and Greece by direct guerilla fighting. Mediterranean control is very precious to Russia too.

The United States and her allies put their policy of containment in the early post-war years into action first in Greece and Turkey. When NATO was born, the American Sixth Fleet, fully equipped and ready for action, took station in the Mediterranean. The island of Cyprus, no bigger than half of Wales, is vital to Mediterranean defence. It has Greece and Turkey in the north, the Middle East to the west of it and Africa to the south of it.

Cyprus was a bone of contention between Britain and Greece alone at the beginning. Turkey entered the quarrel by British instigation. Inciting her adversaries to quarrel among themselves has time and again been proved Britain's exclusive method of retaining her hold on places which she is afraid of losing. This good old method was tried again in Cyprus with some success. Greece and Turkey are baring their teeth at each other. Old memories of bitter feuds between them have been revived. There is talk of a 'greater' Greece in Athens and talk of rights in the Dodecanese islands in Ankara and Istanbul. But this well-tried policy of Britain has boomeranged this time. Britain's own position in Cyprus has become untenable and precarious. It would perhaps have been better if she had merely stood on legal grounds with regard to her occupation of Cyprus and had gone ahead with her development programme. By pitting Greece and Turkey against each other and blowing up out of all proportion to reality a minority problem in Cyprus, Britain has weakened her own standing. Now nothing less than complete self-determination will please the Cypriot Greeks who have deep emotional affinity with Greece. Enosis—the idea of union with Greece—has taken deep root in the imagination of the Greeks and has become a magic word in Greece and Cyprus. When the UN shelved consideration of this problem some months ago, there were demonstrations in Athens against British and American "imperialism." Students of Athens sent pamphlets presenting their cases to 3000 universities all over the world. Now the question facing Britain and America has become much more simplified: Whom can they afford to displease with less cost to Europe and to themselves—Greece or Turkey?

Sir Compton Mackenzie (who was in British Intelligence in Athens

in the First World War) believes that Cyprus has become an irredentist question for Greece. The all-powerful head of the pro-Greek movement in Cyprus, Archbishop Makarios, has said that all that the Cypriot Greeks want is to go home—to Mother Greece. "The Cypriots," said King Paul himself some months ago in a broadcast, "proclaim their indomitable will to obtain the right to determine their own fate, and there is no power on earth that can check the natural development of this desire of all Greeks within our country and outside it." It would suit the United States if Cyprus passes to Greece which is virtually in their control. Nor would they lose by Britain retaining the base. But Turkey, though an ally, is by way of being a dark horse. For one thing, it has one foot in Europe through the Balkan Pact and the other in Asia through a military alliance with Pakistan. Moreover, it is a Middle-East country with its own loyalties and its own pacts with other Arab countries.

Britain has much to lose in Cyprus. Perhaps the best chance of her coming out of the London meeting with some kind of hold still on Cyprus would be in putting all her cards on the table instead of merely talking morality.

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More Americans own a share in the U. S. steel industry than work for the industry.

At the beginning of this year, the American Iron and Steel Institute reports, 770,000 Americans held stock in the industry and the figure has probably risen since then.

The Institute noted that 762,830 persons were employed by the steel industry and related fields at that time. The number of employees included all engaged in mining, transportation, warehousing, and fabricating steel products.

SCIENCE

ANTIBIOTICS HOLD THE FIELD

By V. V. SRINIVASAN

THE twentieth century has been the century of great victories for man in his struggle with his environment. In the conquest of disease, in the manufacture of synthetic material he has made breath-taking strides. From the medical point of view the discovery of new drugs, nuclear power and antibiotics are the most important. A large number of diseases caused by bacteria which formerly were uncontrollable have now been brought completely under control.

The search for a chemical which would inhibit the growth of living organisms causing diseases in the human body and which, at the same time, would not act adversely on the tissues themselves, yielded a fruitful product in 1910: Paul Ehrlich's '606' or *Salvarsan* which has been used in the treatment of syphilis. Ehrlich had noticed that certain dyes had a tendency to be attracted towards certain tissues and also that certain bacteria had a selective preference for certain dyes. This principle is used in the staining of bacteria for examination. He tried five hundred different dyes before finding one which would seek out the trypanosome, a parasite which is passed on by the tse tse fly. This parasite causes the disease known as sleeping sickness. Similarly, after a hundred or more such experiments he discovered *Salvarsan* in which arsenic is linked with a coal tar dye. Work on similar lines led to the discovery of *Prontosil*, by Domagk in 1932. *Prontosil* was heralded in a spectacular fashion when it cured thirty-five of thirty-eight cases of puerperal sepsis

or child-bed fever. The essential group in *Prontosil* was discovered to be the 'sulfa' group. With this discovery chemotherapy took a great step forward. Pneumonia and other diseases which were considered fatal were from then on brought under control.

The field of action of the sulfa drugs was becoming limited and it was found that they had toxic effects on the human organism. Though they were still extremely useful and even now are widely used where the heavy calibre antibiotics are not necessary, side by side a search was conducted for better, less toxic and more varied drugs. And it was this search that led to the discovery of the antibiotics. 'Antibiotics' is a term used to define those chemicals with antibacterial properties which are derived only from living organisms.

It was noticed by many microbiologists that certain living organisms like fungi, bacteria, and actinomycetes produced substances which had an inhibiting action on the growth of other live organisms. Lysozyme, for instance. It is found in tears and has germ killing properties and this explains why the eyes which are so constantly exposed to the germs in the atmosphere are rarely infected. Incidentally, this discovery is due to Sir Alexander Fleming.

The story of *Penicillin* has been told so often and in such colourful detail that it would suffice to mention the brief outlines of its development. Sir Alexander Fleming noticed in his laboratory in 1929 that a green mould (*Penicillium notatum*)

which was an accidental contaminant had established itself on the plate which he was using for the cultivation of staphylococci, a kind of bacteria. He observed the colonies of bacteria in the neighbourhood of the mould to be disappearing. He demonstrated that the mould could destroy bacteria even when it was diluted many times. But that was all. He laid it aside and did not think more of it then.

The world was to wait for nearly a decade more before Florey and Chain succeeded in concentrating *Penicillin* and showed its amazing therapeutic properties. Its manufacture on a large scale was first done in America. *Penicillin* is the only known antibiotic which is not toxic. It does not destroy the natural defensive mechanisms of the body. It is easily excreted and the dosage can be very high. Indeed physicians, including Fleming, are of the view that it should be given in massive doses.

The discovery of *Penicillin* and its properties set the great minds of science working and more and more antibiotics have since been discovered. *Streptomycin* which has lent a new lease of life to millions of tubercular patients in the world was discovered by Waksman. Very few of us would be unaware of *Chloromycetin*, used in the treatment of typhoid. *Aureomycin*, *Terramycin* and other antibiotics have become household names.

With the discovery of each new antibiotic a different strain of bacteria was brought under control. Deaths due to post-operative infection rapidly fell. The patient could be given a preventive dose of antibiotics before operation and a protective dosage after the operation, thus rendering him completely immune from infection. Diseases like meningitis which were invariably fatal have become amenable to cure.

But the picture is not all rosy. There are a multitude of problems

which have arisen in treatment with antibiotics, the chief among which is the development of strains of bacteria which are resistant to the drug.

Antibiotics are evaluated according to the number of strains of bacteria against which they are effective, their methods of isolation, and their bactericidal and bacteriostatic properties. On all these counts *Penicillin* still holds the field.

Work on antibiotics is a field in which specialists of every branch of science have a hand. The analysis of the essential principle and the attempts to synthesise the substance fall to the chemist. The microbiologist studies the various fungi and other living organisms for their antibacterial secretions. The clinician, of course, is the most important person in the set-up who has to decide on the use of the drug.

The mode of action of antibiotics has been studied both to help in the manufacture and synthesis of suitable drugs and as a matter of pure research. The widely-held view is that due to the similarity in the chemical make-up of these substances and the metabolites of the human tissue upon which the bacteria feed, the bacteria, mistaking the antibiotic for their food swallows it and thus destroys itself.

The glorious advances made in chemotherapy by the discovery of antibiotics are often marred by a decline, among the members of the medical profession, in the art of diagnosis. Many of them complacently prescribe for the most common ailment without even a pretence of diagnosis some antibiotic usually depending upon the purse of the patient rather than upon his condition. This leads to a deterioration in the standards of the profession. It is well to remember in this connection the editorial comment of an issue of the *British Medical Journal*: "The first condition for success in the use of antibiotics is diagnosis."

SAIVA SIDDHANTA AND TAMIL LITERATURE

By Prof. T. P. MEENAKSHISUNDARAM PILLAI

To make concrete and warm with humanity an abstract principle is no easy task. This is where religion scores over philosophy. In this his second article on Saiva Siddhanta and Tamil Literature, Prof. Meenakshisundaram Pillai discusses how the concept of universalism has been translated in Tamil poetry as the adoration of beauty and the gospel of love.

THE temple in a sense makes concrete the principle of universalism. It is not merely a place of religious worship; it is the live centre of all human activity, an abode of culture, a house of learning, a university and a hostel, an academy of music and dance, a popular and learned theatre, a hall of painting and sculpture, a patron of all the known arts and crafts, from that of the florist and the perfumer to that of the decorators and craftsmen and jewellers working with silks and brocades, ivory and wood, stone and metals, a promoter of the culinary art, the heart of real communism where all these artistic enjoyments were thrown open to the young and the old, the man and the woman, the poor and the rich, where there was no room for any jealousy, as everything including the state whose king was but a servant of Padmanabha, was the property of the Universal Father and Mother to whom everyone was heir. It was the centre of local self-government, the election booth, the assembly hall, the royal court, the coronation hall, the treasure house, the public bank and the fortified defence. It was the old record office and the department of registration, with copies of inscriptions and grants registered on its walls. It was the poor relief and famine relief centre and the public hospital. Religion was thus coming into contact with all points of human life. And so life became sacred and holy from birth

to death and thereafter too. Is this running away from the world, a philosophy of escape or day-dreaming, a negative outlook, a philosophy of world negation and life negation? When Salvism speaks of the Life Divine, it is here and now; it is a richer and fuller life seeing and realising good everywhere, every moment. The temple is another version of Tamil poetry; in reality it is the best exponent of visual education.

Above all, the temple, especially the icon, is a representation of Beauty. Beauty alone captivates all minds and therefore it is the universal approach to God. Beauty is purity; it is truth; it is blessed and therefore it is the universal saviour, purifying our hearts, drawing away ignorance and removing all sufferings. Art is the mysterious vision of this Beauty. God, according to Ramanuja, deeply versed in the Tamil lore, incarnates in everything of Beauty. The beautiful icons are the archavatara, so many incarnations of His Beauty, becoming the playthings of this world to win our hearts and save our souls through the catharsis of our passions. The icons seem at first to be sectarian symbols, but the admiring crowd gathered in front of Nataraja in our museums and the reverential group of foreigners lost in the enjoyment of the artistic beauty and mystic significance of that so-called icon, are indeed eye-openers to us all, proving

beyond any doubt or cavil the effect of this universal approach of Tamil art and Saivite poetry in bronze.

Sankara another philosopher and saint of Tamil land, losing himself in the sweet melody and the majestic flow of the divine poetry of the Saivite infant saint Tirugnana-sambandar, sings of the wave of Bliss of the Beauty of the Mother in his Soundaryalahari. The great and popular name of the patron God of Maturai, the seat of Tamil learning, is Chokkan—the Beautiful. Abhirami, Chokki, Soundara Nayaki, Sundara, Soundara Raja, Alakan, Sundaresa,—these are the beloved names of the Universal Father and the Universal Mother, coming foremost to the minds of the people of Tamil land, who therefore call their children by these names of Beauty in loving memory of the Beauty in Absolute to remind them always of this aspect of God. No wonder Tamil poetry is full of this beauty.

The world is Saivism; it is God. The old lady of the Tamil village speaks of not seeing the dog when seeing the stone (*kal kantal nay kanavaru*). Tirumular the great mystic Siddha poet refers to the elephant of artistic form at one time hiding the wood of which it is made,

and at other times the material wood hiding the elephant carved out of it, when he explains the great truth of the universe, of various forms and names hiding to the ordinary man the basic truth, the Absolute, and of the universe dissolving itself in the Absolute in the eyes of the mystic.

A beautiful form is moulded out of clay, worshipped and then thrown into the river. This is a great and powerful reminder that the icon is no fetish to the Tamilian worshipper of Beauty. What is important is the resulting purification and deification of the mind, not so much the icon. Even Tamilian illiterate women give expression to a great truth, "*Vaittal Pillaiyar, Vazhittal saani*." If you put it up on a pedestal and concentrate on it, it is God; if you don't it is cow-dung.

In this school of universe our experience ripens to perfection. From the confusion of misery, ignorance and death we pass on to the peace of its uniformity of truth, of its pure knowledge and of immortal bliss. The passing happiness or ephemeral pleasure is the glimpse of a reflection of that divine bliss. There is a word in Tamil for God—*Mruku*; it means sweetness and a feast to the senses. The objects of our senses are ulti-

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mately but the divine bliss of the Absolute welling forth from every atom of this universe to greet us with its love. Life is not a material craving, but a communion and atonement with the Absolute. Have we not spoken of the Absolute descending down into the organic and inorganic world? Sambandar's poems are mostly descriptions of Nature and her beauties; for Siva has no form other than that of his consort and his beloved, His own Grace; and His consort has no form other than that of this world. What a divine universe! A mother sings a lullaby and the Heavens lost in the contemplation of God descends down to this world, captivated by this innocent music and this maternal love. Thus sings Sambandar in explaining a tradition of a temple having come down from Indra's world. Sundarar, another Saivite Saint, confesses that the thought of this universal Grace acted as his Saviour, drawing him to take refuge at the Feet of God, this Grace devoted more to the down-fallen and the cruel, which is after all the message of the parable of the Prodigal Son.

This doctrine of Arul or grace is no imported idea; it is the very essence of Tamil poetry and Saivism. It is a spiritualisation of the mechanical theory of causation, of the uniformity of nature going round and round as a wheel of cause and effect without beginning or end. God at first is Nature red in tooth and nail, the great Kali; in the next stage he is the King meting out even justice a tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye; when this is considered barbaric human life sublimates crude justice into the higher and higher levels of forbearance, forgiving, forgetting and love. God then becomes the merciful father, the all loving mother, the sympathetic doctor curing, sometimes by painful but necessary surgery, our diseases of evil. He becomes the Guru removing our ignorance in this school of life start-

ing from the nursery and going to the highest class of mysticism. The child sees no order in the beginning but in the end man swears by the uniformity of Nature. So also man sees nothing but confusion misery and change at first but slowly when he lives through the world of experience he gets in time the intuition of the Divine Harmony, where all contradictions are resolved.

There is matter or object of experience; there is the knower who experiences; and there is the basis of this universe, the great power, inexpressible and infinite, appearing as the unfailing uniformity of Nature and its laws. This trinity is the foundation and edifice of our experience, but there is a functional unity within this trinity, without which there can be no experience whatever. In the experience of the Absolute, when the mystic becomes one with It, matter becomes *ananda*, the knower becomes pure knowledge or *chit*, and the basis of this universe becomes the unchanging truth or *sat*. Misery is transformed into bliss; ignorance is transformed into knowledge; change is transformed into permanence. The trinity is still there as Manavacakam Katantar, a disciple of Meykantar the accredited founder of Tamil Saiva Siddhanta codification, affirms, but it is a unity of the Absolute where all contradictions are resolved, where all gulfs are bridged. There were three arcs of a circle but in the end they form one whole to the discerning eye of a true mathematician. The arcs are not destroyed; they are realised as one whole. There is no more the defect of eyesight or defect in the mental grasp. Thus does Saiva Siddhanta try to harmonise Bhakti and the qualified monism of Ramanuja, with the Gnana and absolute monism of Sankara. It is the glory of Saivism that it considers that alone as the Book and that alone as the Path, which harmonise all warring philosophies. God is this living universe, the very life

of it, in communion with it, but yet the transcendental Reality, *Tanay utanay veray* as Sambandar puts it, a great unifying principle. Is not poetry the harmony of all contradictions of this life? The greatness of tragedy, as of poetry, is that the conflicting major ruling passions of life are resolved in the higher, richer and much more significant experience of its poetic truth. Every poetry is great to the extent of its harmony, and Saiva Siddhanta must be indeed a great poetry, more than a glorious philosophy.

In speaking of the transcendental truth one has necessarily to speak in terms of similes, metaphors and parables. The similes of a king, a father, a doctor, a mother, a teacher do not bring out the inner truth of Grace. "If we are God's beautiful gem of love, where is the loss if that gem is lost in a dunghill, is it ours or God's?" So asks Ramanuja. Even this connotes an exterior relationship. God may appear as a hound hotly pursuing us everywhere and at every second, but in truth He is the beloved pining for our embrace. Here comes the language of erotic poetry of the mystics. Tirukkovaiyar of Manikka Vacakar, the love songs of Sambandar, Appar and Sundarar and a host of others are in this vein.

Here is a vision of a universe of love. What is God? To explain the unknown from the known, Tirumular defines Love itself as God, Love purified and perfected. Then arises the brotherhood of Man and Fatherhood of God. *Onre Kulamum oruvane tevanum*. There is but one family and there is but one God. Here is a spiritual democracy. One can now understand the force of the declaration of the Sangam poet: "Everyone is my kith and kin, and every place my native village."

Here arises also the fundamental harmony and unity of spiritual love, what Saint Ramalinga calls *Anma-naya orumaipatu*. Love is God and

Love is the net spread to catch Him. Love is the means and the end. Ramalinga full of this harmony of spiritual love confesses that his loving heart cannot bear even the sight of a withering plant. A Sangam poet in Akananuru, Kwrunkuti Marutanar, makes the ideal warrior, returning in haste to his pining lady love tie up carefully the tongues of his chariot bells even in that haste, lest they should disturb the bees in loving embrace. Another poet in Purananuru, Virai Veliannar, describes a poor woman keeping watch over her paltry store of grain being afraid of disturbing the communion of dumb deers by making any noise; she would rather let the wild fowl eat away even the small quantity of grain left.

This is the eternal vision of Tamil poetry—a vision realised by Saivite Saints. There is a story told of Haradatta Swacharya. After days and days of holy rites he had consecrated and got ready a pitcher of water to be used at the installation of a *linga* in a temple. Whilst bringing in all solemnity and reverence the Holy water to the temple, he saw all of a sudden in the Sanctum Sanctorum a mysterious black dog. It lay there with its mouth open, dying of thirst and hunger. The pathetic sight was enough to convince the great *acharya* that the water he was bringing should be used to save the dog. And he did to the great horror and dismay of all the doctors and savants gathered there. They were wedded to the dead letter of the scriptures; the great Acharya was the very embodiment of the spirit of the scriptures. The story says that the dog disappeared and in its place was the Lord Himself. That is what Ramakrishna realised when he gave the sacred offerings to a puny little cat of Dhaneshwar Temple. That is the significance of the message of the poetry of Ramalinga.

RATIONALISATION AND LABOUR-MANAGEMENT

By S. AMBIRAJAN

WE hear so much about the 'rationalisation' of Indian industry, which principally involves further utilisation of labour-saving devices to increase industrial productivity. But labour seems to scent danger in this move. It is an admitted fact that rationalisation measures generally affect the employment situation adversely. It is thus not proper on the part of the industrialists to resort to the policy of rationalisation when there is so much opposition to it from labour. On the other hand, the employers argue that without rationalisation industrial productivity cannot be increased. The question that has to be posed is whether we cannot increase industrial productivity without resorting, in the immediate context of threatening unemployment, to rigorous labour-saving devices in the name of rationalisation. It is to be regretted that sufficient attention has not been paid—at any rate in India—to this aspect of the problem.

We often assume in India that the conception of rationalisation covers only the installation of labour-saving devices—that is to say, modernisation of the industrial plant in terms of the latest technical developments. It is not ordinarily understood that rationalisation by very definition includes also the scientific management of labour. It is gratifying to note in this context that Mr. V. V. Giri in his lecture at the Scindia Institute of Industrial Relations has pointed out that rationalisation also means "improving the managerial side of the industry." Labour is indispensable to the productive system so long as a mechanical reasoning brain remains undiscovered. The

science of Cybernetics and the machines arising therefrom threaten one day to make the human brain itself superfluous, even as present-day machines have eliminated to a considerable extent the need for muscular power. Under present Indian conditions, industrialists can profitably resort to a better management of labour instead of playing with the various schemes about rationalising the factory equipment. If the management of labour is rationalised (in other words, intelligently administered), there is no doubt that production will increase. This will also dispel the suspicion of the labouring classes towards the employers. In India, the productivity of labour is not as high as in Great Britain or the United States of America. This is no doubt partly due to the rather enervating nature of the Indian climate; but it is also due in large measure to the fact that the conditions of labour here do not compare favourably with those in the more advanced countries. This is a factor which calls for a policy of scientific management of labour.

SCIENTIFIC management was the outcome of extensive research made by Dr. Taylor who has defined it in his book on Shop Management as the art of "knowing exactly what you want men to do and then seeing that they do it in the best and cheapest way." Good living conditions, an atmosphere favourable to work, meticulous planning and a humane attitude to labour are among the fundamental principles of scientific management. The efficient manager will use his labour force in such a way—for example, by giving them good working conditions, adequate rest

pauses, and music or other entertainment—that he will get the maximum out of them while at the same time keeping them happy and contented. Besides, material incentives also are required, for, as Mr. H. S. Kirkaldy observes, "the human donkey requires either a carrot in front or a stick behind to goad it into activity." In this connection, profit-sharing, co-partnership, piece-rates and special bonuses are the usually adopted incentives. The various welfare schemes also come under incentives. These methods of labour management are being put into practice in the West with striking results. In India also, there is a move in some quarters to implement the incentives programme. But the wage level being what it is, perhaps it would be better to raise the wages first instead of dabbling in incentives. First things should always come first. "If it is extreme poverty that pushes the worker into modern enterprise," says Wilbert E. Moore, "it may also be poverty that keeps his efficiency at low level."

It is necessary that the wage level should be raised so as to provide for the labourer's family "not merely the bare essentials of food, clothing and shelter but a measure of frugal comfort including education for the children, protection against ill-health, requirements of essential social needs, and a measure of insurance against the more important misfortunes including old age," as the Report of the 1952 committee on Fair Wages has emphasised. If a living wage is maintained, the various incentives referred to above become more or less optional, if not indeed superfluous.

Turning now to the working conditions, we find that the industrial labourer's job is one of prolonged monotony and unrelieved routine. Due to the principle of specialisation applied extensively, each worker is given some small job which he has to do hour after hour, day after day,

and so for weeks, months, years. Nothing can be more dull or soulless than turning a wheel or handling a screw all the time. The demoralising effects of such work were brilliantly depicted by Charlie Chaplin in his picture, *Modern Times*; we see there how the repetition of the same operation can be exasperating and drive the worker to madness. Dr. Elton Mayo thinks that the monotony of the job results in pessimistic reveries: "Everyone, worker or executive, probably carries with him a private grief or discontent. Whenever conditions of work are unsuitable, physically or mentally, the immediate effect seems to be an increase of pessimistic or bitter reflection." Monotony is apt to induce fatigue, and it is well known that most of the industrial accidents are caused by fatigue. One answer to this problem is the creation of favourable working conditions and the introduction of an adequate number of rest pauses.

OURS is an age of technology, and this necessarily means giant machines and excessive specialization. In such a set-up, the individual labourer in a modern factory cannot and does not enjoy the thrill or pride of individuality. But it is an essential human trait to desire a recognisable status in society which provides the means for reasonable self-expression. In the words of Prof. Sargent Florence, the workers still "hanker after the homelike atmosphere of a small face to group or gang where everyone is called by his Christian name." In the days prior to the Industrial Revolution, the so-called factories were very small concerns and the 'boss' himself was only a fellow workman who was in a position to know fairly intimately everyone of his labourers. But a modern factory with its workers numbering hundreds or thousands, with a division of labour carried to logical extremes, is very different from a weaving or pottery concern of even

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200 years ago. Today the employers may be living miles away from the actual work-spot, if not indeed in another country altogether, and to them labourers are merely a mass of men, not fellow workmen. Moreover, in early times, the economic distance between the employer and the workmen was not as great as it is now. It was then the difference between the well-to-do and the not so affluent; now it is a millionaire against mere wage-earners.

ALSO the individual worker in a factory is one in a thousand or ten thousand. The work he does in the factory is a single operation, which is itself one of a number of different operations, which together make the sum of the complicated technique of production. Thus the individual worker is insignificant as a worker, and his work is all but meaningless to him. He is a speck in the immense mass of labour, and he is but a cog in the gigantic wheel of production. How then can we expect him to take pride in himself or his work? It is an infinitesimal fragment at the base of the industrial pyramid. A sense of pride and joy in his work cannot be inculcated in him by granting him fresh bonuses and allowances alone as has been stressed by psychologists and social workers. As the distinguished industrial psychologist, Mr. J. A. C. Brown, says: "No amount of money will make up for the failure to treat people as human beings."

This brings us to a consideration of the measures that may be adopted by the management to contribute to the general welfare—which includes material as well as intellectual and spiritual health—of the workers. This no doubt involves the provision of certain services to the workers "over and above those necessary for production." The management must not ask every time, as Shylock did, "Is it so nominated in the bond?" Prof. Florence suggests that welfare

work "may be conceived as an attempt to secure greater identification of the worker with the organisation in which he works, making him feel more attached and 'at home' in his work place." Such welfare work may take many forms, from old age pensions to presentations at the time of the wedding of the workers or their children. Among other desirable amenities are free medical and maternity services, educational facilities for the children as also evening classes for the workers, good housing schemes and credit unions and saving and loan associations. These welfare schemes, while they are necessary, are by themselves useless without a fair basic wage for the worker; welfare work combined with a decent wage and scientific supervision will yield the best results.

Some employers seem to think that they can win over the workers by welfare schemes alone. This often amounts to either pampering the workers or to interference with their private life. Thus a worker in the Michelin factory, which is world-famous for its welfare schemes, has been quoted in *The Social Psychology of Industry* as saying: "I was born into Michelin baby-linen, and fed with a Michelin bottle in a Michelin house. Of course I played in a Michelin nursery, then as a Michelin apprentice and operative I had my meals in the canteen and went to the Michelin cinema and Michelin entertainments. If I don't get out of this joint directly I shall soon be buried in a Michelin coffin." It is true welfare measures are necessary, but the emphasis should not be exclusively on material benefits. A proper balance should be maintained between material and cultural benefits: between measures meant to promote physical well-being and those meant to promote mental health and spiritual satisfaction. Only then can the labourers rise to their proper stature as men and as

citizens, and not alone as efficient workmen.

A crucial factor in all this is the quality of the supervising staff. Every management should first secure the services of a fine set of supervisors. Only such supervisors who are well versed in industrial psychology and the psychology of labour can take the right steps to relieve the mind of the labourer of the monotonous reveries and the feeling of disgust or frustration to which he is prone, and make him feel that he is doing an important job and doing it well. It should be remembered that resorting to disciplinary actions is not the best or safest way of dealing with the workmen. The correction of a fault should come from within the workman himself and the good supervisor would bring this about without damaging the worker's personal vanity or self-respect. In this connection Dr. Elton Mayo suggests regular personal interviews with the workers. In such interviews the labourers should be allowed to speak out their thoughts and say candidly what they think about the factory, hours of work, and other matters. Allowed or encouraged to talk, the labourer achieves release from the pressure of certain discontents, and this is all to the good.

IT must however be remembered that humane supervision and welfare work alone will not yield the desired result if the worker himself fails to identify his interests with those of the firm in which he is employed. But this is possible only if he has security of tenure as well as a living wage. If he is not sure of tomorrow, he may entertain harrowing visions of unemployment and a bleak future, and this is sure to curtail his output as a worker and he may even join subversive groups. In a well-known Transport Company in South India, workers enjoying both a living wage and reasonable security of tenure, and enjoying,

besides, various other benefits like a free wrist watch at the end of 5 years' service, hospitalization, cooperative purchasing provisions, etc., are found to be loyal to the Company and enthusiastic in promoting its interests. A living wage, security of tenure and a democratic participation in the affairs of the company will in their combination prove the best incentives to increased output in the industry. This is the reason why Dr. Sidney Webb advocated industrial democracy as a solvent for many of the evils of modern industrialism. It is also interesting to note that in Russia non-monetary incentives like titles for the best workers (such as People's Worker) are awarded.

Advocates of rationalisation in India may say that people who are thrown out of employment as a result of the introduction of schemes of mechanisation can easily be absorbed without any difficulty in the various new programmes of economic development. They seem to forget that one of the main purposes of the Five Year Plans is to relieve the present unemployment situation. It would be nothing but Himalayan folly to aggravate the present employment situation by creating more unemployment.

Nevertheless, the protagonists of rationalisation need not view the situation with pessimism. If we take the success of the first Five Year Plan as an indicator, then there is no doubt that the evil of unemployment can be wiped out in due course from Indian economy. When that point is reached, there would be justification for measures of rationalisation, for abolishing unemployment means a demand for jobs being replaced by a demand for labour. To satisfy a demand for labour rationalisation and mechanisation could be used with wonderful results. Until such a favourable situation develops rationalisation must only end in unemployment, whether permanent or temporary.

NATIONAL METALLURGICAL LABORATORY

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

"Now, coming to Jamshedpur and opening this great laboratory, I think of the combination of this laboratory with the great steel works in this city, of the marriage of science with industry for the progress of both. Now neither this laboratory nor any other is by itself progress. It is the tools out of which progress can come and it depends on those who use these tools as to how far progress can come."

—PANDIT NEHRU, Nov. 26, 1950.

THE poverty of India's millions is a paradox. With the application of science India can be a land flowing with milk and honey. While pure research is being pursued for its own sake by some, those who are actively associated with scientific and industrial research bear in mind constantly the words of the Prime Minister that the urgent problem for scientists and industrialists is the problem of raising the standard of living of India's masses. And, nothing can bring this about so quickly as metallurgical research, both fundamental and applied. Metallurgy is not a strange science to Indians. India was the first country, in the words of Prof. Charles Crussard, first Director of the National Metallurgical Laboratory "to make pure iron in quantities large enough to build a well-known pillar." Prof. Crussard was referring to the iron pillar erected originally at the Purana Qila by Chandragupta II (Vikramaditya) in the fourth century A.D., and removed nine centuries later to the site of the Qutb by Qutb-ad-din, the first Sultan of Delhi.

India's Mineral Resources

The extent of India's mineral resources is almost incredible. Until

recently nobody imagined that the sea shore off Travancore, where acute economic conditions have been prevailing for some years past, was full of uranium and thorium-bearing monazite sands. Uranium, thorium and beryllium are essential for atomic energy. India has the world's largest deposits of thorium; and apart from the monazite sands of Travancore uranium ores have been found in other parts of India. A geological survey of beryl has been completed and much work on the metallurgy of beryllium accomplished. India is also rich in ilmenite (an estimated 300 million tons) which unlike in Brazil, Florida, Canada and Australia—the other ilmenite producing countries—does not have to be mined and ground but is found in the sand along the sea-shore, again in Travancore chiefly. From ilmenite is derived titanium, known in America as the "wonder metal of the future." It is spoken of as the coming metal. Till recently over ninety per cent of ilmenite was used to yield titanium dioxide for the paint industry. Recent experiments have proved that metallic titanium is a formidable competitor of both magnesium and aluminium. Titanium is being preferred

as an engineering and structural material in shipping and aircraft. It is an admirable resistant equally to sea-water corrosion and atmospheric corrosion. According to Dr. Bhatnagar, "its lightness, its machineability, its amenability to spot welding, steam welding and arc-welding make titanium metal superior to the best grades of steel, aluminium etc."

A by-product of monazite and ilmenite is stillmanite used for refractories. Another rare metal which is found in India in fairly large quantities is lithium which is essential for atomic bombs. It seems ironical that India which does not intend to make atomic bombs should possess large quantities of lithium.

India's resources with regard to aluminium, iron, manganese, titanium and magnesium are considerable. These are the more important metallic ores. But she is not so rich in non-ferrous metals. There is some lead and zinc but not enough of either, nor of copper. Small quantities of lead and silver have been found. But India has hardly any deposits of molybdenum, tungsten and mercury. These deficits have to be made up by stock piling of non-ferrous metals.

Metal Processing

Nature has endowed India with an abundance of metal resources, and Indians were the first to extract iron from ore and refine and process it. But nobody would believe it now because our position today in comparison with some of the more advanced countries is very backward. Mr. J. R. D. Tata says that the per capita consumption of metals in our country is one of the world's lowest. We are far behind other countries in the field of technological progress. Thanks to the foresight, perseverance and industry of the late Mr. J. N. Tata India can boast of the Steel Works at Jamshedpur, described in pre-indepen-

dent India as "the largest single steel unit in the British Commonwealth." Shortly before the last war the Tata Iron & Steel Company built a research and control laboratory, and during the war when there was a great shortage they were able to manufacture special steels which were on the essential list and which could not be imported due to war-time conditions.

Again, as a result of war-time conditions the Council of Scientific Research and the Metals Research Committee initiated several large-scale projects and stainless steel, surgical steel, permanent magnets for telephones and high-silicon steel sheets for the electrical industry were manufactured in India. While those achievements were a credit to the Indian metallurgical industries they were not part of a systematic technological progress. One of the objects with which the National Metallurgical Laboratory was founded was the assistance to be given to the metal industry.

Metallurgy & Civilisation Synonymous

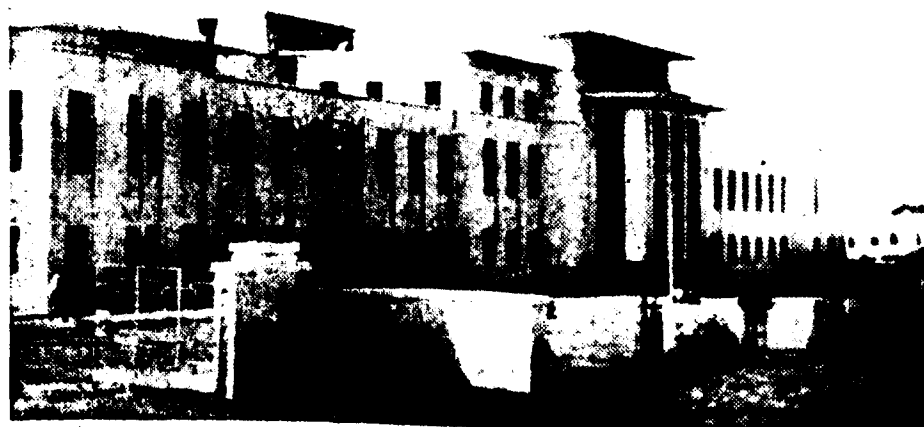
Iron and steel, used whether as weapons or as articles of daily use, have spelled civilisation. The nation which had better arms had the others at her mercy. Today metals are not regarded solely in terms of war but in terms of transport and communications—in terms of survival in short. Our food is produced in factories; so are our textiles and so also the materials that go to the building of our houses. In transport we have largely done with manpower thanks to the advance of metallurgy. Jet and rocket propulsion open up still newer vistas of travel and that has been made possible by the development of new alloys, capable of standing up to incredible temperatures and centrifugal pressures. While the Western leaders and politicians at large are talking and thinking in terms of war, there is growing in those countries

an enlightened minority who think and plan in terms of space-travel. From probability space-travel becomes a possibility solely because of the advances made in metallurgy.

Mr. Nehru said at the opening of the National Metallurgical Laboratory that the pinnacle on which we stood today was the accumulation of the past but that we could not consider it as a permanent base for us to sit without trying to go forward or upward. "A nation which is not prepared to change," he said, "is a nation which goes straight to stagnation and decay." Perhaps in no other branch of science is there such a continuous change as in metallurgy. But far-reaching developments in metallurgy can be expected only from team-work, from scientists working together in well-equipped laboratories, neither too big, nor too small. In metallurgy, specially, the time of the research worker who worked alone, is over.

Thus, the National Metallurgical Laboratory came into being just at the right moment, and the result of the work being carried on there may be of more immediate use to the country than that at the other laboratories.

One does not think of Jamshedpur without thinking of the pioneer industrialists of India, the House of Tata. What Pittsburgh is to America and Sheffield to Great Britain so is Jamshedpur to India. And the name of the Tata family will be for ever linked with India's Steel City. It was Mr. J. N. Tata who introduced the manufacture of steel on modern lines in India. European industrialists had tried to dissuade him from his object with the argument that operating a Bessemer furnace would be impossible in Jamshedpur's extremely hot climate. He had countered their argument by saying that the natural heat would lessen his costs in smelting and heat treatment. The



The National Metallurgical Laboratory, Jamshedpur.

Tata Steel Works at Jamshedpur now is bigger than any other single steel unit in Great Britain, Canada or Australia. The establishment of the Metallurgical Laboratory in Jamshedpur was indeed a marriage of science and industry. Other reasons which decided the planners in favour of Jamshedpur were that it is near the engineering industries of Calcutta and close to the only copper producing plant in India.

Origin, Plan, Equipment etc.

In 1940 Dr. Bhatnagar proposed the setting up of a Metals Research Committee. At the first meeting of the Committee it was decided that a National Metallurgical Laboratory was essential for India. Two years later the Council of Scientific & Industrial Research formally approved the plan, and in 1943 a National Metallurgical Laboratory Planning Committee with Sir J. J. Ghandy as Chairman was set up. The Committee's Report was published in 1946 and circulated among scientists and scientific organisations both in India and abroad. The idea met with unanimous approval. The Government of India contributed Rs. 3,800,000 towards the cost, while the Sir Ratan Tata Trust gave Rs. 1,200,000. Sir Indra Singh Rs. 1,000,000 and the Indian Metallurgical Association Rs. 10,000. The Tata Industries further donated twenty-six acres of land for the laboratory and the staff quarters. On 21st November 1946, Sri C. Rajagopalachari, Minister for Education and Arts in the then Interim National Government, laid the foundation-stone of the new Laboratory.

The Laboratory was planned after a close study of several laboratories in America and Europe. It is a self-contained unit, with provision for expansion.

The main building is three-storied with a floor space of 50,000 sq. ft. The Technological Laboratory, named

after Sir Ratan Tata, covers an area of 38,000 sq. ft. and houses the Refractories laboratory, machine shop, pattern shop, instrument factory, foundry, testing laboratory, electrical repair shop, smelting and heat treatment furnaces, ore-dressing and mineral beneficiation laboratories.

Fume-producing laboratories are in the east of the main building and the physical and metallurgical sections with their delicate instruments are in the opposite wing. X-ray laboratories are on the first floor at the extreme end while the second floor contains the administrative offices, conference rooms, statistics sections etc. The ground floor houses the macro-room, radiography laboratory, heavy stores etc. There is also a sub-station with two 500-KVA transformers. The metallurgical industry is one of the biggest consumers of refractories, and therefore the Laboratory has included research on refractories. Refractories are being made on an experimental scale on the latest types of machines and kilns subjected to tests.

The planners have spared no effort, within the limits of funds available, to get the latest and most essential instruments, machines and other equipment so that both fundamental and applied research could be pursued for the benefit of the country.

Fundamental and Applied Research

When asked what the difference between fundamental and industrial research was, the well-known American scientist, Dr. Urey, is said to have answered, "Twenty-years." Maybe India which has entered the field late will take longer but there is today no doubt in the mind of most Indian industrialists and the State that the industrial advancement of India will be in proportion to the results of research now being carried on in India's national laboratories. The Metallurgical Laboratory

occupies a significant position in this scheme.

Among research projects in progress may be cited: Ore-dressing techniques: sulphur from low-grade pyrites: concentrate from low-grade wolfram from Rajasthan: production of nodular cast iron with copper and magnesium alloys; chemical production of manganese, beryllia, and titanium: processes for cheap production of alloys of aluminium and silicon: manufacture of low-carbon ferro-chrome. Research is also being carried on with regard to the substitution of plated steel and other scarce metals by aluminized steels with the object of conserving nickel, chromium and tin. As nickel and cobalt are not found in India and alloys for permanent magnets contain nickel and cobalt, research is now in progress to determine the potentialities of iron, manganese and aluminium for permanent magnet alloys.

Within its short period of existence the Metallurgical Laboratory has kept in touch with industrial organisations and on more than one occasion has offered advice and technical cooperation. The various State governments have also utilised the services of the Laboratory with regard to a number of their metallurgical problems. The usefulness of the Metallurgical Laboratory cannot be gauged by listing the number of its research projects. Our pride must lie in the fact that India is one of the few countries to establish a Metallurgical Laboratory and that the laboratory India has established is well-planned, well-equipped, well-staffed and, what is more, has already proved its usefulness to the country. With the cooperation of the Metallurgical Laboratory, Jamshedpur, the Steel City of India will one day be a byword in the world of technology.

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MEMBER, I. S. T. M. A.



SURVIVAL FOR THE UNCOMMITTED AS WELL

By ANDREW ROTH

THE World Conference of Scientists meeting here in London showed most unscientific emotion in its last enthusiastic hour on the eve of the tenth anniversary of Hiroshima. On the rostrum stood a genial little Soviet Professor, Academician Topchlev, who was beaming broadly and clapping, in Russian style, in answer to the audience's applause. He had just assured them in the closing minutes of this London conference on nuclear problems that "Soviet scientists will take the fullest part in the steps that must follow" in removing the danger of the use of nuclear weapons, and using atomic energy for the benefit of humanity."

At most of its stages one felt that one was watching a play by George Bernard Shaw rather than a real-life conference. The stage had been set by the Shavian-sounding World Association of Parliamentarians for World Government, whose core of firm-willed idealists is amply padded by slender young graduates and full-bosomed society matrons with both feet firmly planted in mid-air. It was from this contingent that the applause rolled when any idealistic hope was mentioned. In traditional style their idealism had been larded with ineffectiveness: their invitations had gone out too late and too indirectly to harvest any American scientists except Professor Eugene Rabinowitch, who represented the American Federation of Atomic Scientists. The Indian contingent was somewhat broader, including Dr. Jal Pavry and Prof. T. R. Seshadri of Delhi.

A dramatic presentation of the problem as seen by the British acade-

mic conscience had been guaranteed by the support of a noble trio: Lord Boyd Orr, Lord Beveridge and Earl (Bertrand) Russell. Bertrand Russell threw the full weight of his Shavian sardonic wit into arranging the Conference behind the dramatic appeal he and Einstein and other world-famous scientists had launched on the eve of the Geneva Conference. He called on the conference to support a resolution which began with unscientific certitude thus: "Since in any future world war nuclear weapons will certainly be employed and since such weapons threaten the continued existence of civilised life and possibly even mankind . . . 'a nuclear war would not bring victory to either side, and would not create the sort of world desired by Communists or the sort of world desired by their opponents or the sort of world that uncommitted nations desire. The probability is that it would create a planet destitute of life, except for a few mosses and fungi.'"

IN a dry voice he expressed the hope that "if the dangers of a nuclear war are recognized in all their appalling magnitude, it will be necessary that international controversy should be conducted with an overriding loyalty to mankind as opposed to separate nations or blocs of nations or ideologies . . ."

None of this was lost on the four over-clothed academicians who were smiling as the simultaneous translation into Russian reached their earphones. The last-minute appearance of these Soviet scientists, Professors A. V. Topchlev, A. V. Izin, M. A. Markov, and C. A.

Golounsky—had converted the character of the conference. It was difficult to see in these matter-of-fact men the personification of the new wind from Moscow or, as Prof. Topchiev called it, "the new spirit in international relations created at the Geneva Conference." But they were the first Soviet scientists associated with atomic developments to appear at an international conference in ten years. Their presence, said the leader of the Liberal Party, Clement Davies, changed the meeting "from being a half-world conference into a whole-world conference."

Not entirely. There was a great deal of thoroughly non-Communist soul-searching on the part of scientists. Professor Seshadri of Delhi called for greater unity among scientists instead of specialization which divides them. Professor R. Furth, formerly of Prague and now at the University of London, wanted scientists to take the equivalent of the doctors' Hippocratic Oath, pledging themselves "to abstain from any activity known to me to be intended for harmful purposes." Prof. A. J. Ayer of the same University argued it was today almost impossible to pinpoint the responsibility of a single scientist, or to expect him to isolate himself from the main stream of government-subsidized work; he could only work for the greatest freedom within that framework. Prof. Galle of Belfast University urged that instead of "beginning to cart their consciences from conference to conference" scientists should assume a new loyalty to mankind and a new obligation to their potential victims. Professor J. Bronowski rebelled against the new picture of scientist as a modern Mephistopheles and the tendency to put on his individual conscience the decision of what he is to do; it was precisely for such a decision that Klaus Fuchs was jailed. There was general agreement that the widest possible dissemination of the known facts of nuclear war would do most to fulfil

the scientists' obligation to their fellowmen.

In a curious way the drama of the conference came from a muting of its dramatics. The arrival of the Soviet scientists changed the basic character of the conference from evangelism to compromise. The Russians joined in the work of the four commissions and, unlike other Soviet emissaries in a previous period, showed themselves to be rather cautious. Instead of Bertrand Russell's dramatic formulation which made it seem automatic that another international war would mean the end of mankind the Russians joined with more scientifically cautious Westerners to produce a resolution which began: "Since in any future war nuclear weapons will probably be employed and since such weapons threaten to bring immeasurable suffering for humanity and material destruction and possibly even the end of mankind, we urge, therefore, the Governments of the world to realise and to acknowledge publicly that their purposes cannot be furthered by world war."

EVEN before the Russians made their appearance, the organizers of the conference had decided on the brilliant technique of making this the beginning of a year of study and preparation for a bigger conference to take place next summer. When they decided this they had no idea that they would get a firm promise from Prof. Topchiev: "We can assure you, dear friends, that Soviet scientists will take the fullest part in the steps that follow."

There are, of course, a multitude of problems which lie between even the most heartfelt pious resolutions and the emergence of a practicable system of international control and the considerable diversion of resources from H-bombs to power stations. But, ten years after Hiroshima, we have begun to see glimpses of a new truth that man in general may be ceasing to be his own worst enemy.

BROKEN JOURNEY

He couldn't fight down the strange emotions rising within him; he felt some bond of blood binding him with the unknown old man.

THE only passenger who had got off at that tiny station stood undecided on the platform. Evening was fast deepening into night and the dim light on the solitary lamp-post cast ghostly shadows all around. The figure moved—moved ever so slowly towards the bench at the far end of the platform, the tap-tapping of its stick and the shuffling of its slippers breaking the heavy silence of the atmosphere. Shekar—the young stationmaster—watched curiously, wondering what could have brought anyone there at that hour. As the figure passed under the light, Shekar discovered the face of an old man bearded and lined with age. The man slumped against the bench and sat motionless. Fascinated, Shekar moved closer. Yes, he was an old man. His bent shoulders and uncouth posture gave him a ghostly look. His worn-out coat hung loose and shabby while his dhoti was patched in innumerable places. In the doubtful light, Shekar studied his face—a sharp well-defined nose, bushy eyebrows arching over a pair of listless eyes which looked out beyond the railroad with yearning and defeat. He was lost in his own thoughts—mumbling and gesticulating. Shekar touched him lightly.

"Wouldn't you like to come in into my room? It is pretty chilly outside here—sir," Shekar added the last word unconsciously. Respect grey hair, his mother had told him and the habit clung to him.

The old man swung round with an agility which took Shekar by surprise.

"Your room, young man? And who may you be?" The voice held disbelief, sarcasm and a bit of anger too as if Shekar had intruded rudely into his thoughts.

Shekar smiled into the darkness. A touchy old man this, he said to himself.

"I, sir, am the stationmaster-cum-booking clerk-cum-everything in this station. A night watchman and I make up the station staff! I do have a tiny room which we can call an office for the want of a better name. I wondered if you would care to wait there till daybreak, when you can find a cart to take you to Krishnapuram—for I presume you are going there?"

If Shekar's light tone was intended to put the old man in a better mood, it did not succeed. The wrinkled face still registered annoyance—but Shekar waited hopefully. After what seemed ages to the young man, the old man moved. The stooping shoulders straightened and he started slowly behind Shekar. The man sat there in the little room—musty and dark as only station rooms can be. The old squeaky voice broke the silence first.

"What made you think I was going to Krishnapuram? Can't one ever get off here?"

Shekar laughed. "Why, sir, nobody even comes here. Krishnapuram attracts a few devotees—you know the temple of Lord Krishna there? But there is nothing in this village—at least nothing for strangers. People of the village travel so rarely!"

THE old man looked closely at Shekar. He saw a youth of about twenty—pleasant-faced, with a high broad forehead, eyes clear and friendly, a determined jaw which gave one a feeling of strength of will and courage to face odds. The shoulders were broad and square and his clothes sat well on his body. He definitely did not fit into the picture of the village he had drawn.

"Why are you here? You are not of these parts?" The old voice held doubt and curiosity.

"But I do belong to these parts—maybe I don't look it." Shekar paused, wondering if the old man would probe further. When he did not, he continued. "That is a long story. If you are in a mood for it, I can keep you occupied till you leave for Krishnapuram."

"I am not going to Krishnapuram. I intend to travel to Madura."

Shekar looked puzzled and pained. Poor lost old man!

"But sir, you have made a mistake. The train would have taken you on to Madura. What made you get off here?"

"Young man, I know my way about. I got off because I wanted to."

His voice rose to a shrill crescendo, but he soon calmed down and spoke in a conciliatory tone. "I once knew this place—and somehow felt urged to breathe this air again. So I broke journey here. But let me know your story."

Shekar stretched his long legs under his table. His eyes gazed into the darkness and took on a far-away look.

"Well, it starts nearly twenty five years ago. I am now twenty five—and nearly twenty years of it were full of hunger, want and broken dreams. I must have been singled out by fate for all her whimsical acts. My parents were both of this village. My father was the village postmaster—but let me proceed pro-

perly. Right up from their infancy. My parents had been betrothed and the whole village blessed the young couple—the educated postmaster and the beauty of the village. They started life with hope and happiness and life sailed along blissfully for the first five years. Then I came into the picture. My father had the strangest of ideas about my upbringing—or so the village thought. When I was a few months old, an epidemic of small-pox swept the village and houses gave up their babies to the wrath of Mamayee. Not so with my father—he had to get me vaccinated. We had to travel to the adjacent town to get it done—and that meant money. My father fell a prey to dishonesty. He took the small amounts of money which the trusting people of the village had deposited in his post office. That soon became a habit. He drew freely whenever he needed extra money—to meet his card games or to buy him his flashy clothes. My poor unsuspecting mother knew nothing—till the blow fell suddenly one day, when my father just vanished from the village, leaving her to face the wrath of the villagers and the Panchayat. She sold her few jewels and the little house she owned and cleared the debts. But the slur stuck fast. People cut out 'that swindler's wife,' from their social life. Those few years were hell for her. Time rubbed away the mark to some extent, and then maybe God relented or maybe I was more than the average boy, whatever it was, my school career was brilliant. I won a scholarship and went to high school in Trichy and later to college. But again fate intervened—I had to leave before graduation to come back to the bedside of my ailing mother. Her body had broken under the stress of years but her spirit was as strong as ever. I have never heard her say a word of reproach against my father. She only guarded me against his falling.

"Never be a coward, my boy," she used to say often. 'Keep your head

up and face life with courage and fortitude. You know what cowardice can do to a man?' She was an angel, sir—an angel on earth. What odds we had to face! People taunted her saying she was an unlucky woman—some went further and said that her husband may even be dead and here she was with *kumkum* and flowers like a *sumangali*." Shekar's voice thickened with feeling. "She is gone sir—died last year. Even with her last breath she was thinking only of that wretch of my father—'Don't even reproach him. Shekar. Fate was cruel to him.' Shekar paused and sighed deeply. "Well sir, that is my story. I found this job and stayed on because this place holds sweet memories of my mother."

THE young man stood up and looked at his watch.

"Your train will draw in in another ten minutes. Won't you stay on and see our village by daylight?"

The old man had sat silent right through the narrative. He stood up and wearily stretched his limbs.

"No, I must go now." His voice was sure and determined.

The train pulled up and Shekar helped the man into the compartment.

"I wish you would stay on and go tomorrow," said Shekar, pleadingly. They were like old friends—this old man sitting inside and Shekar standing outside on the platform.

The old man muttered, and his voice was so low that his words didn't reach Shekar's ears. Shekar couldn't fight down the strange emotions rising within him; he felt some bond of blood binding him with the unknown old man.

The train whistled sharply and started with a puff of smoke. Shekar ran along with it—his steps rapid and heavy.

A wrinkled old hand reached out and touched Shekar's head.

"Good-bye, son, God bless you!"

THE train thundered out into the darkness, leaving Shekar staring after it, his eyes blinded by unshed tears.

SELFRETREAT

SENSITIVITY is not sensitivity
beyond a fixed state;

O, the pity
of it that it should fabricate
imagined wounds and hurts
and twitch in spurts
of sore travail
forever seeking
inward quiet, the spirit creaking
agonized, but alas, to no avail!
Small-orbed

in itself deep absorbed,
homuncle's poor ego
afraid of life yet haughty of head
and with obsessions fed,
sits contemplating the tip of its nose
as if Creation's vital flow
sprang from its core—
an ambrosial store,
to nourish the meanest worm and
the miraculous rose.

In self-worship fatal,
doom'd from its hour natal,
deeming all men and women its
foes,

no living creature will it trust,
and with life can never adjust;
like motes under water that cohere
not,

and each in its turbulence over-
wrought,
addled by Adler, frozen by Freud,
still boastful of its sangfroid,
and asserting itself as Superman,
it questions even the Immanent's
Plan.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

I MEET A POET

By MANJERI S. ISVARAN



Karl Shapiro

IF A is for Atom, B for Bomb—and now let me take a leap—P is not for Politics but Poetry. And that has come now in the person of Karl J. Shapiro, who is on a visit to India to lecture at the various educational institutions and literary associations—he has already done Calcutta, Bombay, Poona, Dharwar, Belgaum, Ahmedabad, Hyderabad, Bangalore, and the other place of his itinerary down South is Travancore-Cochin State—and, too, we are told, to collect material from Indian writers and poets for a Special Number of the magazine, *Poetry*, whose Editor he is currently.

I was one among those invited by Herbert Theodore Schuelke, Cultural Affairs Officer, U.S.I.S., Madras, to meet the Poet at his (Mr. Schuelke's) residence. It was a pleasant get-together yesterday evening, August 22, in which one found oneself completely at ease—the bungalow tucked away in one of the quietest spots in the City, the weather kind, and a sense of expectancy in the air as I stepped into the drawing room. Blessed is the day when one meets a poet, says a Persian proverb. I was excited. Shapiro entered. And suddenly, attraction took the place of excitement. I felt the silence and

soundness of health about him. Not answering to your traditional, illusory conception of the elect whom the Muse has blessed: long hair (this didn't work nowadays, Shapiro told me subsequently), dreamy movement, glittering faraway look in the eyes and all that. Still it was Shapiro's eyes that fascinated me: eyes behind glasses, ancient mariner-like not to fix wanderer or wedding-guest, but pleasantly ashine, atwinkle—I would say—and I was vividly reminded of that first paragraph of his in "An Incident in A Castle" which appeared in *Botteghe Oscure*, Quaderno XIV. Here it is: "Very likely I would never have come to any conclusion about the beauty of my eyes if I hadn't had this fact dinred into me ever since I could remember. I have been told that everything about them is beautiful: their darkness, their size, the way they are 'set,' the eyebrows, the lashes and their expression. Even at forty, when I wear quite heavy glasses (which only serve to enlarge their shape and enhance their liquidity) I am constantly complimented upon them . . . Once I mentioned my own beautiful eyes in a poem about myself, not to gain admirers but to tell the truth." Sounds so autobiographical! "If you have lovely eyes," he continues, "especially if you are a man, your looks will almost certainly create situations." Yes, Shapiro has told the truth; whatever the nature of the other situations he might have brought about, at any rate for me, he did create a poetic situation.

EVEN at forty . . . he is forty-two. Born in Baltimore in 1913, it is known that "he grew up during the Depression and went, between jobs to the Universities of Virginia and Johns Hopkins, where he later became an Associate Professor in English." His first volume of verse appeared when he was twenty-two—a private publication—and it was only about a decade after that he came to the notice of a wider public, with his *Five Young American Poets*, and *Person*,

Place and Thing. And today he is one among the leading American poets of the younger generation which counts in it Theodore Roethke, Randall Jarrell, Richard Wilbur, Kenneth Patchen, Delmore Schwartz, Peter Viereck, W. S. Mervin—to name only a few. Shapiro's other works include: *V-Letter* (containing a goodly number of war poems), *Essay on Rime*, *Trial of A Poet*, and *Bibliography of Modern Prosody*—a kind of interesting pendant, professionally, to the *Essay on Rime*.

Our talk centred round some of his creative contemporaries; and then I drew his attention to a statement of his regarding his own work, which I had carefully written out.

"I write about myself, my house, my street, and not about 'America,'" the word that is the chief enemy of modern poetry. Will you please elucidate, Mr. Shapiro?"

"I said that such a long time ago. What I mean is I don't quite approve of poets who put a large dose of politics in their poetry, as for instance, Archibald MacLeish. (I remembered—but didn't tell Shapiro—what a critic had remarked about this poet: 'like a good Scot, canny—he wrote, poems, dumb ones, about Democracy and about peace, and about other legends.'). I am not all for regionalism, but it should be there to make poetry Poetry."

The following lines from his *Essay on Rime* are illuminating:

Not is it any accident that Emerson
Anointed Whitman and not Poe. The
nation

A hundred years ago was real estate
For the synthetic myth and poetry
On the grand national-international
scale.

I do not think that I exaggerate
In saying that our period has produced
More poems conceived as epics, large
and small,

Than has the entire history of rime!
The bulk of these fall from the
sanguine pens

Of Emersonian and Whitmanian bards;

(Continued on page 40)

New Books

THE GOSPEL OF ISRAEL. BY DUNCAN GREENLEES, M.A. (Oxon). The World Gospel Series, Volume II. *The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India, 1955.* Clothbound: Rs. 9. Wrapper: Rs. 7.

Reviewed by MARCELLA HARDY

THE first impression on reading this interesting volume is that the Gospel of Israel is so familiar to a non-Jew. There is, of course, nothing strange in this familiarity since so much of its essence is an integral part of Christianity which sprung, so to say, full-blown from the body of Israel. The history of the Jewish people, the Old Testament, is a document often referred to by historians as much as by Christians; its tales and vocabulary and teachings are inseparable from Western civilization and language. This re-appraisal in simple terms, a fresh translation from all available material—truly a tremendous piece of scholarship—does much to correct a number of opinions which have been ours since childhood, and to bring out the essential worth of Jewish Law. For, it is not mere faith, but obedience which is demanded of the Jew towards his Gospel: "The Jew need not believe. His religion like every national religion is not a matter of dogma. But the Jew must obey. His loyalty is expressed in deed and observance"—to quote one of the extracts from the Section on The Teachings of Judaism.

Duncan Greenlees handles his subject with deep sympathy and brings out vividly an important aspect of the Jewish religion, which is the force lying in family ties and family unity. Far from being an awesome, not to say forbidding system of living, ruled by dread of an unforgiving God, Israel is presented here as a joyous and loving faith, the overflow as it were of God's great overflowing love. Far from being dreaded, or being unrelenting, God forgives ever and again his erring children: He makes

his wrath to pour forth only under the strongest provocation of man's sinful ways.

Theology avers that God, in His need to share His unbounded love and His joy, created the universe and its denizens, and Man to partake of this bounty. Evil was permitted to emanate and free choice given to man with the purpose of bringing about a spontaneous adoption of the Law and of God's way, purged of all lingering desires for any of the ephemeral lures of Evil. The process of free choice, of purging, of eliminating the bad goes on for untold time—until God's purpose is achieved. Stress is laid on the essential 'goodness' of God's creation in the recurring words in Genesis at the very beginning of things: "And God saw that it was good," words which, explained otherwise, are not altogether free of complacency. Theology also explains that God could not entrust the fulfilment of His purpose to mankind as a whole, it would have been too vast; one chosen, selected group must be formed to carry His message and teach man the way of God. The selection placed on Israel a burden as onerous, almost, as God's own: it implied the constant presence of suffering as a living force, and the distrust of sister nations. Teaching and spreading the word of God requires dispersion throughout the world: persecution and suffering must be accepted as a training and testing of the fitness of the Jew to carry the message; suffering is no grief, but a joy that leads to taking on to oneself the suffering of others. And so on, there are many enlightening passages in the very complete and learned Introduction which tend to

clear away a number of doubts regarding points which had always seemed arbitrary. Some, however, such as the selection of that particular nation to be God's vehicle, must always remain arbitrary, at least to the minds of most of us—not that there is anything more behind the question 'Why' than incomprehension.

Quite apart from spreading messages or any mystical purpose in the periodically beastly treatment meted out to this gifted nation by the Western world, it is a fact that, during the first centuries of the Christian era down to the middle ages, the light of learning, progress and humanism burnt only in Jewish homes. History shows the gradual relegation of the Jews to ghettos and their being debarred from most professions in society. Yet, whenever these practices relaxed, there occurred a renewal of life and the great families of the commercial towns could thrive and bring benefits to their surroundings. Incidentally, Mr. Greenlees is at pains to show that the Jew is amongst the most mixed of races in the world, and thereby refutes the theory of distinctive characteristics of the gross kind which unfortunately found such currency under Hitler Germany.

For those who already tend towards that belief, the reading of *The Gospel of Israel* goes to strengthen the conviction that here is another aspect of one common religious concept in man, that all religions meet at their source, and that differences are such only in matters of detail or stress, those aspects developed by the genius of a particular people in its own particular environment. The story of the Jews, so ably told also in that other remarkable work by Thomas Mann, *Joseph and His Brothers*, is a grand story not lacking in any of the human weaknesses, "for man is not expected to be perfect," but with plenty of fine tolerance towards other nations, and the gift to rise again and reveal, in some cases, quite outstanding talents,

which almost tend to confirm the notion of a 'chosen' people. Present day effort and endeavour in the new nation of Israel, in Palestine, also come into the picture presented by Duncan Greenlees, and he is optimistic about their outcome.

The volume itself is well presented and pleasantly free from blemishes of the technical kind. To the present reviewer a small point proved, ever and again, of slight annoyance; the author's persistent dropping of the relative pronoun which, while saving words, does not always lead to clarity of expression!

ROOP-LEEKHA XXVI. i. 1955. Edited by Krishna Chaitanya. Published by the All-India Fine Arts & Crafts Society, Old Mill Road, New Delhi. Single Copy: Rs. 6.

A JOURNAL in its twenty-sixth volume requires no introduction but, probably, needs recommendation for increased support to it from the public interested in the development of art and letters in the country, for such journals languish in our land for lack of adequate response, and what is more sad, the required kind and quality of material for publication.

The present number which gives an idea of the wide field of its interests, deals with painting, literature, music, sculpture, dance, drama and the modern arts of photography and the radio-play. The editor points out in his opening note the place occupied by drama, "the most flexible art form for mirroring life," in national reconstruction. The main article of the number which can be called a fresh contribution, is the one on Malva Painting by Adris Banerji of the National Museum, Delhi, who brings into further light the Malva school of painting, as exemplified in the illustrated manuscripts from that part of the country, of the Bhagavata, the Devimahatmya and other works, and representing the well-known themes of Raga-Raginis, Nayikas, etc. Select specimens of this school collected for the National Museum are

also reproduced, but unfortunately the Sanskrit subject-names, on p. 8 particularly, are full of mistakes. A bird's-eye view of Bengali literature in its ancient and modern phases is given by Dr. Sri Kumar Banerjee and Prof. Priya Ranjan Sen. There are two short articles on Indian music: the classic tradition and the instruments. The one on the folk-songs of Saurashtra says something but it is all too brief. Dr. Narayana Menon's thoughtful note rightly emphasises the unique aesthetic scope that the drama as it comes through the 'air' has. The Sanskrit aesthete Bhoja held on the question of the 'heard' or 'read' drama, opinions similar to those quoted by Dr. Menon from Henry James and von Boeckmann. 'Usab' writes on the modern representational sculptor, Sri Bhagat and his work four pieces of which are reproduced. The Editor reproduces with illuminating comments eight examples of one of the distinctive arts of the technological age, photography. Chinese music, dance and drama are touched upon, by Srimati Leela Tankha. There are in the end reviews not only of publications but of organisational activities in the field of art and letters. The issue carries forty-two illustrations including two coloured reproductions.

BOOKS BY THOMAS MANN
Nobel Prize Winner for Literature

The Magic Mountain	Rs. 15-12 as
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Stories of Three Decades	Rs. 11- 4 as
Essays of Three Decades	Rs. 15-12 as
The Holy Sinner	Rs. 11- 4 as
The Black Swan	Rs. 6- 6 as

K. MAHADEVAN
82-A Royapettah High Road,
MYLAPORE, MADRAS 4.

On the whole, one feels that for an art-journal of this type, which comes out only once in six months, the articles included do not give enough; the contributions tend to be too short or too general; bird's-eye views of wide fields and whole well-known subjects do not add anything to our knowledge. The Chinese stage, for example, has so many instructive parallels with the Indian and has surprising material for the study of the ancient Indian dramatic technique and it is disappointing for students of art to have on such subjects general articles which steer clear of important facts.

V. RAGHAVAN

THE UNITED NATIONS AND HOW IT WORKS. David Cushman Coyle. A Signet Key Book. 35 c.

LIVING from crisis to crisis, balanced precariously on the brink of a devastating war we are likely to forget in our moments of despair the existence of the United Nations. Created in an atmosphere of hope when the nations were in a penitent mood, the United Nations has not been merely superfluous lumber. It has acted and at times with courage. It has to its credit various subsidiary organisations. The aid to underdeveloped nations under the auspices of the organisations attached to the UN have been truly significant advances in man's march to the cooperative life. The study of the structure and functions of the United Nations is a necessary task in the self-education of every man. Its complexities are so great and the number of specialised agencies are so many that any small book which lays bare the structure and functions, the problems and achievements of the United Nations is always welcome. To this end David Cushman Coyle's book can be warmly recommended. Written in a clear and simple manner the complexities of the United Nations are laid bare to the reader in about 200 pages.

SPORTS

A NEW CRICKET BOOK

By N. S. RAMASWAMI

I HAVE been lately reading a cricket book. This normally should call for no particular comment, for I cannot conceive a more pleasant occupation than to be absorbed in a well-told chronicle of historic watches while the rain beats down heavily outside. But it will be to palter with the truth to say that I enjoyed reading this particular work.

This criticism may appear effrontery, for the authors are eminent writers who, as I find from the blurb, are variously "humorous," "excellent," "enjoyable" and even "sparkling." What had attracted the favourable attention of Commander Fry, Mr. Neville Cardus and Mr. A. E. R. Gilligan cannot be brushed aside as being of no account. Yet, I doubt whether these notable critics were not guided by politeness and amiability.

That Messrs. K. R. Miller and R. S. Whittington should write in a dull fashion is inconceivable. On the contrary, they are flamboyant, even grotesque, if such a strong expression may be employed. The ultimate aim of cricket at its highest is its quality of soothing, the trait which Sir Arthur Sullivan, the famous composer, sought at Lord's when he was convalescing from an illness. Therefore, the noblest object which a book on cricket should seek is equableness and pleasure. Exceptions there must be and there are. But in the main it is highly unlikely that anyone reads a book on cricket to be irritated or annoyed.

Messrs. Miller and Whittington are not annoying in their views, for they are always knowledgeable and wise. It is their style which stands between the reader and enjoyment. It has a certain meretriciousness and smartness which provokes him. It is harsh, staccato and brusque. It is on occasions irrelevant when the authors make an effort to be clever and smart.

"The finest philosophy," the authors write, "we have encountered in an aggregate of seventy-seven crowded, colourful years emanated from an Irish politician who said 'To hell with posterity. What's it ever done for me?'. Another politician, who began as Benjamin Disraeli and ended as the Earl of Beaconsfield, said, 'Never look back'. We recommend both these utterances, except when you are sitting in a dentist's chair with a drill in the proximity of your vocal chords. But let us to the second Test."

It is inconceivable that advice of the "Irish politician" and the Earl of Beaconsfield does constitute the "finest philosophy" the two authors have "encountered". As literate men they are the heirs of all ages, from Sophocles and Marcus Aurelius to Shakespeare and Einstein. Yet, we are told, the worldly wise and cynical apophthegms of the Irishman and the Jew represent, in their view, the quintessence of wisdom. We shall continue to believe better of the authors' capacity to imbibe wisdom.

The setting of these pearls of sagacity is much at fault. Instead of

doing them proper reverence, the authors have dragged in the dentist's chair in an effort at mere smartness. The whole is capped by the arch and coy invitation to the "second Test." Such a texture of writing cannot fail to irritate the reader.

I hope I have not overlaboured my point. The fact, of course, is that one comes to a book by such well-known authors with great expectations, but is repelled by the crudity of the style. In wielding such a language they are in unison with the modern trend of cricket writing, which is to startle or to amaze or to flabbergast the reader, but never to set him at rest and in peace with himself. Yet the game it treats of is, in its essentials, the most soothing and quiet of pastimes.

Cricket Typhoon is, however, valuable as expressing the views of competent critics on the Test series between England and Australia in 1954-55. It gains in authoritative-ness from the fact that one of the authors, Miller, played a prominent part in the matches. The book leaves it in no doubt that England were worthy winners and that if Australia proceeded to vanquish the West Indies it was less because they had improved than because their opponents had deteriorated in skill.

I cannot leave this book without a mention of a delightful frontispiece. This photograph depicts two pigeons sitting in calm security in the region of point while Godfrey Evans is making the winning hit in the fourth Test. Madness is raging all around them. Behaud, at gully, looks on at the ball as it is careering towards the straight-field boundary with unutterable anguish, while Maddocks, the wicket-keeper, is visibly drooping. Yet the pigeons are unconcerned. It is in them that the spirit of cricket has found its ultimate expression.

(Continued from page 35)

These in their works, as if to justify
And prove our transcendental unity,
Recite the whole geography and
construct

A gigantic stage perennially set
For some Siegfried who never comes.

Then our conversation veered for a little round Auden, Day Lewis, Spender, and MacNeice, and in his words so clearly spoken I could detect an unmistakable mellowness beneath a very civilized astringency.

He is controlled in his speech as he is in his verse, as I have discovered from what I have read of it; his sophistication is winsome, and the transfiguration of his physical awareness into the spiritual which penetrates deep into the future proceeds from a courage beautiful for its uninhibited response to the many conflicting currents and urges of the times we live in.

SHAPIRO has a definite philosophy as a poet and the stance he takes cannot be better expressed than what he has himself said while reviewing three British poets (*Collected Poems 1928-1953*, by Stephen Spender; *Collected Poems 1954*, by C. Day Lewis; and *Autumn Sequel*, by Louis MacNeice) in *Encounter* for May 1955. "Our age," he writes, "has favoured mythopoeism, rather than poetry, theory instead of practice. Literature that feathers its nest is always theoretical; actual life cannot touch it. The great mythic poems of our time still loom larger than life (as they are supposed to) and still give us a fictitious sense of the age. Of the poems of Pound and Eliot and Stevens and Cummings and Yeats, as well, we might say: this is the symptomatic literature of the age. Where is the literature itself?"

India has always been the greatest touchstone of the foreigner; it is pleasant to anticipate what Shapiro's reactions will be; being a poet and hence acute his perceptions one may be right in thinking that it will not have proved elusive to him.

ART & ENTERTAINMENT

MR. KRISHEN KHANNA'S PAINTINGS AT U. S. I. L.

A ONE-MAN show by artist Krishen Khanna at the U. S. Information Library, Madras, is currently attracting much attention. The Chief Justice Mr. P. V. Rajamannar, who officially inaugurated the exhibition on August 19, said: "He is Indian by birth and so far as his work is concerned he is entirely cosmopolitan in technique and in treatment." Viewers on the opening day also included the famous Bombay artist M. F. Hussain who had made a special trip to Madras to see Mr. Khanna's exhibition.

Over thirty oil paintings on view depict a cross-section of Mr. Khanna's work during the past ten years. Subjects are as varied as the places the artist has visited. People, rather than views, interest the artist, and action is the essence of every canvas. Mr. Khanna belongs to the school in Indian art known as "modern" the members of which represent a break and revolt against traditional concepts in painting. His works have scored in several exhibitions and will shortly travel to Delhi to appear in the annual exhibition of national art.

Mr. Khanna's subjects are, for the large part, Indian. *Dead Tree*, one of the earliest Khanna canvases proclaims his breaking away from the past in Indian art and creating a style synonymous with the spirit of the times. The recent *Woman Combining Her Hair* bespeaks the vital development of a personal style put to execution in 1946. His pictures with the



"Sarangi Player"

instrument-player motif are truly representative of his revolutionary modern art. Seen at a distance of not more than five feet the viewer cannot miss the details and the texture. *Trio One* which shows three ecstatic players in a concert is a mesh of light lines at the first glance, but a careful sorting out of images brings to relief the graphic genius of the work. In a softer key is the *Mridangam Player*, waxy and pale at first appearance, but dynamic in concept as the eye appraises longer. In a more emphatic color-scale are the *Refugees* and *Siesta* where the artist's own native place Punjab is the milieu. *Singer with Tanpura* and

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"Woman combing her hair"

The Street Singer focus attention on the full-throated energy of India's wayside minstrels. Khanna breaks into deeper colors in his nudes, and works done in Paris—gay and arresting portraits.



Mr. Khanna, Mr. Paul C. Sherbert, USIS Public Affairs Officer and Mr. P. V. Rajamannar, Chief Justice of Madras, at the exhibition.

While Khanna does not claim to be influenced by any single school he admires greatly the work of contemporary moderns like the American Ben Shahn, and Paul Klee. He also likes Roualt and Tamayo. Essentially a city man, Khanna feels "Money apart, there is an infinite variety of subjects from which a city artist can choose; hence, the great migration of artists to the cities." With his fingers on the pulse of the city, he has painted over 300 pictures in less than ten years.

Krishen Khanna was born 30 years ago in Punjab where his father was the Director of Public Instruction. After schooling in England he got a Government of India Scholarship to study in the Imperial Services College. During the war he returned to India, joined the Government College, Lahore, and graduated in English honors. He took to the printing trade and gave it up. Next he took up a job in a bank which he continues to hold now. In Bombay he belonged to the Progressive Artists Group along with well-known artists like Hussain, Newton Souza, Razza and Ara.

To Paris, the dreamworld of every artist, Khanna repaid for a brief interval in 1954 and he has never since been quite the same again. He met Newton in his workshop in Holland Park, and Razza at Beau Art in Paris was his guide. It is now four years since Razza and Newton left India's shores, and Khanna was surprised to find remarkable changes wrought by time and place on them and their art. Says he: "They have certainly matured, their technique has evolved and they have developed a personal style."

THE ART OF MR. L. MUNUSWAMY

PAINTINGS and drawings numbering over eighty, representing the works of Mr. L. Munuswamy were exhibited at the Centenary Hall, Government Museum, Egmore, last week. The niggardly publicity given

to this one-man show in the local press hardly did justice to its excellence. To any art lover this exhibition was very well worth the trouble of several visits. The personality of the artist was distinctly stamped on every picture in this big collection: a nervous and sensitive personality with a capacity to apprehend and depict in vigorous unequivocal fashion the fleeting impressions of life. Mr. Munuswamy has a penchant for linear expression, strong and flexible in style and his appreciation of the vital and the vigorous aspects of his subject is a noteworthy feature of his work. In the absence of finicky details his works have an austerity from which they derive their directness and force of expression. His lines, over and above their intrinsic value, have a happy knack of suggesting massive and monumental forms. In his use of colour a lightness of touch is apparent which is in refreshing contrast with the dazzle and brilliance which many artists seem to aim at. The artist is very sure of himself. Here is no experimenter, indecisive and apprehensive. He handles the brush with ease, clarity and precision.

Coming to individual pictures, *Nude Resting* was strikingly simple and satisfying and helped to convey a distinctly individual exposition of a common enough subject. In *Two Figures* and *A child with Toy* and *Compact* we could notice a monumental quality achieved with a few limited lines and the impressive effect was as much due to these as to the knowledgeable use of the white of paper which is a distinct quality of his work. *Locked in Figures* was yet another noteworthy work in the same style. In *Mother and Child* Mr. Munuswamy knitted together the two figures into one compact mass which impressed as much by its symbolism as by its effectiveness. *Still Life (Green Vase)* was remarkable for its refreshing luminosity.

Mr. Munuswamy is an old student of the Government School of Arts

and Crafts, Madras. This simple and modest young man with his shy smile and nervous gestures has not a trace of flamboyancy or showiness of any sort. He does not need these superficial trappings. His works speak for themselves and they predict for him a place in the world of art.

K. N. RAMACHANDRAN

Films

BOMBAY

THE spontaneous hartal that followed the massacre of unarmed satyagrahis in Goa brought about the complete suspension of film business in Bombay. For the first time, since the death of Gandhiji, all the theatres in Bombay remained closed on Tuesday, 16th August 1955. One wonders if it would not have been a good idea to have allowed the shows to be held and contributed the income to the Goa Satyagrahi Fund.

Three days later, on Friday the 19th August 1955, the Films Division released a newsreel which prominently featured Shri Nehru's speech at the Red Fort (Delhi) on 15th August 1955, especially his references to Goa. It was interesting to watch the reaction of the audience to his speech taken in striking close-up of Pandit Nehru who appeared to be very agitated and even angry. While, on the day of hartal the people seemed to be in an anti-Nehru mood, his speech on the newsreel was received with applause by the audience in the theatres. Indeed, the Films Division and the Ministry of Information should take note of this reaction and try to persuade the Prime Minister to give a special newsreel interview on the issue of Goa. In this manner the Films Division could convey the Prime Minister's views on this vital question to the nation more effectively and help to clear the confusion in the minds of the common people.

Meanwhile, the Goa Vimochan Samiti's decision to call off the hartal on Friday, 19th August 1955, was received with a sigh of relief by the film industry.

Picture of the week

Time and again, it has been seen that for a true and vivid presentation of Indian family life, the pictures in provincial languages score over Hindi films which continue to be a hybrid mixture of the East and West influenced as they are by Hollywood films and their glamour.

As a picturization of middle-class family life in Maharashtra, Sadashiv Rao Kavi's new offering *Shevgyacha Shenga* (The Green Drumsticks) is most commendable. Based on a prize-winning short-story by Y. G. Joshi it tackles the age-old subject of the growth of a family and its progressive division.

The story is unfortunately too thin and lacks dramatic incidents. True, the screenplay as developed by Y. G. Joshi himself is singularly free from the usual tricks and twists of coincidences, accidents, murders, villains and all artificial melodramatic clichés without which no Indian film story seems to be usually considered complete. But this is the film's virtue as well as its weakness. For, the simple narrative does not always rise to any dramatic heights and the over-emphasis on details—which undoubtedly are interesting by themselves—slows down the tempo considerably and even introduces a certain monotony. Then, the soliloquies introduced gives an unnecessary artificial air to the otherwise realistic tone of the film which depends mostly on the interplay of characters and human emotions for its dramatic appeal.

It all begins with a man addressing his dead wife. Then considerable footage is devoted to showing us the manner in which he brings up his three sons and a tiny daughter. The intrusion of a stranger with an eligible daughter breaks the monotony it is true, but it does seem very odd and unnatural when the father leaves his daughter and goes away. Realizing the disparity in their ages, the host refuses to marry the girl but adopts

her as his daughter. The whole situation is too good to be true; though it succeeds in restoring our faith in humanity.

The children grow up; the sons are married and their wives start bickering. The old father who is now sixty begins to worry about the domestic situation and as the bickerings grow he realizes that they are waiting for his death. This gives him a shock resulting in his death. After the father's death, the sons goaded by their wives quarrel and separate. But the division and separation does not bring any pleasure; they all miss each other's company and help and affection and, in an extremely moving scene, their unmarried sister succeeds in bringing them together again. The climax is very simple, and it is very touching and moving almost solely due to Baby Nanda's superb acting.

Baby Nanda as the daughter and Master Chhotu as the father put over most moving portrayals. Music by Sudhir Phadke is in tune with the story, apt but sober. As a result, in spite of the slow tempo and the thin dramatic material, the picture succeeds in stirring our emotions deeply.

Personality of the week

Johnny Walker alias Badruddin Jamaluddin Kazi was married to Noor alias Noorjehan Haji Haroon Noor Mohmed Sultan on Wednesday the 17th August 1955 by the Chief Kazi of Bombay. And thus another star-romance which had been in the news for the last two or three months has culminated in a happy wedding.

Johnny Walker alias Badruddin was just an 'extra' three years ago. It was the role of a drunkard that he played in *Andhayan*, directed by Chetan Anand, that brought him into the limelight. At that time Johnny Walker—a name he got because of playing the drunkard's role—was a 'bit' player. His later successes in *Tari Driver* and *Aar*

Paar boosted his stock and he became a front-rank comedian, his price soaring with each new contract.

In 1954 he was the most sought-after comedian. With success, he acquired confidence and polish. He has played a variety of roles in the last one year. In *Railway Platform* he was cast as a Marwari Shylock; in *Milap* he played a rustic friend of the hero; in *Mr. & Mrs. '55* he acted as a modern Press Photographer and in *Joru Ka Bhai* he portrayed

the title role while in *Musafir Khana* he played a Goanese Romeo. And by portraying these different types of roles with equal success, he has proved his talent and versatility.

Johnny Walker owes his rise to Chetan, Dev and Guru Dutt. Noorjehan whom he has married, is the sister of Shakila and is herself an actress. She created a good impression by small but significant portrayals in *Do Bigha Zamin* and *Naukari*.

V. P. SATHI.

WRITE-UP: TWO VERSIONS

Premier M. Bulganin and other Russian leaders played host to foreign ambassadors and representatives of the press at a country house garden party on the 7th of this month. M. Bulganin took the wives of the ambassadors and the heads of foreign missions to a country house 60 miles from Moscow to see deer running wild under the trees. M. Mikoyan, Deputy Premier, took Mrs. Bohlen, wife of the U. S. Ambassador and his 15-year old daughter Avis for a boating trip on a lake. M. Bulganin put his arm around the British Charge d' Affaires as they stood at a television set watching a football match (the picture appeared the next day on the front page of *Pravda*). Mr. Molotov took the Argentine Ambassador and the wife of the Indonesian Ambassador rowing—presumably on the same lake. Marshal Zhukov and Marshal Koniev went with the daughter of an American reporter to gather berries in the wood.

For the others there were shady avenues for walks, hammocks between trees and wicker chairs for quiet conversation. There was—ah, supreme touch!—even fishing tackle for those interested.

The guests arrived and dispersed to music.

From Washington comes a report about the eleven American airmen released from China recently. They had been arrested as "spies" thirty-two months ago and were released on the eve of the Geneva parleys now going on at an ambassadorial level between the United States and Communist China.

Colonel John Knox Arnold said that from October 1953 the Chinese stopped treating him as a prisoner of war and placed him in solitary confinement. He said they used a gadget for screwing down his wrists and stopping the blood circulation in his hands. They then rubbed his fingers until he collapsed from pain. They sometimes bound his feet together and then made him stand for nearly six hours at a time. Colonel Knox said he became completely irrational at times and blabbered all kinds of things. All his crew were beaten, forced to stand and to suffer starvation diets and solitary confinements for periods of 7 to 11 months.

Major Baumer said he was treated for frostbite for nine months in a communist hospital, then thrown into solitary confinement where, deprived of his crutches, he crawled about like an animal for more than 11 months.

Eventually he was given books by Mao Tse-tung and Dickens to read.

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CORRESPONDENCE

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

Goa

Sir,—While the shooting down of the unarmed Indian volunteers by Portuguese police in Goa cannot but be condemned, one, viewing the question impartially, is led to think whether such a sacrifice is worth it and if such a pursuit will yield the fruit aimed at.

It has been clearly stated more than once by the Prime Minister himself that the move to liberate Goa should come from the Goans themselves. Until the agitation comes from within, any amount of external non-violent struggle will be of no avail. It will result in nothing else but giving filip to unholy criticisms in the Western Press and mass deaths on our part.

The absence of a strong nationalist freedom movement inside Goa is evident and one unprejudiced is even led to think whether a majority of them are at present in favour of merger with India, if not against it. A political awakening of the Goans is necessary and until then the mass satyagraha by Indians will only strengthen the Portuguese propaganda that Indians want to capture their territory. It must be remembered that in the case of French settlements also, only after the decision by the strongest political party there in favour of liberation, the French had to leave.

The need to merge with India can be felt by the Goans only when they get an economic pinch by the rise in food prices and that of other essential goods, which is inevitable in the long run. All that we can do at present is to accelerate this by putting an economic blockade over Goa as far as possible, which will drive the Goan mass to throw their lot with India.

P. S. DESIKAN

Wanted: Security

Sir,—Very recently a theft of a costly Dynamo of a cycle costing about Rs. 25 occurred in the Engineering College (Guindy) Cycle shed which is inside the compound of the college. On inquiry, the College authorities are stated to have said that there was no special watchman on duty to look after the cycles parked in the shed and no office peons or other watchmen could take care of the cycles.

There are more than 80 students who park their cycles in the cycle shed. But no college authority takes the responsibility of providing safe custody of the cycles. When a suggestion of appointing a special watchman and paying for him out of the collection of 8 annas or any reasonable amount from each student who is parking his cycle in the shed, was made, the College authorities seem to have said that the shed was built by Government for the benefit of the students for parking their cycles and they could not levy any amount from them for the same. If that is the case, why not the Government authorities, who have shown sympathy for the students by providing a cycle shed for the benefit of the students, instruct the college authorities to appoint a special watchman for the safe custody of their cycles? Even in small schools, watchmen are provided to ensure the safe custody of cycles without collecting any money from the students, whereas this college, Engineering College, has not provided any security to its students with regard to the safe custody of their cycles.

The authorities concerned should see to it that speedy arrangements are made to provide proper security for the students of Engineering College with regard to the safe custody of their cycles parked in the Government cycle shed constructed there.

"Loser"

Communal Mind

Sir,—The poster about untouchability is "unjustifiable," only because only one community, has been picked out for animadversion, though many communities are indulging in the same pastime. Yet the spectre of untouchability is still there, as grim as ever before. We live in a fool's paradise if we flatter our-

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selves with the belief that all is well in the best of all possible worlds with the revocation of the poster. We have to strike at the root of the cause.

The mode of giving expression to their feelings on a wall in an unmannerly way smacks definitely of unculture. But we must know that there is no smoke without fire and we must study the causes leading to all these "mischiefs." The provoking causes are still there. We must not satisfy our easy conscience by simply saying that those who write on the wall are "some lowbred cowards." If we have conscience we can know as well that if those people are "lowbred cowards," the communities—for there are so many layers of communities—which, in their arrogant, overbearing and ignorant behaviour, consider others inferior to them even in this age are worse than lowbred cowards.

Let us, therefore, be honest and

human. Let us not indulge in recriminatory and low activities. Let us hope that the Government would not only "take deterrent steps for the prevention of such activities" which are mutual but that it would not stop with erasing symptoms but would deal with the disease itself. It may do something substantial: it may in the beginning do some little thing like this: It may pass a law saying that no one must add one's caste name with one's name; and the public, high and low castes, must co-operate with the Government wholeheartedly. This kind of little thing will go a long way to make the disastrous caste system a thing of the past.

S. T. K.

The Cipher For Ciphers

Sir,—While I can understand Vigneshwara grudging that Mr. Nehru should have treated the common man in so



Minister Bhaktavatsalam speaking on the occasion of the switching on of the Heidelberg Printing Machine presented by M/s East Asiatic Co. (India) Ltd., to the Southern Regional School of Printing on August 8.

cavalier a fashion as to dismiss him bluntly with the remark, "Surely one does not normally consult the common man about the theory of Relativity." I did not expect Vighneswara, with his versatility, scholarship and robust commonsense in his intellectual output that compelled admiration, to be so incorrigibly conservative as to question the very idea of coinage reform. Assailing Mr. Nehru as "under compulsion to rationalise his prejudices" Vighneswara finally, I am afraid, had only contributed, with effort, to prejudice a rational concept—the desirability of introducing the decimal system. His dig at Mr. Nehru's "nostalgic appeal" for the paise was only matched by his imaginary concern for the housewife in the new order and his insular complacency about Herbert Spencer's dictum on a sensible coinage system.

It is too nimble a syllogism and too ivory tower-ish an approach to contend as Vighneswara did that "the decimal is as much a mystery as the duo-decimal." His suggestion to "provide bankers with machines working on the duo-decimal system" is an eminent example of the wish being the father of thought and necessity (to somehow argue against the reform) being the mother of invention (of a facile plea) but does not conform to realities or practical economics. Perhaps, the limit was reached when he fired a broadside on Mr. Nehru, saying, "It is no use trying to browbeat us in the name of science." Only a rank fanatic can point an accusing finger at Nehru's sincerity of purpose in the reform.

With his tempting logic skilfully aided by titillating rhetoric, Vighneswara was at pains to argue that the measure is a catastrophe descending on the unlettered man. In fact the decimalization of coinage is the logical conclusion of an integrated reform to achieve standardization in the chaotic and bewildering diversity from region to region of the country in the weights and measures in use. The measure is designed to pro-

tect the common man from fraud, avoid cumbersome calculations and mental strain in daily routine, make life happier and worthwhile in many ways, ease the imparting of early education, besides having the merit of aligning with international usage in science, trade and commerce. Recognising the urgent necessity and the compelling advantages of the decimal system, after a thorough examination of the problem from all points of view, the Government of India took a decision to proceed with its introduction and the House of the People, in April 1965, resolved that all necessary steps to introduce uniform weights and measures based on the metric system should be taken early. I would have fully appreciated if Vighneswara pleaded that the coinage reform should follow or be simultaneous with that of weights and measures, the relative order of which as now taken up by the Government is clearly reversed in putting into practice. But Vighneswara gave the impression of a root and branch objection to the reform itself.

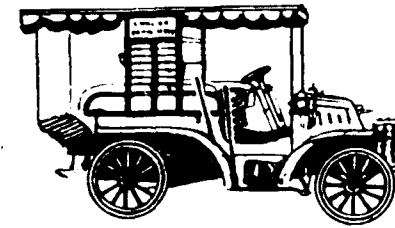
The common man who cannot be "treated as a cipher" (in a different sense, perhaps) according to Vighneswara himself, will not suffer so much by the impact of the change as he attempts to make out, when there are safeguarding provisions in the bill like a long transition period and dissemination of information and popularisation programme for the reform. The experience of Hyderabad State in the smooth replacement of O. S. coinage, so long entrenched in the rural areas, by its I.G. counterpart with no untoward results must leave no doubt as to the soundness of this conclusion. Surely, Vighneswara does not want, I suppose, to forgo the innumerable advantages of larger and perennial import flowing from the adoption of the metric system even if it means a very temporary tremor in the housewife's getting on "without conscious cerebration."

DANTURTY



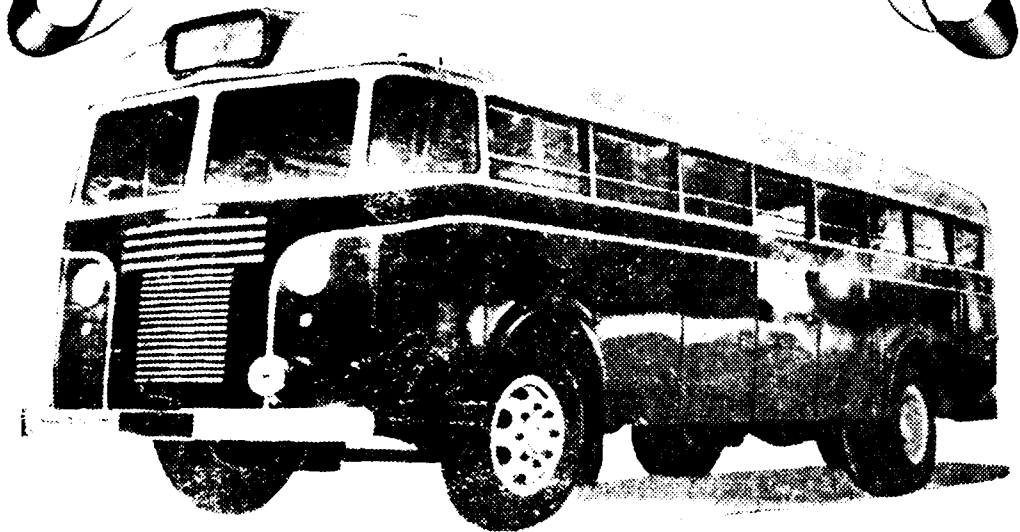
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